BRITANNIA and EVE

AUGUST
1935

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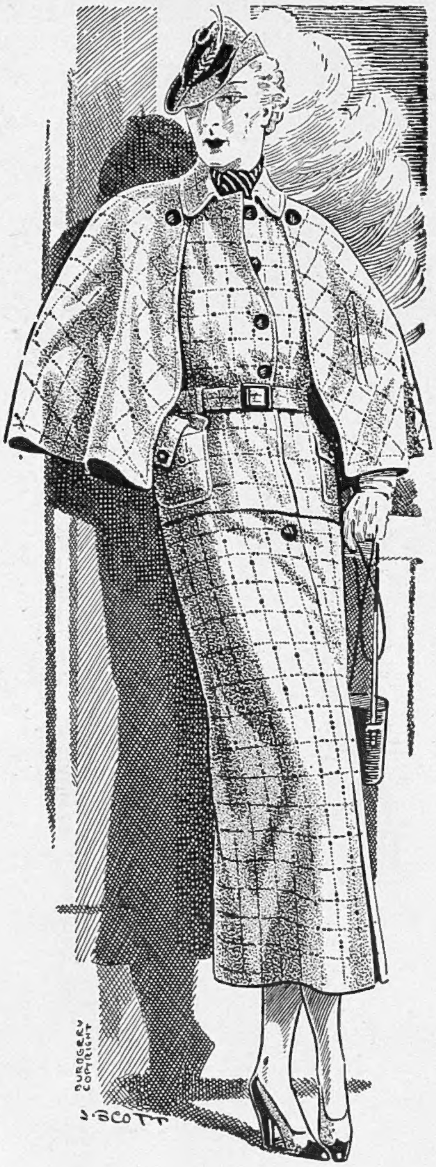

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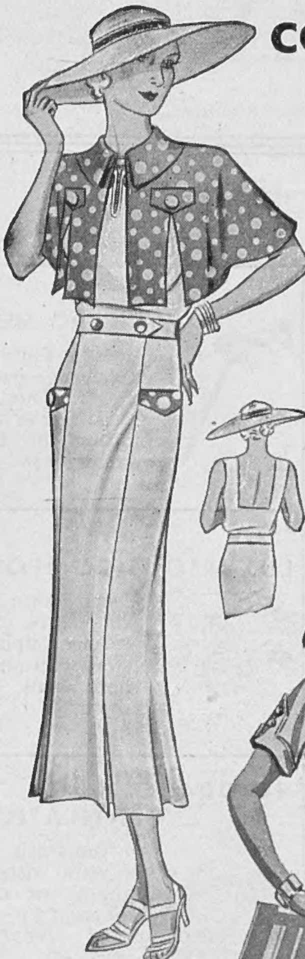

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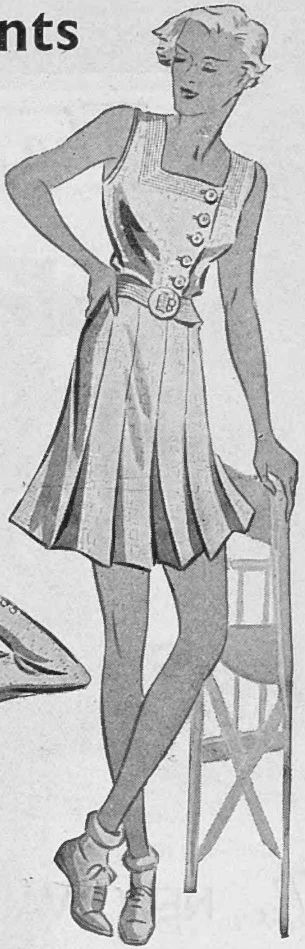

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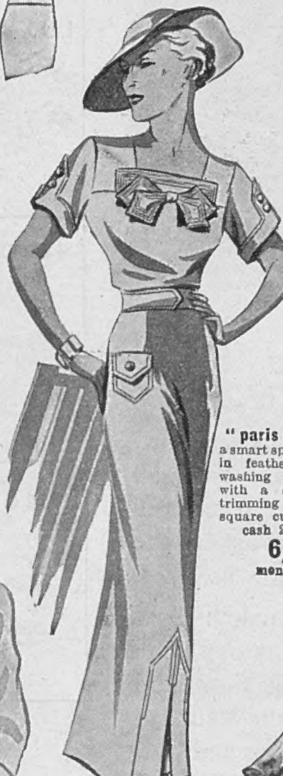

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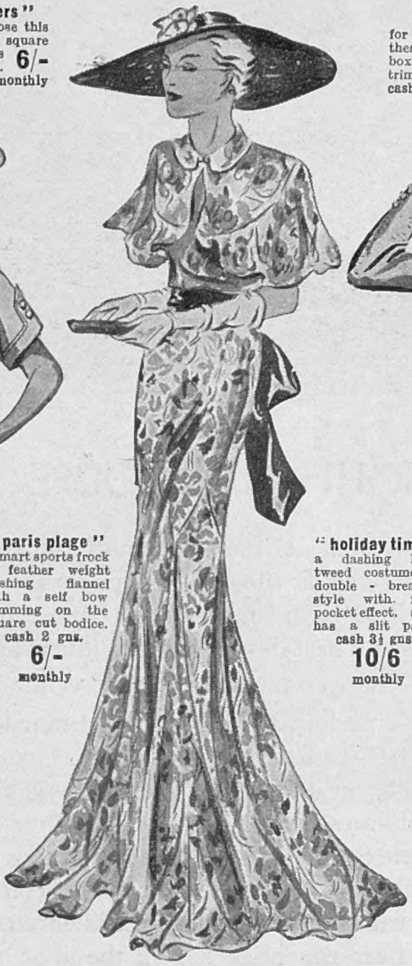

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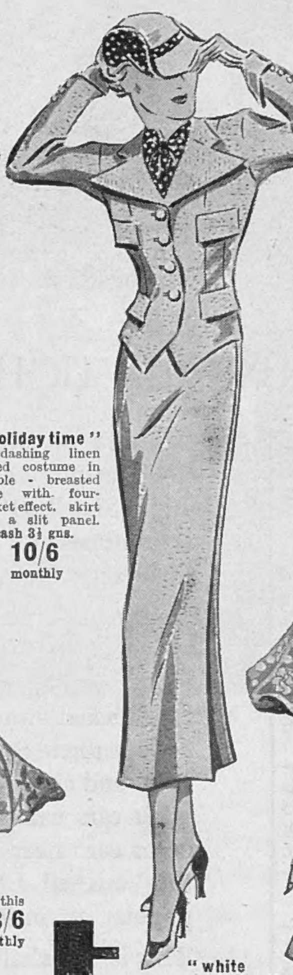

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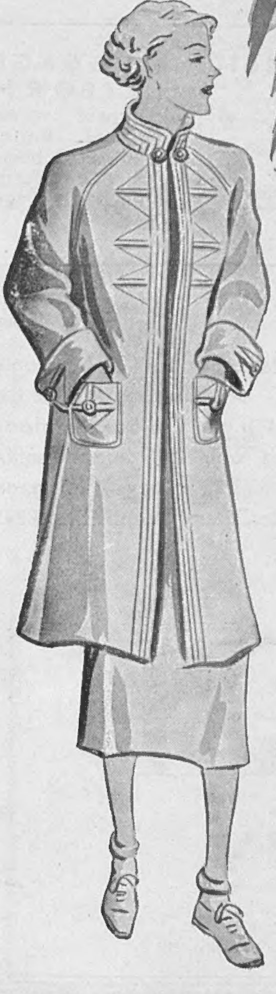

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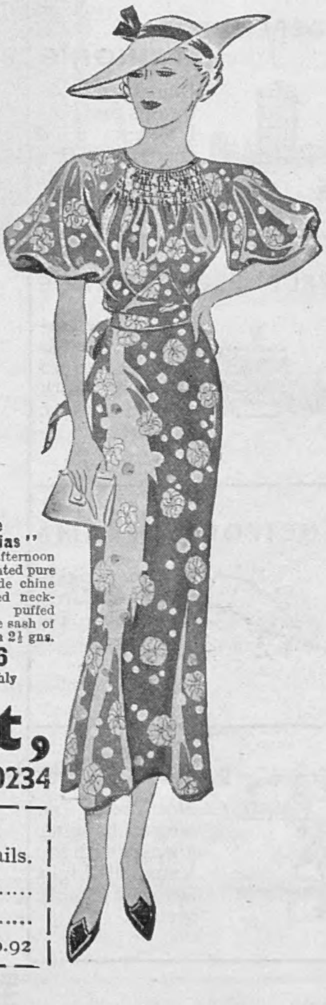

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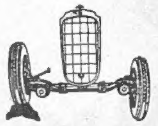

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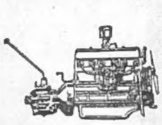

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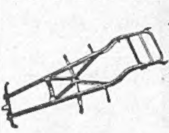

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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 11, No. 2. AUGUST, 1935

Contents

Cover Design
by *Pat Charles*

Articles

Shape of Armageddon: by *C. Patrick Thompson* Illustration by *Eric Fraser* 14, 15 and 86
The French Spilsbury: by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 16, 17 and 90
Hollywood Rediscovered: by *Margaret Chute* 22, 23 and 90
What is India? by *Negley Farson* 28, 29 and 96
Old Tales Re-told: Princess Pocahontas: by *J. S. Ross* Illustrated by *F. Matania, R.I.* 44–49
An Odyssey of Sport: No. 6: by *Ben Bennison* Illustrated by *Hendy* 50, 51 and 94

Home Section

Home Problems Solved: by *Winifred Lewis* . . 40, 41
Service for Husbands . . 42
China for Decoration . . 43
The Long and the Short of Hot-Weather Drinking: by *A. H. Adair*. . 52, 53 and 114
A Sleeveless Pullover . . 56
Keeping Tropical Fish . . 61
Health and Beauty:
  Keeping Fresh and Immaculate Even on the Hottest Days . . 62
  The Middle Years Can be the Best. . . . 63

August, by Enid Butcher

Home Section
(*continued*)

What to Do with the Dog in the Holidays: by *Pat Breene* . 64
Don't Pity the Only Child: by *Len Chaloner*. 65
I'll Tell You All I Know: by *Mary Young*. 66
What I Have Bought this Month . . 67
A Perfect Picnic Luncheon: by *A. H. Adair* . 70 and 105
Done in the Oven . 71 and 100
The Right Way to Make Coffee . 72
We Confidently Recommend . 75

Fashions

by *Jean Burnup*. 57–60
Simple Patterns for Some Last-Minute Holiday Clothes 68, 69

Stories

Ill Wind: by *Talbot Mundy* Illustrated by *Jack M. Faulks* 8–13 and 84
The Mother of Invention: by *Marguerite Steen* Illustrated by *Hailstone* . . 18–21 and 98
Dictator: by *Nancy Yates-Smith* Illustrated by *Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.* 24–27 and 101
Susannah the Second: by *H. T. W. Bousfield* Illustrated by *Albert Bailey* . . 30–33 and 106
East End Prince: by *Hannen Swaffer* Illustrated by *S. Tresilian* . 34, 35 and 88
Tough Voyage: by *Arthur Mills* Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 36–39 and 111

General

Editorial:
  How Times *do* Change:
  No. 8: Holidays . . 7
Books:
  Reviewed by *Arnold Palmer* 54, 55 and 94
Motoring Section:
  Conducted by *The Earl of Cardigan*
  Trouble-free Touring. . 77 and 82
  A New Wolseley Model . 79 and 82
  A Remarkable New Riley . 81 and 82
Ranee's Character Delineations from Your Handwriting . 82

Photogravure Section

21–24, 45–48, 57–64.

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 116. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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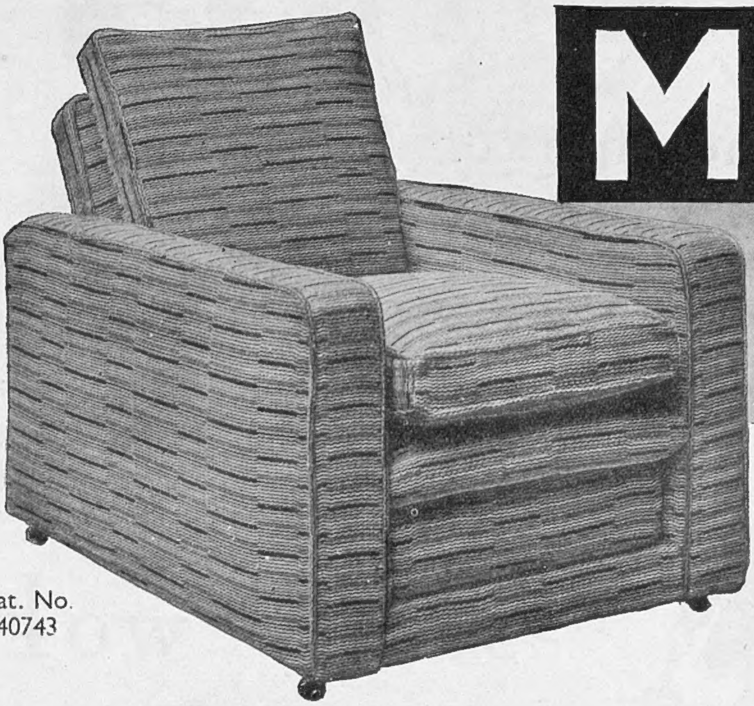

Pat. No.
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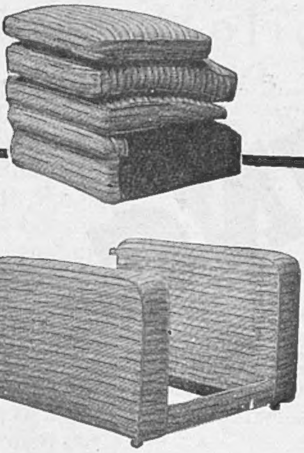
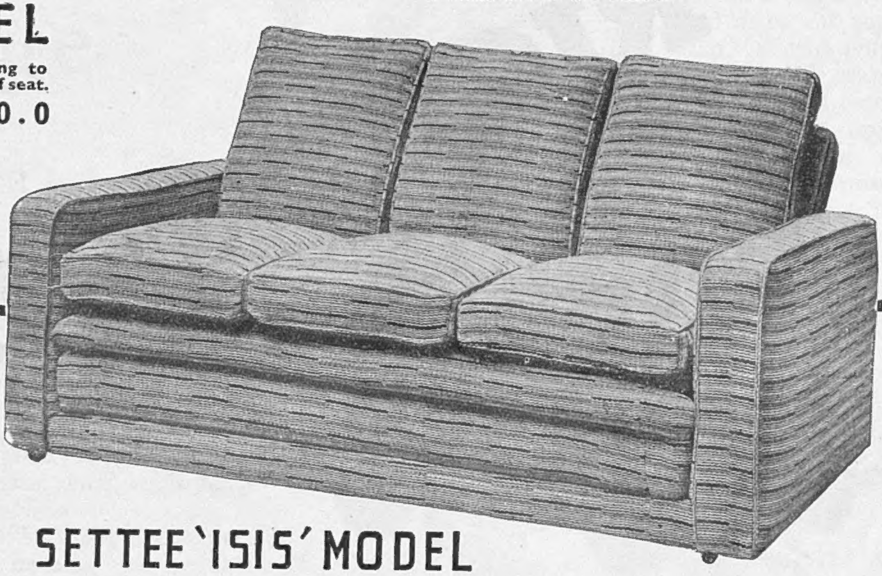
The luxurious lines and beautiful coverings of the Minty Club Chair appeal immediately to the eye. But that is not all. Have you ever put your hands down the sides of the seat of an ordinary arm-chair, and raked out odd coins and things, to say nothing of dust and fluff? This cannot happen with a Minty, because it 'takes to bits' (as illustrated) to be cleaned, and is therefore always absolutely Hygienic. The women-folk will appreciate this, especially if loose covers are desired.

CHAIR 'ISIS' MODEL

CHAIR from £5 . 19 . 6 According to length of seat.
'ISIS' SETTEE from £10 . 10 . 0



Above is shown the unit construction of both the 'ISIS' and 'MERTON' models. Cleaning and covering can easily be carried out at home.



SETTEE 'ISIS' MODEL

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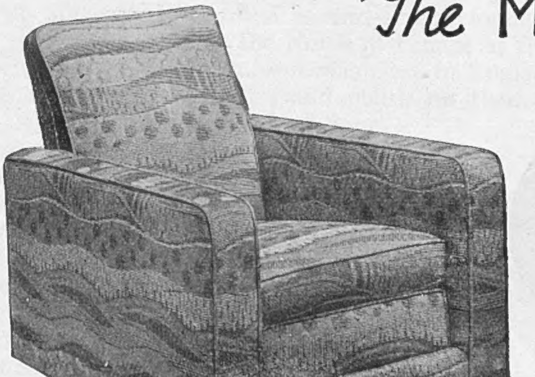

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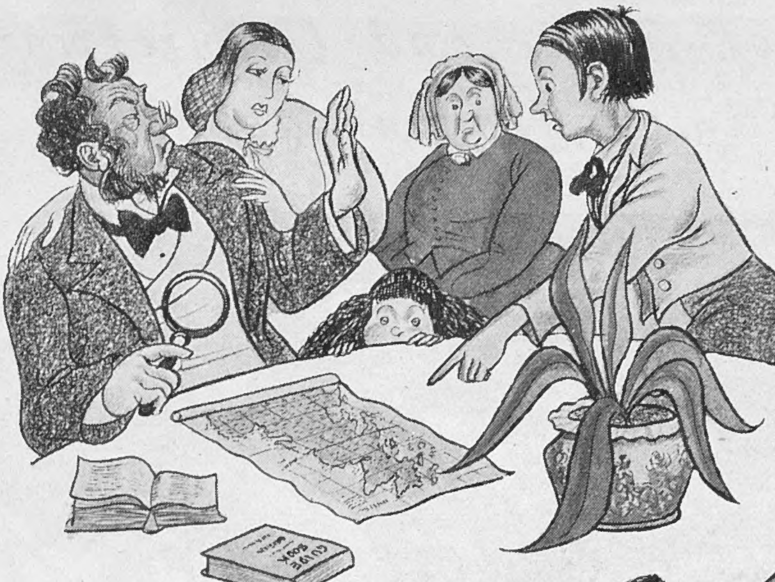


How Times *do* Change

No. 8: Holidays

THE summer holidays! What arguments about where to go there used to be in the old days round the family circle between father and mother, with the progeny joining in, should these members have reached years sufficient in discretion to allow their voices to be lifted in debate.

Those of more tender years had but little choice in the matter and were comparatively indifferent to the exact spot chosen so long as it was the seaside, with sands for preference, but rocky pools not to be despised.

Guide-book and atlas were called in aid to help arrive at a decision which, if it were an extremely dashing one, meant a trip to foreign parts.

But whether the family were to spend the summer holidays at home or abroad, one thing was certain—the family would spend them together.

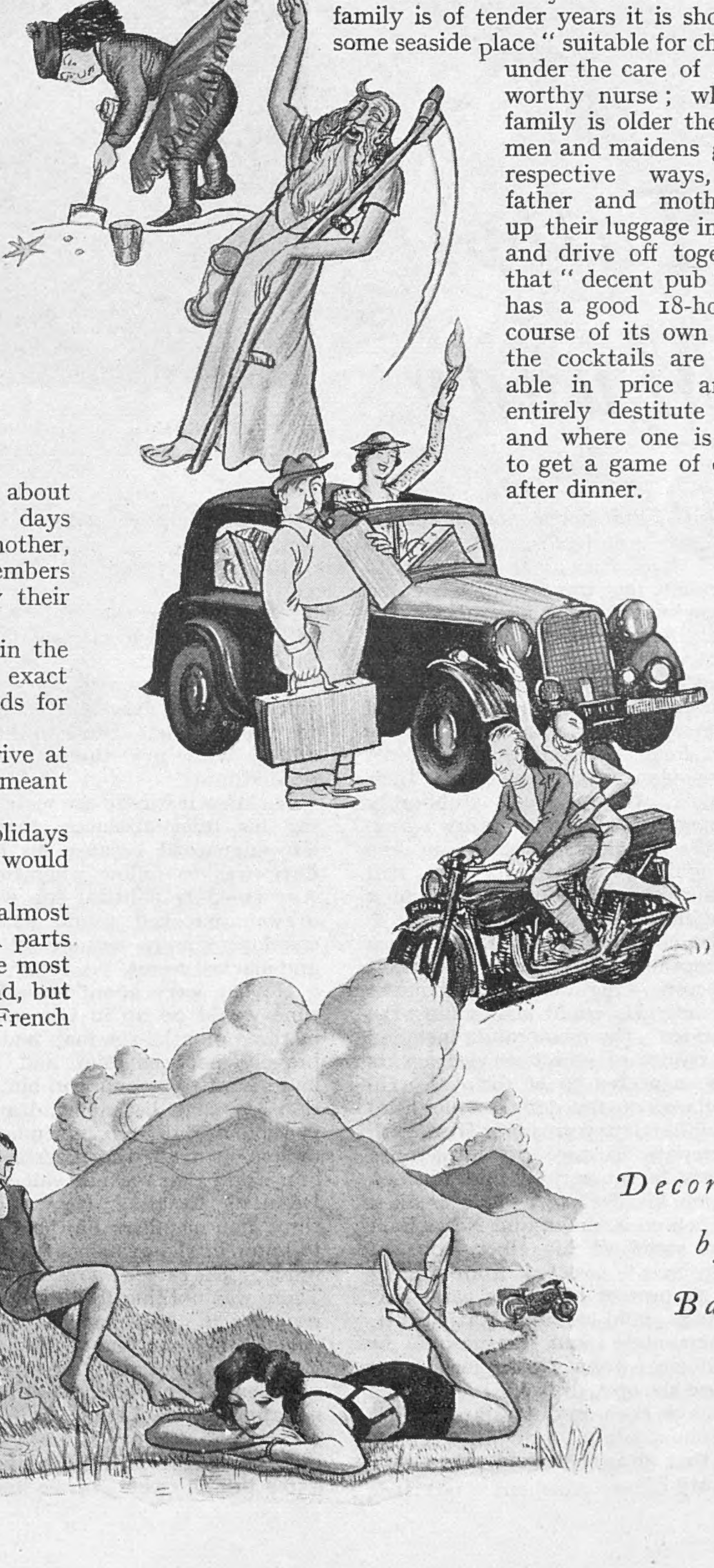
It was when the junior members were in the almost grown-up stage that, as often as not, it was foreign parts which were favoured, with the North of France as the most likely choice, not only because it was close to England, but also because there the girls could polish up their French accent which Mademoiselle had done her best to perfect during the last term at school.

France was also a popular choice because when going abroad lodgings were out of the question and an hotel was indicated. This, in addition to adding immediately to a list of acquaintances, gave materfamilias a rest from housekeeping without unduly depleting a husband's pocket. That sanitation on the Continent in those days was a science almost entirely unknown was a risk the more cheerfully encountered by not being thought of.

But were the holidays passed in England the usual middle-class custom was to engage " rooms " and not go to an hotel, one reason being that the latter were few and far between, expensive and, as a rule, far from comfortable, while lodgings could be obtained at all prices, ranging from houses on the front with the first-floor sitting-room facing the sea—expensive but select—to accommodation down a side street in the town, where to ask the landlady to provide a hot meal at night would place one completely outside the pale of respectability and good feeling. But wherever the holidays may have been spent, whether at home or whether abroad, one could be certain of one thing, and that was that the choice had been debated again and yet again before a decision was arrived at.

* * *

NOWADAYS, however, it is doubtful if there is any debate. When the family is of tender years it is shot off to some seaside place " suitable for children " under the care of a trustworthy nurse; when the family is older the young men and maidens go their respective ways, while father and mother pile up their luggage in the car and drive off together to that " decent pub " which has a good 18-hole golf-course of its own; where the cocktails are reasonable in price and not entirely destitute of gin, and where one is certain to get a game of contract after dinner.

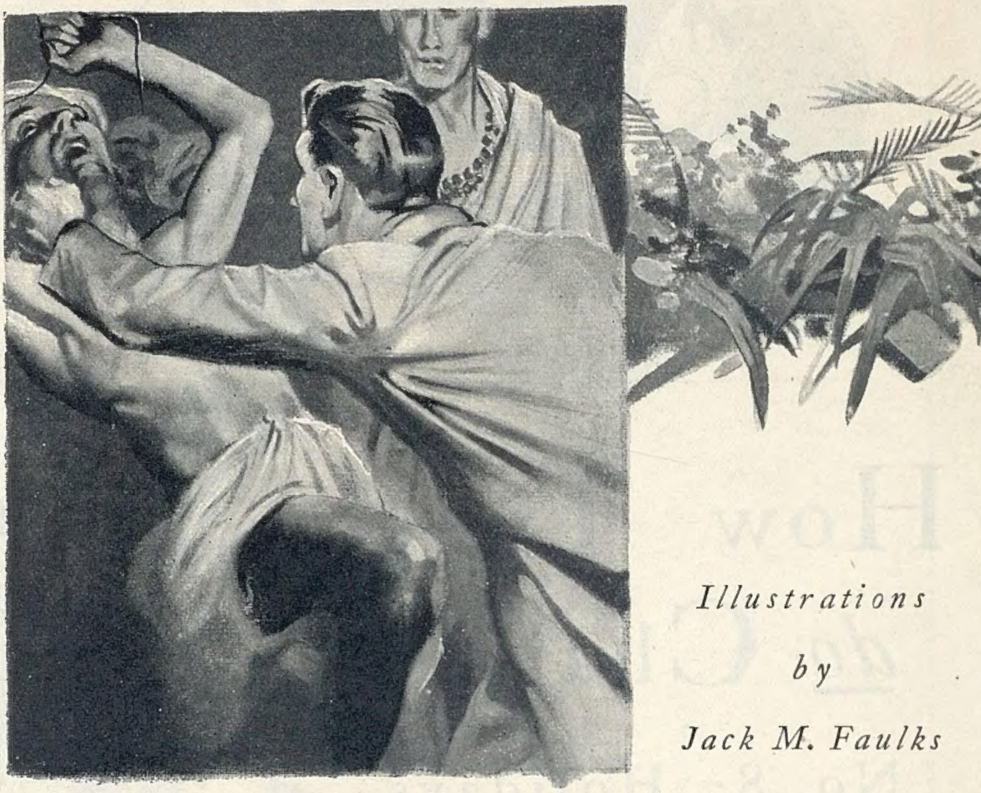


Decoration by Batt

An Indian Game of Move and Countermove with Love, Life and Honour at Stake

ILL Wind

By Talbot Mundy



Illustrations by Jack M. Faulks

THERE was a smack like the blow of a pole-axe as John Lyons's fist hit the Thug's ear

IN four years three commissioners had been murdered in the office in which John Lyons sat. He wished he might be the fourth. Chosen as the best man for the most dangerous job in all Bengal, he had betrayed the confidence of the Governor and Council. He stared at the empty desk drawer. The memoranda were gone. Leaders of the criminal-political underworld were probably already gloating over the draft of secret plans for destroying their organisation. John Lyons's stubbornly good-tempered face grew ashy grey. His sturdy shoulders drooped in the first recognition of defeat that had entered his consciousness since he took up the appointment.

He must not even admit the existence of the memoranda, they were so important and so secret. Hue and cry was out of the question. He could not employ the Secret Service; the memoranda included a list of names of secret service agents known or suspected to be disloyal. He laid his elbows on the desk, set his head between his hands and groaned. Then, with a characteristic gesture of intolerance of weakness, he sat upright and touched a button on his desk. A chair creaked instantly behind a screen and Nava Bala came and stood at his elbow—one of three "specials" selected from among hundreds to protect him from assassination—a tall, bold-looking Kathiawari, alert, immaculate and statuesque in khaki uniform. John Lyons jerked his head toward the open drawer.

"You have been on duty since——?"

"Since noon, sahib."

"Was that drawer locked when you came on duty?"

"I don't know, sahib. Is something missing?"

John Lyons nodded. "A sealed envelope."

"I have seen the sahib take packets of papers to bed to place under his pillow. Shall I search?"

"Yes. A big envelope, several inches thick, marked Very Secret and addressed to me. It has been opened and re-sealed with my thumb-print half a dozen times."

He knew it was no use searching. During his brief absences the office was left unguarded because his bodyguard's duty was to follow wherever he went. Any creeping political spy who found a drawer unlocked would steal such an envelope simply because it was sealed and marked secret.

He felt sorry about Nava Bala, whose time would be up in two years. Twice in three months the man had intervened bravely between him and death. He had meant to recommend him for promotion, so that he might draw a higher pension. But recommendations from broken men are the reverse of valuable in a world that reckons values by results. Results? Results? He was one of only three non-members of the Council even to know of the existence of those memoranda. His career was ended, in disgrace. There was nothing to do but to write his resignation. He put paper into his portable machine and typed it:

". . . in humiliation, having betrayed a confidence, for which there is no excuse nor any possible forgiveness."

But that day's mail had gone. There was no hurry. He flung the unsigned letter in the open drawer and slammed the drawer shut. Nava Bala returned from the bedroom.

"Finding no such package, sahib."

"Go on looking. I'll be back before long."

"Not going walking, sahib? Then I follow."

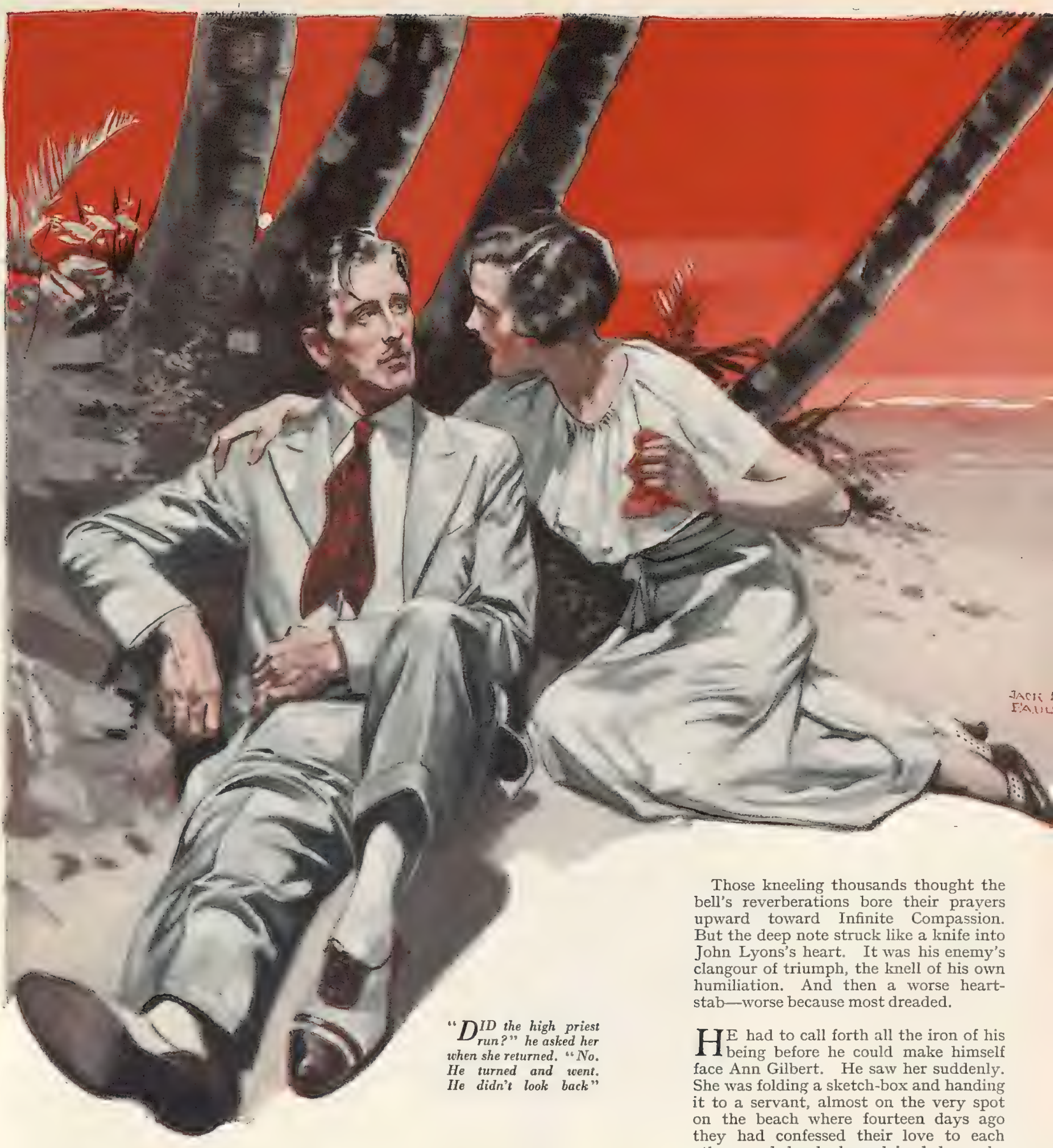
"Stay here."

"But there is danger. Sahib, my honour——"

"'Rooted in dishonour stands,' if you know what that means. No, of course you don't know. I order you to stay here until I return."

He would soon have no orders to give to anyone. He walked out and turned shoreward, along the dusty mile between draggled palms and hibiscus, expecting and receiving no recognition; it was years in that part of India since a British official had been treated in public with even formal courtesy. The "civil disobedience" campaign had intensified bitterness and let loose anarchy, without providing a bridge for reconciliation. Even the poorest natives turned their backs. Some jeered as he passed, but he was only enough aware of their ill-will to know that he no longer cared. He strode as grimly and deliberately as he had faced death scores of times, but this disgrace was more bitter than death—it involved so many others, of whom one it would hurt cruelly.

THE sun dipped below the wide-spread town behind him, turning the Bay of Bengal blood-red. Dusk shrouded the moaning beach. Two miles away to his left, as glorious in the sunset as a gilded city in some drunkard's heaven, stood the Temple of the Triad,



"DID the high priest run?" he asked her when she returned. "No. He turned and went. He didn't look back"

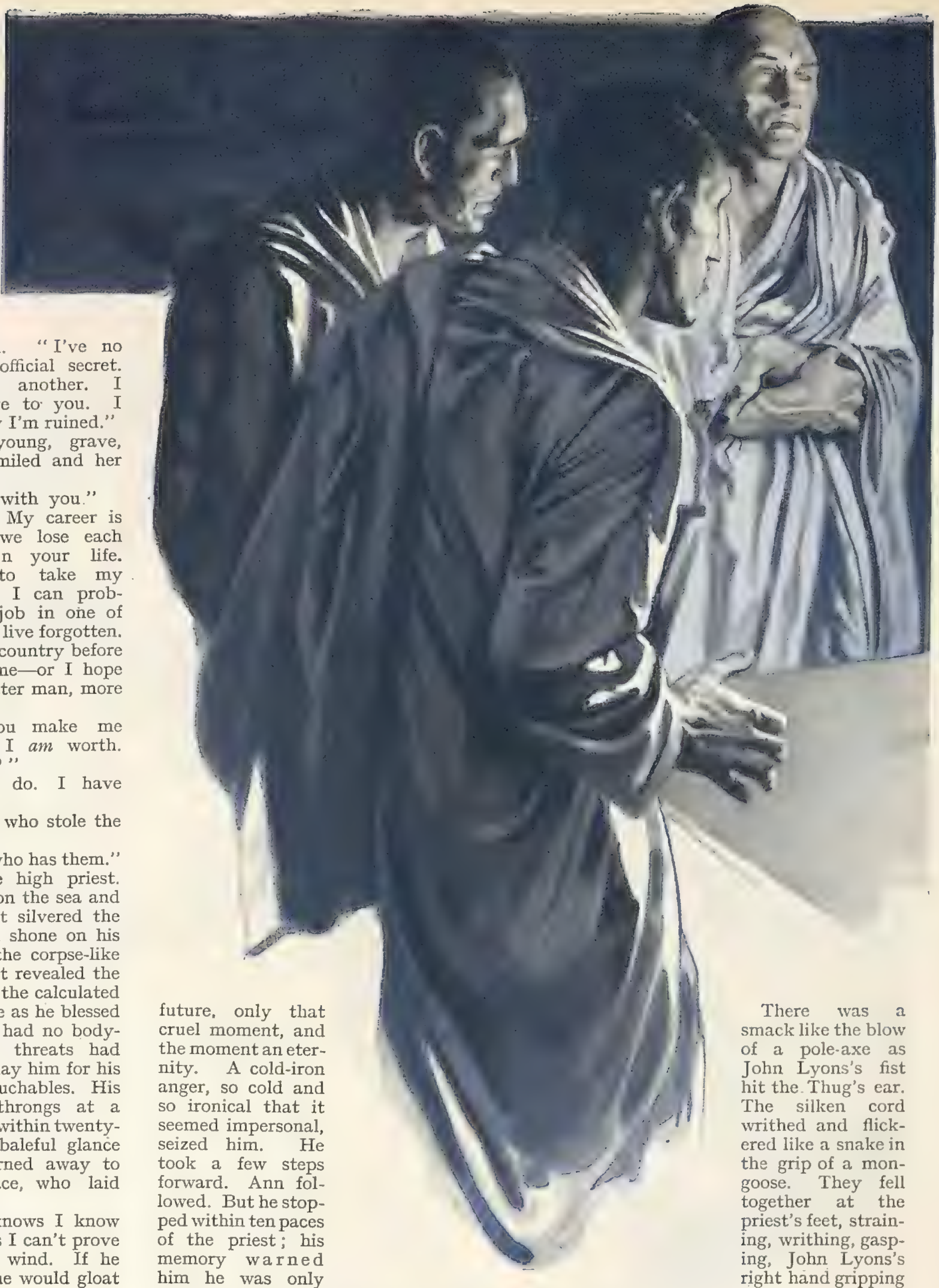
acres vast, the home of his arch-enemy, the high priest. Once he had tried to establish acquaintance with that proud hierarch, but the priest had snubbed him with ingenious insolence. Later, when official duty forced him to interfere with the priest's more cruel methods of extorting revenue, he had soon learned, although he could never prove it, who was advising, from behind a screen of sanctity, the gangs that aimed at anarchy through rumour, theft, assassination, and a reign of terror. That priest loved power. He could tolerate no rival power. He condoned all means whatever that could serve his purpose. And he was bold; he ignored precedent and defied the fanatical doctrinaires by courting popularity.

John Lyons could see him now, half a mile away, on a stone platform above the beach, beside the ancient Bell of Blessings. Thousands of suppliants for heaven's favours waited on their knees for the moment of sunset. They darkened the beach. They were all "untouchables," all forbidden even to approach the Temple of the Triad. But they were permitted this one mercy. With his own thrice sacred hands the high priest drew back a beam like a battering ram. It swung forward against the bell's rim:

"Doom-m-m-m-m-m!" And then the sun went down.

Those kneeling thousands thought the bell's reverberations bore their prayers upward toward Infinite Compassion. But the deep note struck like a knife into John Lyons's heart. It was his enemy's clangour of triumph, the knell of his own humiliation. And then a worse heart-stab—worse because most dreaded.

HE had to call forth all the iron of his being before he could make himself face Ann Gilbert. He saw her suddenly. She was folding a sketch-box and handing it to a servant, almost on the very spot on the beach where fourteen days ago they had confessed their love to each other, and he had explained how she must wait for his promotion because the widows and children of three murdered commissioners had had to be provided for, and he had had to promise not to marry as long as he should hold that dangerous position. Being in love with his work, he had promised without a second's hesitation. But he had loved Ann the moment he saw her. Secretary to the American Archæological Expedition, she had called at his office to ask permission to examine fabulously ancient ruins in the neighbourhood. He had had to refuse, so their acquaintance had begun poorly; but it made swift progress, and he had made no promise not to become engaged. Now he wished he had promised that too. His ruin would hurt her all



the more because she must not share it. She was altogether too good to be allowed to waste herself on a man without a future. He must be ruthless and disillusion her quickly. He walked toward her without the least attempt to hide his misery, and they stood in the deepening gloom together, silent, until at last she said:

"Tell me the trouble. Can you?"

"I will," he answered. "I've no right to tell you an official secret. But one error forces another. I shouldn't have made love to you. I gave you the right to know I'm ruined."

Ann's eyes met his, young, grave, questioning. Then she smiled and her eyes grew bravely steady.

"Tell me. I'll face it with you."

Grimly he told her. "My career is ended. Ann, it means we lose each other. You mustn't ruin your life. They'll send someone to take my place here. I'll vanish. I can probably get some sort of job in one of the colonies, where I can live forgotten. You'll return to your own country before long. You won't forget me—or I hope not. But you'll find a better man, more worthy of you——"

She interrupted: "You make me wonder what you think I *am* worth. Have you done all you can?"

"There is nothing to do. I have written my resignation."

"Haven't you any idea who stole the papers?"

"No. But I can guess who has them."

He glanced toward the high priest. The full moon shimmered on the sea and on the crowded beach. It silvered the priest's white raiment and shone on his shaven skull; it showed the corpse-like pallor of his proud face; it revealed the ferocity of his contempt in the calculated condescension of his gesture as he blessed the kneeling throngs. He had no bodyguard, although repeated threats had been made by fanatics to slay him for his condescension toward untouchables. His icy aloofness kept the throngs at a decent distance. He passed within twenty-five feet and spared one baleful glance for John Lyons, then turned away to bless petitioners for grace, who laid their foreheads on the sand.

"See him, Ann? He knows I know who ruined me. He knows I can't prove it. He gloats like a raw wind. If he knew how much it hurts, he would gloat more."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," Ann answered. "Let him get all he can out of it, and see what happens. Go and tell him it hurts!"

Her back was toward the moonlight. John Lyons could hardly see her face. She was bare-headed; the moonlight shining through the edges of her hair made an aureole that graced the curves of her head and shoulders. She seemed unreal—an embodied voice.

"Tell him it hurts. Give him the blood with the pound of flesh!"

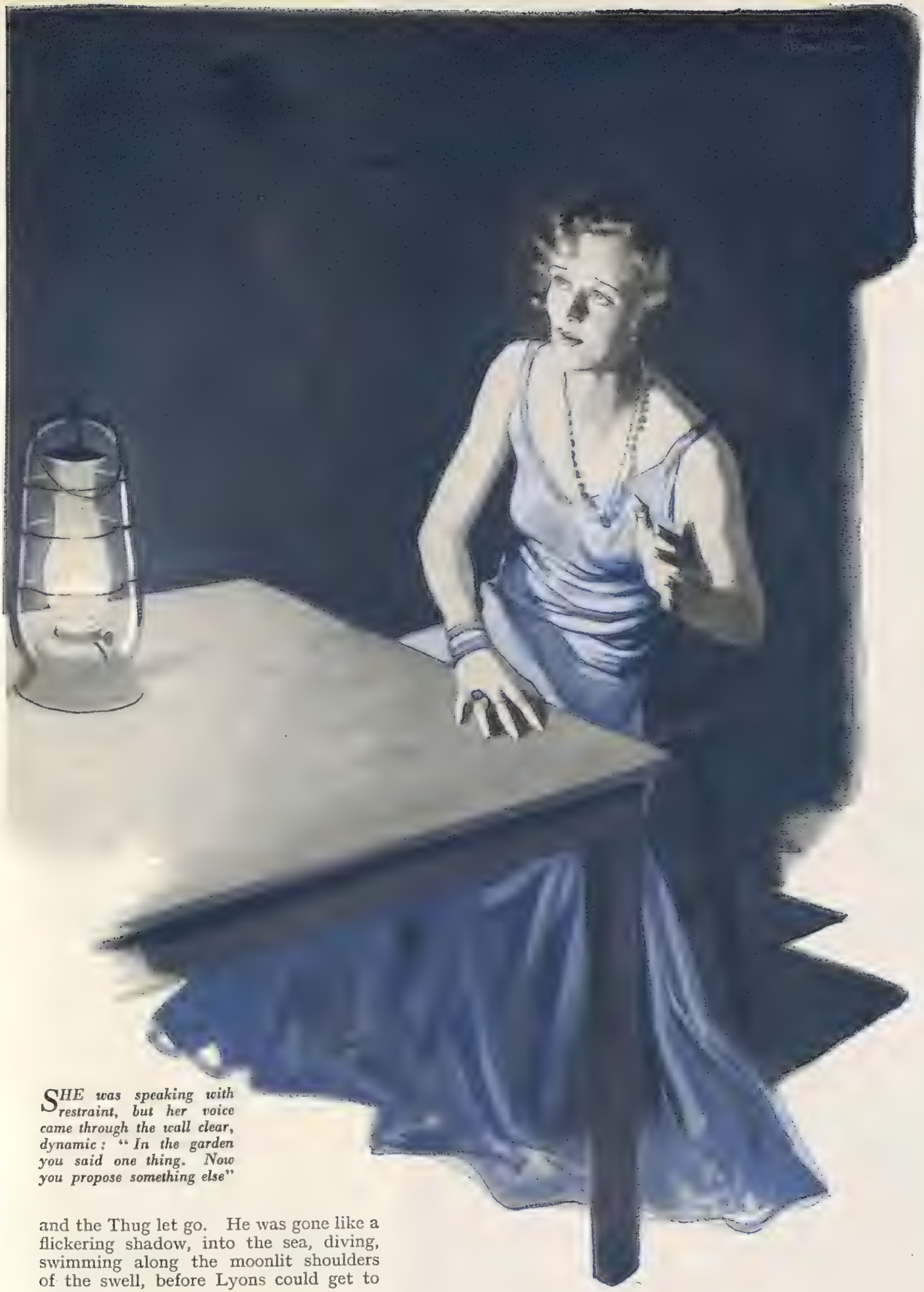
THE sea sighed on the beach. Reality was weird and shadowed. Unreality seemed real. A single bell note was still booming in John Lyons's ear. To him there seemed to be no past or future, only that cruel moment, and the moment an eternity. A cold-iron anger, so cold and so ironical that it seemed impersonal, seized him. He took a few steps forward. Ann followed. But he stopped within ten paces of the priest; his memory warned him he was only courting further humiliation. He watched. Triumph might cause an indiscretion. The priest might acknowledge his presence—might even speak first. But the priest turned, observed, ignored him and passed on, smiling. John Lyons would have gone away had not Ann touched his shoulder.

"What is that man doing?"

The priest had paused again to murmur benedictions. Behind him a man had risen from the fringe of a group of suppliants; he was standing very close to the priest. He had the ends of a silken cord in either hand. Rigid with the concentrated passion of a killer, he stood like a panther that times its spring. His arm trembled with the vibrance of a panther's sinews strained for the loosing of spastic strength and skill.

There was a smack like the blow of a pole-axe as John Lyons's fist hit the Thug's ear. The silken cord writhed and flickered like a snake in the grip of a mongoose. They fell together at the priest's feet, straining, writhing, gasping, John Lyons's right hand gripping the Thug's killing-cord, his left fist flailing like a bludgeon. No one interfered. The crowd fled. Was not one a cursed Government official, the other worse—a would-be slayer of a thrice-born Brahmin? Let them slay each other and descend into life forever in the bellies of the worms that writhe in carrion. They bore Ann backward in their flight, and for several minutes John Lyons fought to prevent that silken cord from being flicked around his neck, while he rained blows on a man who knew all the arts of torture.

The Thug was oiled. He writhed out of every hold. John Lyons felt himself weakening as he pounded away at the man's ribs. The Thug was on top; he was wrenching the cord from John Lyons's grip when Ann returned. She kicked, not knowing what else to do,



SHE was speaking with restraint, but her voice came through the wall clear, dynamic: "In the garden you said one thing. Now you propose something else"

and the Thug let go. He was gone like a flickering shadow, into the sea, diving, swimming along the moonlit shoulders of the swell, before Lyons could get to his feet.

HE and Ann were alone then on the moonlit beach. There was a fringe of fleeing shadows that made no noise on the sand. The sea crooned solemnly, and Ann went and wetted her handkerchief because John Lyons's nose was bleeding.

"Did the high priest run?" he asked her when she returned.

"No. He turned and went. He didn't look back."

"Well, your ill-wind blew him something."

He went and washed the blood from his face at the edge of the sea. Ann chafed his wrist. Then they walked together toward the former hotel that the American party had rented, slowly because the Thug had twisted John Lyons's muscles.

"Stay and dine with us," Ann suggested.

"No. I'd be a ghost at a banquet."

"Very well, come later. They'll go swimming. You and I can talk on the verandah."

"Yes." He agreed to that instantly. It would give him time to think of the right argument. Ann's pluck and loyalty had only strengthened his determination not to let her throw herself away on a man whose career was ended. "When do they go swimming?"

"Ten or ten thirty."

Wisely she restrained emotion. The wrong word, even the wrong thought, and he might not realise that she, too, could face calamity and would rather die than fail him in his hour of need.

He left her standing at the gate and strode in torture to his own quarters, welcoming the pain in his twisted muscles because it drove humiliation for the moment out of mind. But he groaned again in spirit when the sentry at the outer gate presented arms. A few hours ago the salute would have thrilled him. He had loved his dangerous job. That official bungalow, half dwelling and half office—seat of responsibility—fortress of the principles he stood for, had never seemed lonely. But now the lamp on the verandah shone through the shadowy trees like a dismal watch light on a jail wall. Nava Bala, standing at attention as he entered, was the ghost of the past and of a future that might have been; his salute seemed mockery.

Nava Bala noticed the limp that fortitude could not control.

"Not injured, sahib? What has happened? Said I not that I should follow to protect your honour?" He offered his arm.

"No, no. Nothing serious. Did you look again for that envelope?" He received the expected answer.

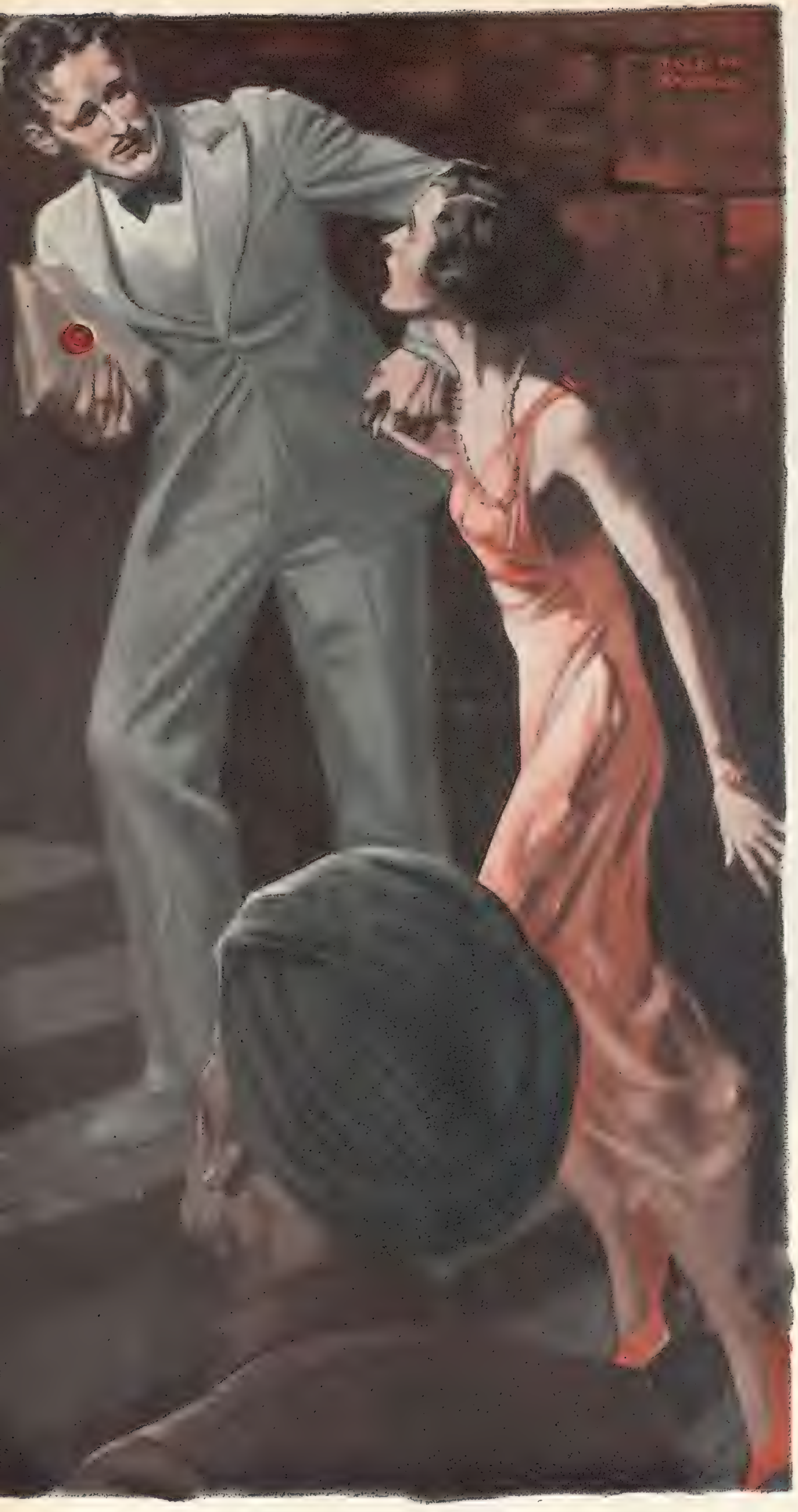
A hot bath relieved the pain in his muscles. He dressed for dinner, hardly aware of what he was doing. Then he drank his customary glass of sherry and went and sat in the office. He had sat there for fifteen minutes staring at the desk when Nava Bala announced a visitor.

"No name, and he will not tell his business."

"Say I'll see him in the morning."

"He is a Brahmin, sahib, and he says it is urgent."

"Oh, all right." He gestured to Nava Bala to take his place behind the screen. Then he went to the door and admitted a lean, ascetic-looking Brahmin whose face was half hidden in the folds of a white cloth, above which his dark eyes glowed with excitement. He cut short the preliminary formal phrases of respect and even laid a hand on John Lyons's



"*HERE,*" *she said,* "*take this,*" *and thrust a package in his hands*

sleeve as they stood facing each other. "Sahib, the most holy high priest of the Temple of the Triad is beholden. Please permit him to make recompense."

John Lyons stiffened his stubborn jaw as the mercy of indignation swept over him. He had expected to be thanked for having saved the high priest's life. The more formal and impersonal the better. Even barbed with irony, if courteously phrased, an expression of gratitude would have been acceptable. But this second-hand offer of recompense was naked insolence. He answered in the level, unemotional tone that he used to reprove subordinates :

"I wasn't interested in any particular person, but in preventing murder. High priest or sweeper, it was all one."

The messenger winced to hear a priest and sweeper mentioned in the same breath.

"Sahib, he is sacred ! "

"All life is sacred, isn't it ? "

"Sahib, that thrice-born serves the Higher Law. Preserved by your honour's bravery, he is under obligation. Please permit him to repay now. Ask what you will, and if it can be done, it shall be."

"Oh ? Does his conscience worry him?"

"Sahib, should you not permit him to defray the obligation now, at your honour's price, the Higher Law will demand it of him, perhaps ten times over, in ten times ten future lives on earth."

"That is not my problem."

"Sahib——"

Grim amusement forced a smile to John Lyons's lips. He interrupted :

"If he is such a stickler for the higher justice, let him apply to Miss Gilbert. She is the original source of his soul's predicament. It was she who drew my attention to the Thug."

"But, sahib, your honour's courage and your honour's right hand saved that sacred life."

"For which a Higher Law may judge *me*. Who knows ? " John Lyons showed his barked knuckles. "Besides, it was my left hand." He knew no thrice-born Brahmin would enjoy that information. He saw his visitor shudder ; it was almost more humiliating to be saved left-handed than to owe one's life to a hated alien.

"Please, sahib, permit the holy one to recompense you. The importance of it is beyond your understanding ; but I assure you there is nothing, if it is only possible, that the holy one will not grant, that he may be free from this encumbrance on his spirit."

"I don't interfere with things that are beyond my understanding," John Lyons answered.

"You make no request ? "

"None. Good evening."

He showed his baffled visitor to the door, then summoned Nava Bala from his hiding-place.

"You heard that ? Did you see him ? Recognise him ? Very well, then, shadow him. Report to me where he goes and what he does."

It was a forlorn hope, but it might lead to something. Nava Bala's intuition had more than once turned up a clue to a plot that had baffled investigation.

HE went to his lonely dinner, and almost enjoyed it. No non-Oriental, he knew, can fathom the full significance of a Brahmin's religious scruples, or the full depth of a power-greedy Brahmin's duplicity. Scruples and duplicity can co-exist and co-operate. He had no doubt that the high priest dreaded the Eternal Law which ultimately forces the fulfilment of all debts. To be beholden for his life to a hated alien was something, also, that his pride might hardly stomach. But John Lyons suspected a trap. He felt better because he had refused to be caught in it.

At ten thirty, since Nava Bala was still absent, he locked the office and set off alone to the Americans' headquarters. He would rather have gone to his own hanging. He loved Ann as he had loved his job, beyond compass of phrase or reach of soaring thought. His job was the expression of his uttermost integrity of will to leave life better than he found it. Ann was all that he had needed to make life full to the brim with worth. Well, he had lost both, and it was no use flinching.

He strode in moonlight resolutely up the drive to the hotel portico, and called " Koi Hai ? " in a voice like a sentry's challenge. The Goanese servant who answered stared, frightened.

" No. Miss Gilbert not at home, sir."

" Oh. Did she go swimming ? "

" No, sir. The others went swimming."

" Where did she go ? "

" Into the garden."

" Is she not there now ? "

" No, sir."

" How long since she went out ? "

" Fifteen minutes."

" How do you know she is not in the garden ? "

The whites of the man's eyes flashed in the shadowy porch. He stammered, hesitated and shrank into the sullenness that some children adopt when they know but won't say. It would be a waste of time to question him. John Lyons took the path around the house and followed it toward the back gate. In a place where the gardener's hose had leaked and the moonlight shone between clumps of bamboo and bougainvillea, he found Ann's footprint and a man's. She appeared to have stood speaking to the man. Beyond that spot there were no marks made by Ann's feet. Someone had seized and carried her, or else had walked behind her and obliterated her footprints. He followed the man's tracks through the back gate to an enormous baobab. Beneath that were hoof-prints and the ruts of wheels.

Cursing himself for having sent Nava Bala on a tomfool's errand, so that now he had no bodyguard or weapon, he followed the track of the wheels in the deep dust. He was afraid now. Fear took concrete shape ; the almost limitless but vaguely guessed political disasters that might follow on the theft of the secret memoranda chemicalised, like magic, into one immediate and dreadful fear that Ann might be the first victim of the plot aimed at himself. He hurried. The pain in his muscles, following a line of least resistance, stabbed at the fear he felt on Ann's account.

He soon guessed so confidently whither the track was leading that he hardly hesitated when he came to cross-roads where the milky moonlight shone on the marks of unnumbered wheels.

He cast forward, toward the outskirts of the town, along a rarely used, unsurfaced road toward an ancient house surrounded by a high wall, and a ditch, and a thick hedge of impenetrable cactus. Four wavering lines, etched in the dust by moonlight, told the story. A two-wheeled cart, an ekka probably, had come out through a wide gate in the wall, had fulfilled its errand, and returned with its burden. Somewhere within the many acres which the wall enclosed stood the fabulously ancient ruins that Ann had asked, and had been refused, permission to examine. The Americans, careful not to clash with local prejudices, had observed the prohibition, but their scientific hunger for research was no secret. Had Ann been trapped with that bait ?

JOHN LYONS leaned against a tree-trunk, motionless in shadow. He heard footsteps. A moment later he saw Nava Bala, bulky in the moonlight, striding down a side-road toward a foot-gate near the farther corner of the wall. Good ! Luck was with him. He had an official witness. Now he could go to the gate and demand to know where Ann was.

He had raised his foot to kick the tree, to attract Nava Bala's attention, when he detected other footsteps, much less noisy. They sounded stealthy. He could not see who made them. But when Nava Bala crossed the footbridge over the wide ditch and cautiously opened the narrow gate in the wall someone emerged from a shadow cast by a clump of trees. The cloth over the lower part of his face looked familiar. He recognised him after a moment. Instead of Nava Bala shadowing the high priest's messenger, the situation was reversed. The priest's man was shadowing Nava Bala.

He watched the Brahmin stealthily follow Nava Bala through the door in the wall. No latch clicked ; there remained a narrow shadow, as if the door were left slightly ajar. Perhaps someone else was expected, who might lock the door after entering ; if so, it was now or never. He hurried across the creaking footbridge, found the door unlatched, slipped through, groped for the heavy iron bolt, locked the door and waited breathless in deep black shadow.

He saw Nava Bala walk swiftly across a wide beam of moonlight ; a moment later he again caught sight of him, in the light from the lantern, disappearing through the archway, apparently downward into a bulk of masonry whose form loomed shapeless amid phantom trees and gloom.

He followed, keeping carefully in shadow. Nava Bala might need help if he was on the heels of treason. Or had he learned where Ann was ?

John Lyons groped his way along the shadow of the wall, leaped the beam of moonlight where it was narrowest, and approached the archway from an angle to avoid the lantern light. He peered around the corner, with his fingers clutching stone worn soap-smooth by the passage of centuries. He could see only the cavernous throat of a flight of steps descending into darkness, and could hear nothing but a rumble that might be the echo of footfalls or of running water.

Suddenly something clammy that felt like a cobra touched the back of his neck. He sprang back from the wall, crashed into someone and faced about, with his heart in his teeth. He took a short step forward, following a shadow that receded into darkness. Ruins loomed like a lightless chaos on his right hand. Something—this time it felt like a finger—touched his cheek. He tried to grasp it, missed, sprang forward and heard someone step aside to avoid him. A very small electric flashlight stabbed at his eyes, and he recognised the high priest's messenger.

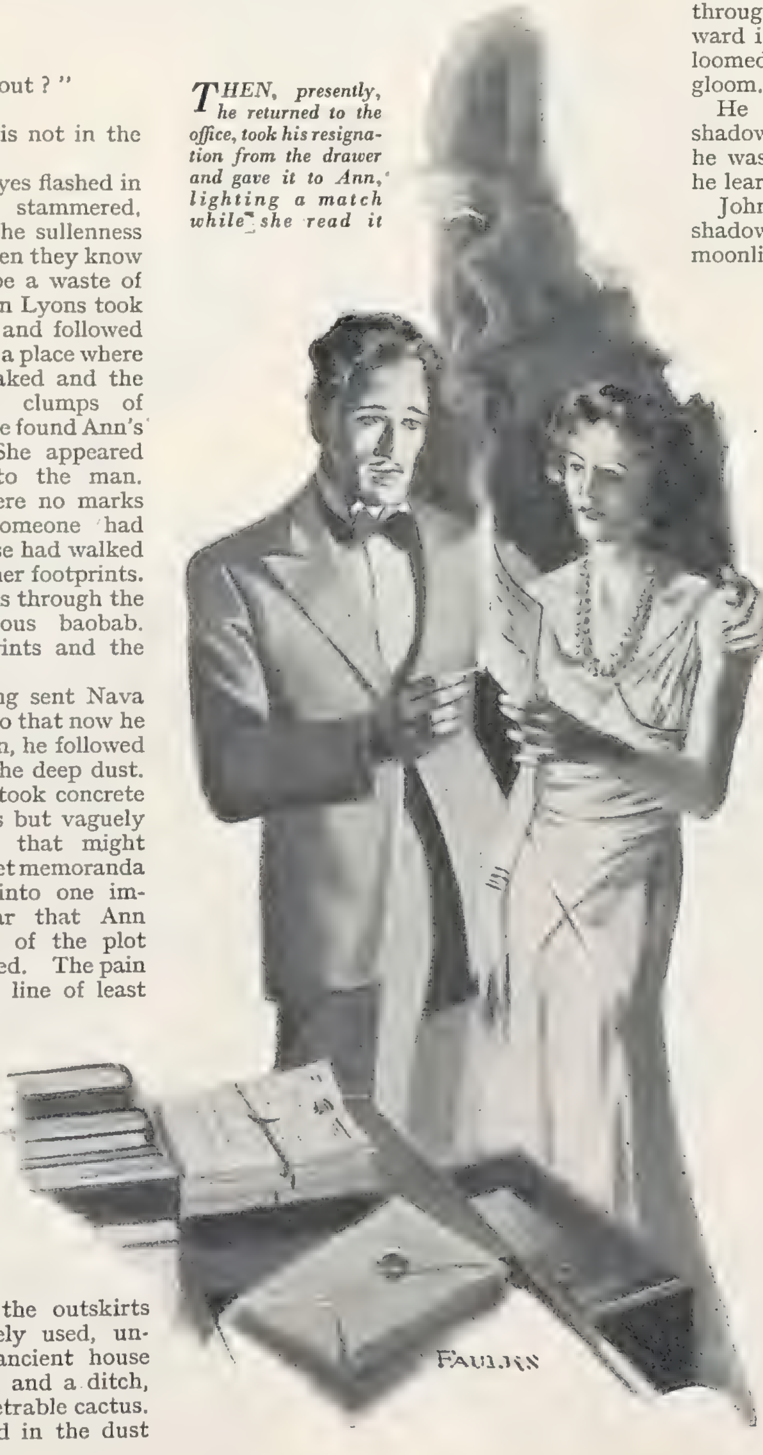
" This is sanctuary. None may enter uninvited."

" Where's Miss Gilbert ? "

The Brahmin stepped backward. John Lyons made a feint and caught him by the slack of his linen robe.

" She is receiving a reward for service rendered."

" Lead me to her or I'll march you to the jail. Ah !—thought so ! " He detected a sudden movement, snatched at the man's right wrist and seized a repeating pistol. (*Cont. on p.* 84)



THEN, presently, he returned to the office, took his resignation from the drawer and gave it to Ann, lighting a match while she read it

Shape of Armageddon

The Gods of War Strike their Balance Sheets

B*ROOOOOOOM!*

The still summer air seemed to quiver as the giant birds ripped the sea surface and soared up. But the pretty girl with us in the speed-boat decided to be *blasé*—an admiral's niece fresh from Paris finishing school.

"I wish they'd put more of them into the display. I like lots, don't you? I saw a big air picture the other day——"

"Pictures," snorted her brother—sixteen, unfinished, and due for the R.A.F. if his mental equipment proves adequate to the exams—"pictures? Those machines aren't built for pictures. A flight of those could sink two battleships and scatter a naval squadron. Two flights could blow a town off the map. They've got a range of two thousand miles with a crew of six and two tons of bombs. Next year, it'll be three thousand; and the year after, five thousand."

"Keep your hair on!" said sister coolly. "I still say, I like to see a lot."

"You'll see more than you care about one of these days," retorted brother.

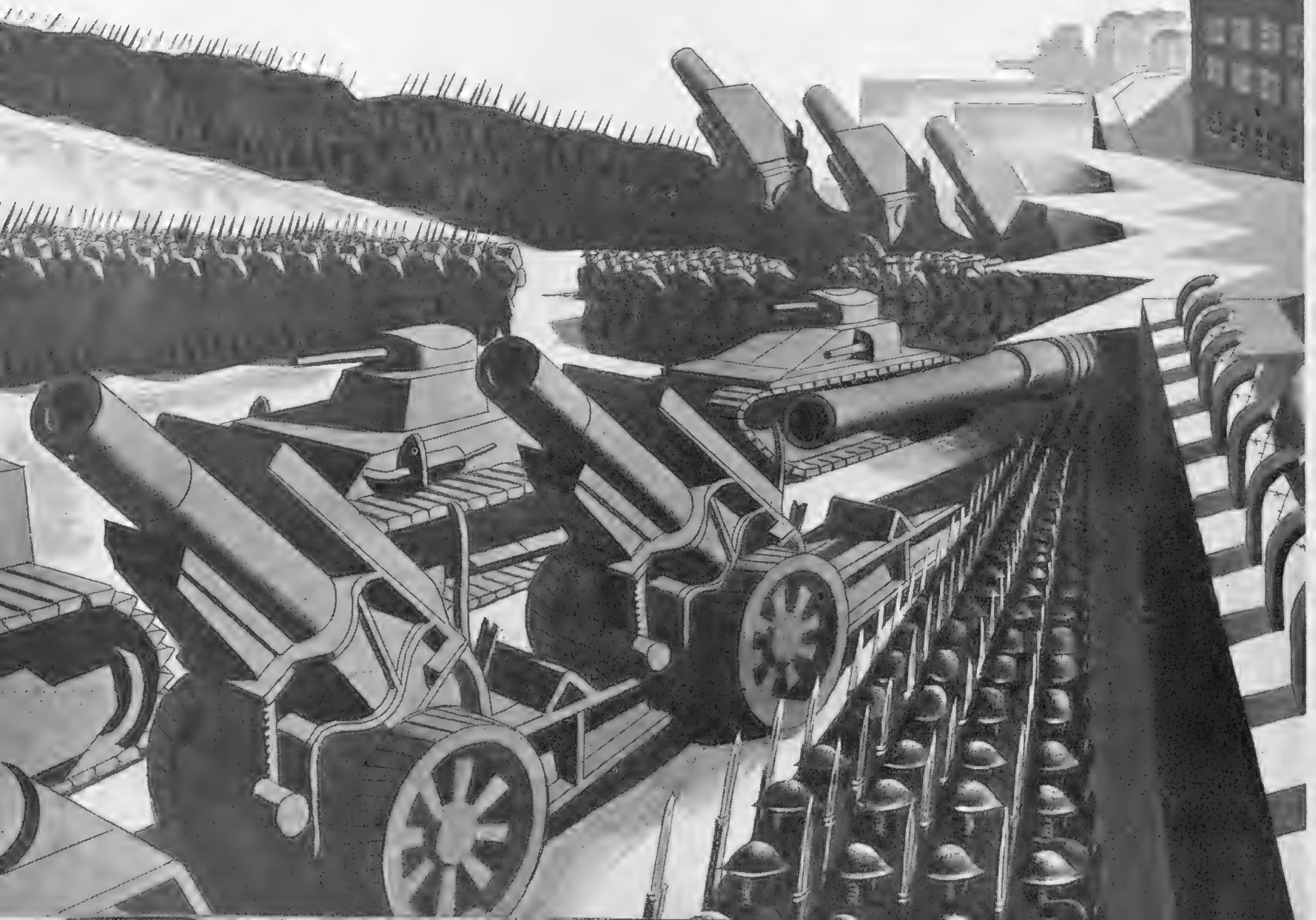
"Maybe," conceded sister, maintaining sang-froid.

I gave her a cigarette. The sixteen-year-old, embryo warrior, child of a new tradition, did not think it unmanly to eschew tobacco.

"The British, unlike the Americans, French, Germans, and Italians," said I mildly, "dislike displaying all the eggs they've laid, and crowing over them. Somebody might say they'd laid quite enough to be going on with. And then where would we be?"

"Sunk," said the boy sullenly.

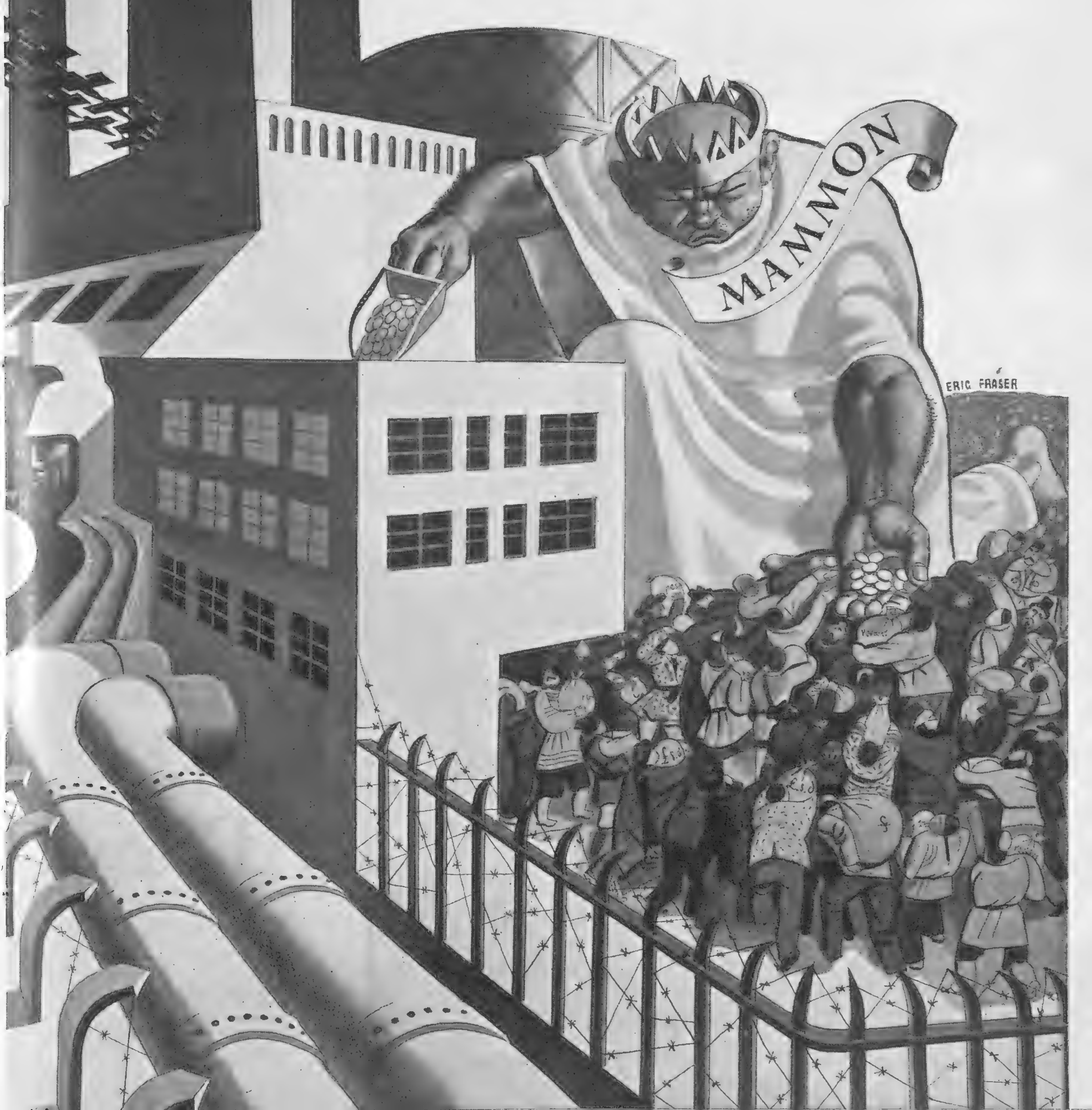
He thought seriously of war. His mind was on



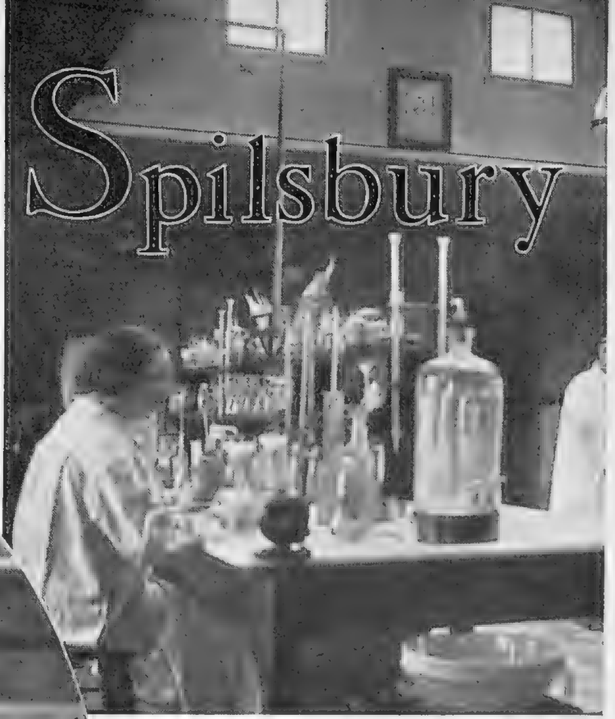
By C. Patrick Thompson

the technical side of it. He had an eye, an instinct, for the machines. The warrior of to-morrow who would handle these new machines of destruction—these swift, powerful, shining shapes. I thought of all the new war machines I had seen in England, Europe, America, during the last three years. Huge submarines displacing 3,000 tons and mounting heavy guns. 54-centimetre howitzers poking enormous mouths out of steel and concrete catacombs in which a garrison could defy gas and live immured for three months. 90-ton tanks, mobile fortresses whose armoured sides a field-gun shell would only dent. Formidable cruisers whose tanks stored enough oil fuel to steam them clean around the world. The great seaplanes with the boat bodies which Lawrence helped develop—the revolutionary boats that cannot roll or pitch and that have thrice the speed of the old naval designed seaplanes. Weapons which resemble those of the first world war as a Waterloo smooth-bore resembles a modern high-velocity rifle. Weapons, streamlined, balanced, of unparalleled destructive power, for a flashing war of movement.

(*Continued on page* 86)



The FRENCH Spilsbury



SOME of Dr. Paul's assistants at work in the labora
the routine and commonplace autopsies, the

A PORTRAIT of Doctor Paul, the French Spilsbury, taken at his home

The Medico-
continues to gain
who would clip

LUCIEN NOEL and René Emile Dagneaux in the dock at the Palais de Justice. They were accused of murdering a gardener and robbing him of 150 francs

"I LOVE sport. I must take that from my grandmother, who was born in Wiltshire. I cycle, golf, play tennis and swim. I used to play polo, but now my *embonpoint* prohibits me from continuing. I am a fervent one of the hunt, the shoot. Each August opening sees me in Scotland as the guest of my great friend, Sir Philips. We shoot the grouse together. In addition, I am the leading protagonist of English dogs in France."

And the rest of his time he spends cutting up bodies in the Morgue.

"Le Docteur Paul" is as much a name to conjure with, in France, as is that of Sir Bernard Spilsbury in England. Both are top-liners, celebrated, for ever in the news in their respective countries. Each has presided pathologically at the most notorious murder trials for nigh on a quarter of a century. And as Sir Bernard is so very much of a discussed person these days—and becoming more so—have we here a truly wonderful Holmes in the flesh or a brilliant if too cocksure and domineering specialist in anatomy—as this was so, I thought I would chance my luck at 52 bis, rue de Varenne, on the Left Bank, just behind the Quai d'Orsay.

Police science is definitely one of the realms where we can take a page, several pages, from the French; a matter to which we at last appear to be attending with the advent of Dr. Davidson and his special laboratory attached to "The Yard." Police science has two sides: the so-called forensic, or sphere of the expert witness, and the investigating, or that of the police and scientist in co-operation.

By Ferdinand Tuohy

THE Palais de Justice, Paris, the scene of many trials in which the evidence of Doctor Paul, has helped to prove prisoners guilty

tory at the Morgue. They execute
Doctor having only to affix his signature

THE refrigerator cells at the Morgue, Paris. Corpses are kept in these cells until they are identified

DR. PAUL after having given the result of his autopsy on Judge Prince, the exhumed corpse of whom was brought to the Medico-Legal Institute at Paris

Scientific influence on Crime
strength, to the alarm of some
the wings of the Expert Witness

Dr. Paul is the leading practitioner of forensic medicine in the Republic; and if French justice often goes awry, as it does, the blame can scarcely be laid at the door of such as he. He reports what he finds. But has he acquired too much prestige? Ever since the violent deaths of Stavisky and Judge Prince, both attributed to suicide by police experts, and to murder by independent ones, the public in France has been inclined to look twice at expert evidence. Is it so immaculate: cannot it also be bought? How specially grievous that would be, inasmuch as there always tends to be something so positive about this class of testimony.

With such thoughts and fancies, I approached the rue de Varenne.

The Autopsy King (*vide* the Boulevard Press) has chosen well his Paris home. Considering the social figure that he cuts, one could be forgiven expecting Dr. Charles Paul, Commander of the Legion of Honour, to have as his address some ultra-modern apartment in the quarter of the Bois. "*Soirées mondaines*," and that sort of thing. He has the worldly evenings all right, but in a very different setting. His grey stone eighteenth-century *hôtel particulier*, towards which one approaches through a massive wooden doorway and over a cobbled courtyard flanked by low stables, might have been taken direct from any old-world provincial town and dumped down in the heart of Paris. Outside patrolled gendarmes—though not on Dr. Paul's account: France's new "No. 10 Downing Street" is just next door. No. 52 bis looked rather like a museum piece, and the impression was strengthened as one crossed the threshold. Fancy rugs and parquet, chairs "de style" certainly never made for sitting, glass cases showing porcelains, busts and old prints, a stone stairway in the offing. One pressed a button, and leisurely there appeared the stock French valet in black and yellow striped waistcoat. "*Monsieur désire . . .?*"

One has to be on time with Dr. Paul because at midday sharp he lunches, and he tells you so. The morning has been taken up with *le sport*, in which Madame Paul has joined. There are no children. Your first impression: that this man who deals all the time in death is full of life. Léon Daudet has called him "*le macabre loustic*" (lad). Yes, "a lad." He is not a bit according to the book of words. No mistaking that he thoroughly enjoys existence and is, at 52, in the pink of condition. Pink. That is a colour you associate with him. Pink and white. The complexion and dome of the head of the former hue, the scanty hair and "cavalry" moustaches of the latter. He is stockily built and of over middle height, and he gives a sense of roundness; not too fat, but just comfortable in that region. The head thrown back as he talks, striding decisively up and down his study, hands thrust into the pockets of a check suit. He wears spats. And he is so full of vim; pleased with himself, too.

Dual lives interest most of us. All the time that Dr. Paul was rattling vigorously ahead with personal details, one's mind relapsed intermittently to the dissecting-room, to ghastly things in jars and bottles, to marble forms reposing in their separate freezing "cells," awaiting identification in the Morgue. Presently this expansive, life-relishing man would be in the thick of that sort of thing . . . dare one say, quickening to it? After lunch. . . .

"How I became *médecin-légiste?* Very simple. On my father's side everyone was a magistrate. My grandfather was President of the Douai Appeal Court, my father President of the Chambre de Cassation. On my mother's side they had all been in medicine for generations back. At my birth two heads bent over my cradle. One, with great white whiskers, said: 'He shall be a magistrate!' The other, with the physician's smile, said: 'He shall be a doctor!' I thereupon accomplished my first *expertise*. I brought them together by becoming a bit of both. I became *médecin-légiste.*

Soon the young and modern Dr. Paul was displacing Dr. Socquet as the Spilsbury of Paris and its teeming three departments—he can also be "called in" all round France. Managing to offset the grimness of his daily task by keen concentration on the open air and social lives, he emerges as one of those human enigmas so hard of understanding by the layman. How can he leave a fearfully mutilated body, or a poisoned one which he has had to test for reactions all afternoon, and, quick-changing into "tails," preside with Madame at one of his modish evening receptions to which *Tout Paris* is only too proud to be bidden?

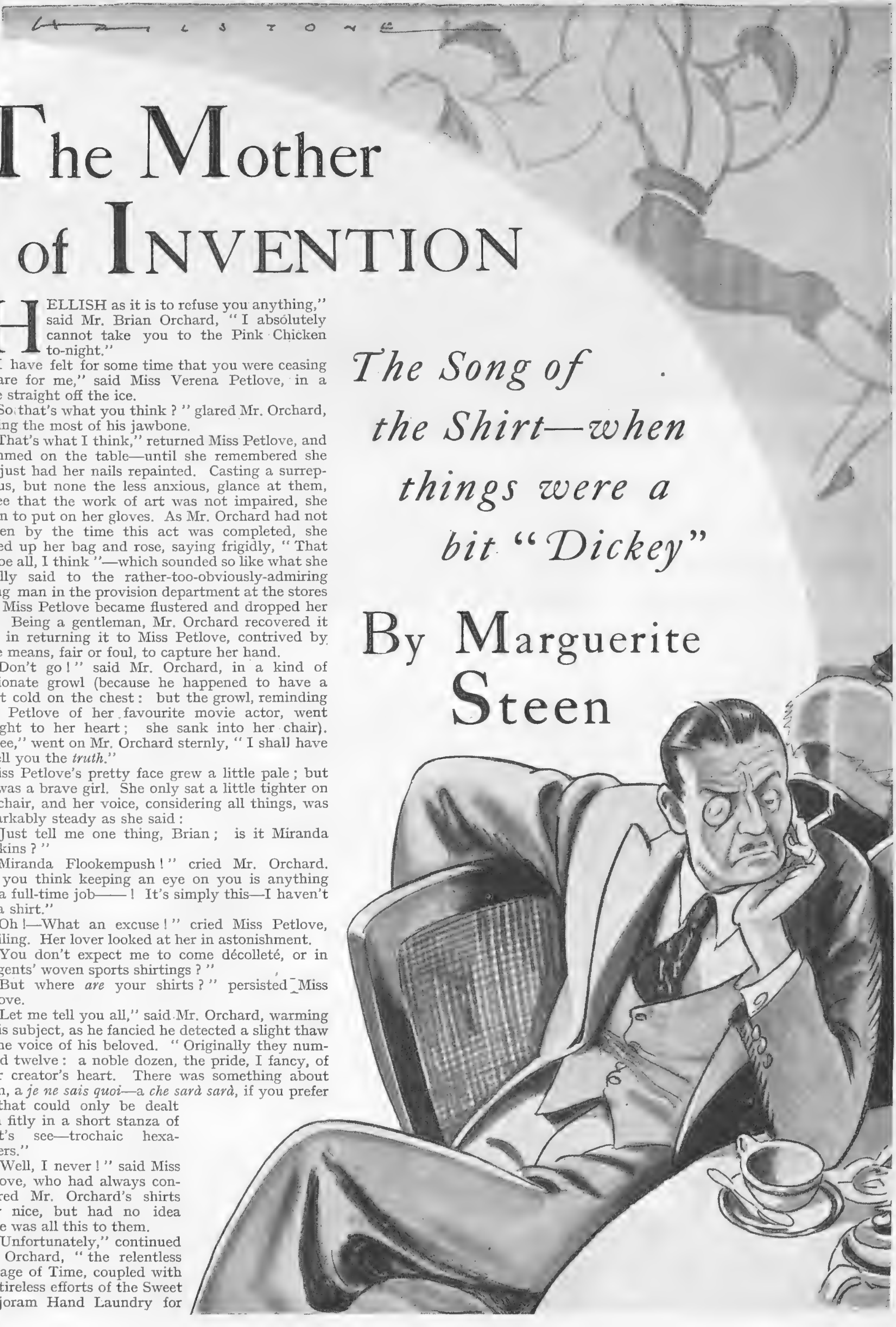
I remembered what I had heard, from a sure and certain source, regarding Sir Bernard Spilsbury. "He sometimes has a bad headache for an hour or two

(*Continued on page 90*)

The Mother of INVENTION

The Song of the Shirt—when things were a bit "Dickey"

By Marguerite Steen



"HELLISH as it is to refuse you anything," said Mr. Brian Orchard, "I absolutely cannot take you to the Pink Chicken to-night."

"I have felt for some time that you were ceasing to care for me," said Miss Verena Petlove, in a voice straight off the ice.

"So that's what you think?" glared Mr. Orchard, making the most of his jawbone.

"That's what I think," returned Miss Petlove, and drummed on the table—until she remembered she had just had her nails repainted. Casting a surreptitious, but none the less anxious, glance at them, to see that the work of art was not impaired, she began to put on her gloves. As Mr. Orchard had not spoken by the time this act was completed, she picked up her bag and rose, saying frigidly, "That will be all, I think"—which sounded so like what she usually said to the rather-too-obviously-admiring young man in the provision department at the stores that Miss Petlove became flustered and dropped her bag. Being a gentleman, Mr. Orchard recovered it and, in returning it to Miss Petlove, contrived by some means, fair or foul, to capture her hand.

"Don't go!" said Mr. Orchard, in a kind of passionate growl (because he happened to have a slight cold on the chest: but the growl, reminding Miss Petlove of her favourite movie actor, went straight to her heart; she sank into her chair). "I see," went on Mr. Orchard sternly, "I shall have to tell you the *truth*."

Miss Petlove's pretty face grew a little pale; but she was a brave girl. She only sat a little tighter on her chair, and her voice, considering all things, was remarkably steady as she said:

"Just tell me one thing, Brian; is it Miranda Hopkins?"

"Miranda Flookempush!" cried Mr. Orchard. "If you think keeping an eye on you is anything but a full-time job——! It's simply this—I haven't got a shirt."

"Oh!—What an excuse!" cried Miss Petlove, recoiling. Her lover looked at her in astonishment.

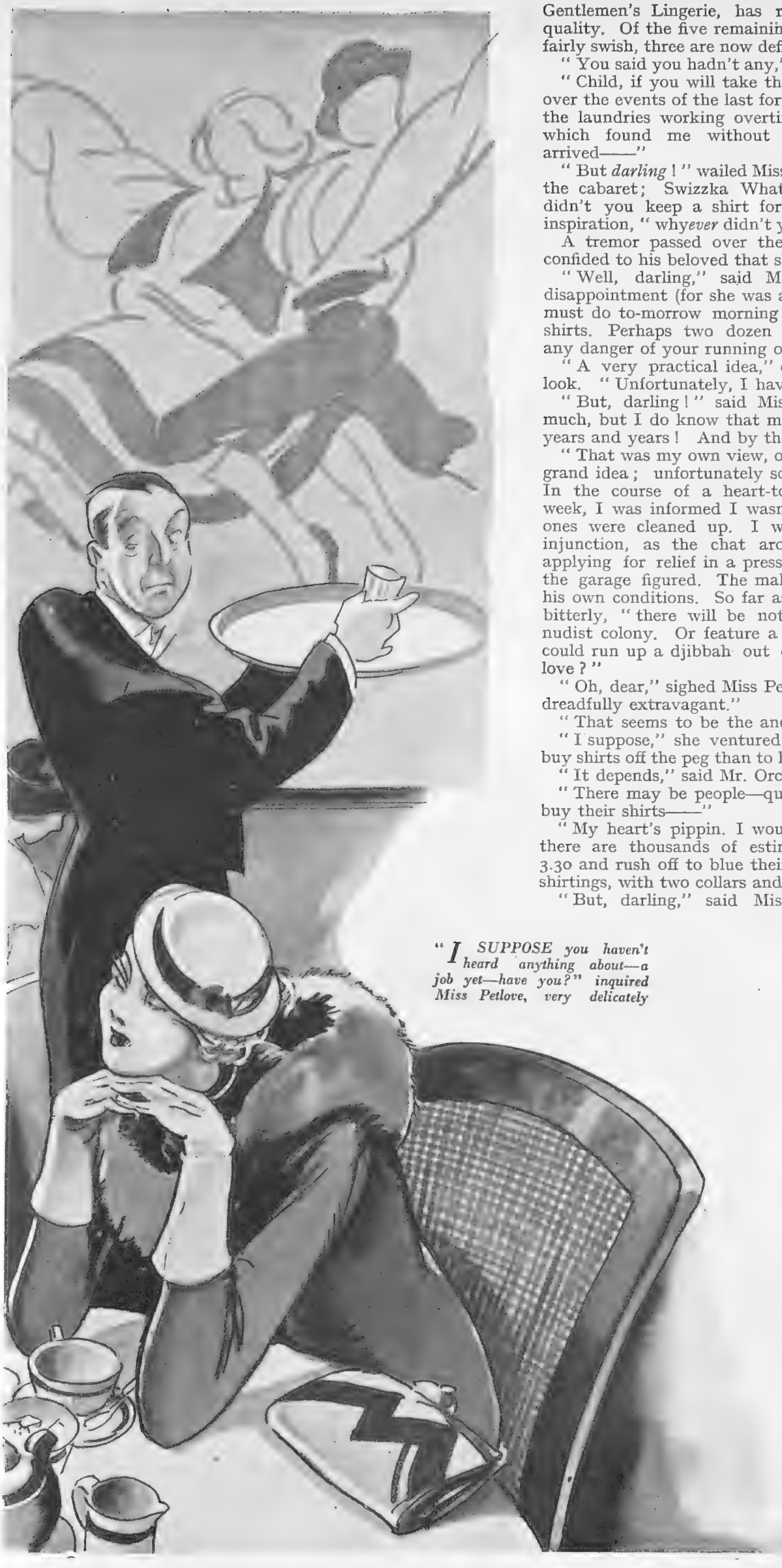
"You don't expect me to come décolleté, or in my gents' woven sports shirtings?"

"But where *are* your shirts?" persisted Miss Petlove.

"Let me tell you all," said Mr. Orchard, warming to his subject, as he fancied he detected a slight thaw in the voice of his beloved. "Originally they numbered twelve: a noble dozen, the pride, I fancy, of their creator's heart. There was something about them, a *je ne sais quoi—a che sarà sarà*, if you prefer it—that could only be dealt with fitly in a short stanza of—let's see—trochaic hexameters."

"Well, I never!" said Miss Petlove, who had always considered Mr. Orchard's shirts very nice, but had no idea there was all this to them.

"Unfortunately," continued Mr. Orchard, "the relentless passage of Time, coupled with the tireless efforts of the Sweet Marjoram Hand Laundry for



"*I* SUPPOSE *you haven't heard anything about—a job yet—have you?" inquired Miss Petlove, very delicately*

Gentlemen's Lingerie, has reduced them, both in quantity and quality. Of the five remaining, I regret to say that while two are fairly swish, three are now definitely in the bargain-sale class——' '

" You said you hadn't any," pouted Miss Petlove.

" Child, if you will take the trouble to throw your memory back over the events of the last fortnight, you will realise that, even with the laundries working overtime, the moment was bound to come which found me without a shirt. That moment has now arrived——"

" But *darling* ! " wailed Miss Petlove. " I so specially wanted to see the cabaret; Swizzka What's-her-name's dancing—why on *earth* didn't you keep a shirt for to-night? Or——" with a touch of inspiration, " why*ever* didn't you buy a new one yesterday ? "

A tremor passed over the countenance of Mr. Orchard, as he confided to his beloved that shirts are not bought, but built.

" Well, darling," said Miss Petlove, bravely conquering her disappointment (for she was a nice girl), " the very first thing you must do to-morrow morning is order some more shirts. A lot of shirts. Perhaps two dozen would be better; then there won't be any danger of your running out again."

" A very practical idea," conceded Mr. Orchard, with a worried look. " Unfortunately, I haven't got any money."

" But, darling ! " said Miss Petlove brightly, " I mayn't know much, but I do know that men's shops never expect to be paid, for years and years ! And by the time the bill comes in——"

" That was my own view, once," said Mr. Orchard dolefully. " A grand idea; unfortunately somebody's thrown a spanner into it. In the course of a heart-to-heart talk with my progenitor last week, I was informed I wasn't to run any more bills until the old ones were cleaned up. I was obliged to fall in with this callous injunction, as the chat arose out of the painful necessity of applying for relief in a pressing matter in which those low cads at the garage figured. The male parent consented to pay up, but on his own conditions. So far as I can see," concluded Mr. Orchard bitterly, " there will be nothing for it, ultimately, but to join a nudist colony. Or feature a neat line in homespun djibbahs. You could run up a djibbah out of a bit of sacking, couldn't you, my love ? "

" Oh, dear," sighed Miss Petlove, " I suppose we're, both of us, dreadfully extravagant."

" That seems to be the ancestor's idea," admitted Mr. Orchard.

" I suppose," she ventured delicately, " it would be cheaper to buy shirts off the peg than to have them made for you ? "

" It depends," said Mr. Orchard carefully.

" There may be people—quite nice people, like us, I mean—who buy their shirts——"

" My heart's pippin. I would never contradict you. I should say there are thousands of estimable fellows who make a bit on the 3.30 and rush off to blue their winnings on a couple of gents' saucy shirtings, with two collars and a half-crown tie."

" But, darling," said Miss Petlove gently, " is there any reason why they shouldn't ? "

" There's no *reason* why one shouldn't wear a bowler with plus fours," answered Mr. Orchard with equal gentleness. " But one leaves it to Harry Tate."

" Haven't you ever bought a shirt ? " she asked tenderly.

" I won't deceive you," said the manful Mr. Orchard. " I did, just once—when my baggage got lost on the way to Aintree. But why rake over the shady past, my darling ? "

" Was it *very* horrible ? "

" Now I come to think, it wasn't !" said Mr. Orchard frankly. " As a matter of fact, I seem to remember it was quite a pretty bit of work. Yes, by Jove ! I was so taken with it at the time I nearly went off the rails. If dear old Spongey Wilson hadn't been with me I'd have given the fellow a standing order——"

" I suppose they *are* cheaper bought that way ? "

" I nearly laughed in the chap's face when he told me the price. I thought he was pulling my leg," confessed Mr. Orchard.

" I suppose we ought to do it, both of us," said Miss Petlove grimly.

" Do what, my peach ?"

" You buy your shirts and I my hats—that way."

Mr. Orchard gave a hollow laugh. " Sound as the suggestion is, my treasure, I would have you know that even ready-made underwear isn't to be had for the price of a drink ! And I've barely got enough to keep us skimming about the surface of what newspaper fellows call Society until the end of the month ! "

" But are shirts so very dear ? " murmured Miss Petlove, whose persistence was one of her few trying characteristics. " I mean—waiters—and people who play in orchestras—and young men in banks—have to have them. And they can't be any better off than us ! "

" I wish to heaven I had a bank clerk's wages in my pocket, right now ! " was Mr. Orchard's heartfelt response.

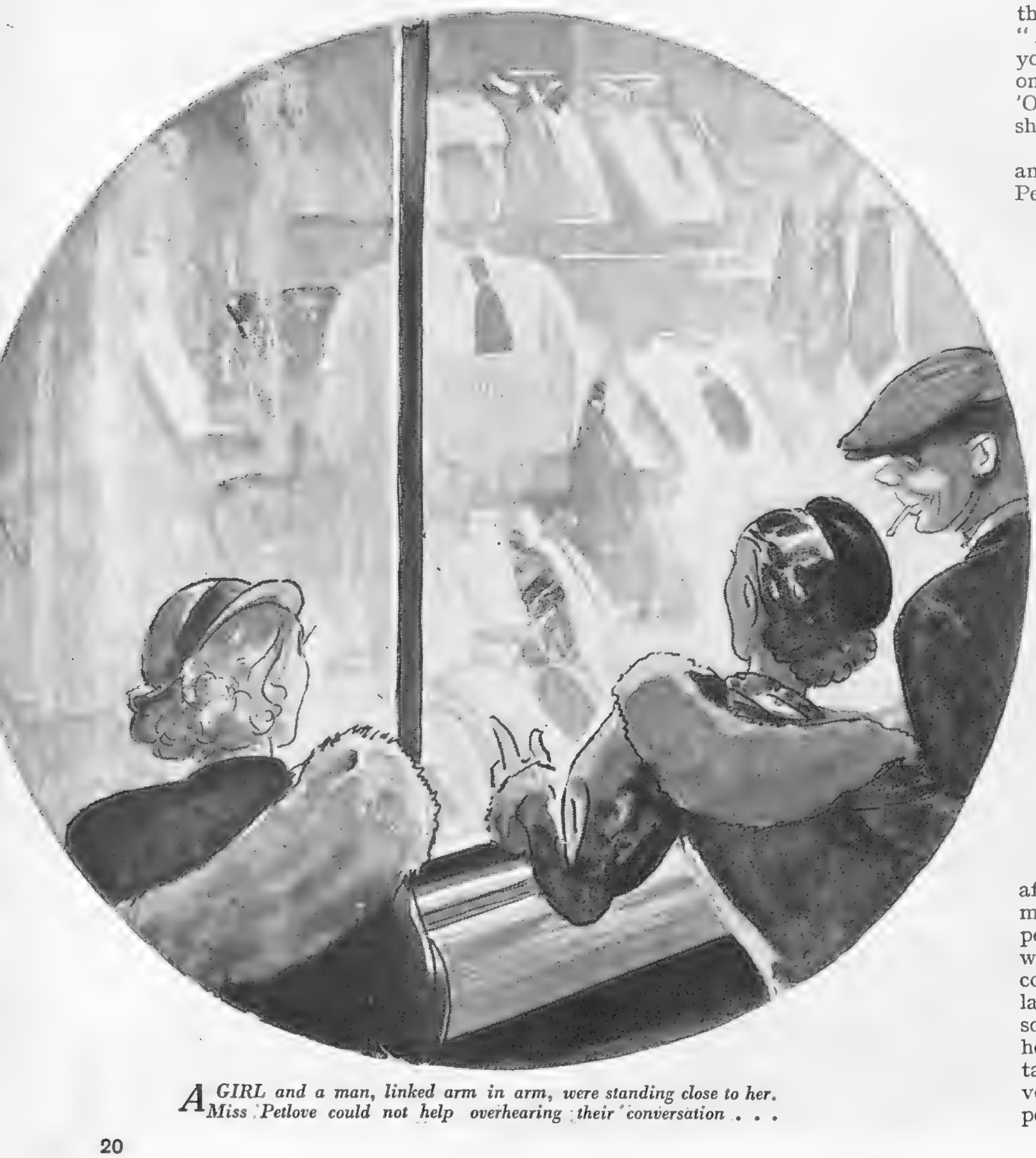
" I suppose you haven't heard anything about—a job, yet—have you ? " inquired Miss Petlove, very delicately.

Mr. Orchard's forehead creased ; he always dreaded this question of Miss Petlove's, although he respected her for asking it.

" Not a dashed thing. I don't know what it is ; people don't seem to regard me as precisely a leper, but when I start to mention work it's amazing how they sheer off—mostly with a silly smile on their faces, as if I'd just made a poorish joke ! I don't know if it is that, as a congenital nitwit, I show up pretty badly against the male parent—he's doing a monograph on the love-life of the common mayfly now, by the way ; at least, I think that's it. Orchard Senior may be a woozle among the insectivora, but it's left him practically no scope to develop his ideas upon the upkeep of male progeny. He realises I don't fit into his Blattidae or what's it, so he simply dusts me off his time-sheet and announces that two hundred a year is an adequate life allowance for a young man who hasn't the upkeep of an establishment to consider ! If I wish to get married he doesn't mind increasing it to three hundred, if the girl's parents will put up the same ! He can't see that he's had me educated up to the thousand a year standard, and that I'm practically ruined for anything else."

" If only we could invent something ! " said Miss Petlove passionately. " Invention's the only—what is it—cinch for making money nowadays—and I'm so sick of waiting to be married ! So would you be, if you'd got an idiotic name like Petlove——!"

At this point Miss Petlove recalled that she had an engagement, and, cutting short Mr. Orchard's exposition of why Petlove was the one name in the world most suitable for her, pending its exchange for Orchard, she got up, and he got up with her, and they walked out. And at all the tables people waved and nodded, and said after they had gone, " Those two poor sweets !—What sweets ?—Brian and Verena, of course. Dying to get married, and not enough between them to buy a carpet tack."



A GIRL and a man, linked arm in arm, were standing close to her. Miss Petlove could not help overhearing their conversation . . .

Mr. Orchard, from mere force of habit, got into a taxi, and Miss Petlove decided to walk home for the good of her figure : " home " taking her up Park Lane and across the Marble Arch and a little way along Oxford Street and then up one of those side streets to the amazingly wide district which people have printed on their notepaper as Portman Square.

And she happened to find herself looking in a shop window at a great number of gentlemen's shirts (a thing she had never done before), which were priced, it seemed to Miss Petlove very reasonably, between five and ten shillings. And very nice they looked, she considered, lying there all flat, with their cuffs arranged in front : very slick on the rather awful-looking young man whose fixed celluloid smile demonstrated his personal satisfaction with " The Pinnacle Shirt for Men of Taste." Not perhaps quite the shirts which Brian wore, although it was difficult for the feminine eye to define the difference. But surely neat and pretty enough, in their range of colours from pale buff to a darkish blue : and cheap—cheap as one of Miss Petlove's lipsticks !

A girl and a man, linked arm in arm, were standing close to her. Miss Petlove could not help overhearing their conversation.

" Coo, Sid, aren't they lav'ly ? You'd look a reg'lar knock-out in one of them blue ones !"

" I *dare* say ! " Vanity stirred beneath the lofty tolerance of the speaker's tone. " A lot you know abaht shirts, don't you ? You should see the 'arf-crown ones the've got down at the Churchyard ! 'Ooja think's going to blue a dollar on a shirt—unless it's 'Enery Ford ? "

" I s'pose they larst longer," the girl answered wistfully. Something told Miss Petlove they were married, and a pang of envy shot through her heart. " The stuff looks good—and it's the washing takes the good out of 'em and costs the money. I hate sending your things to that thieving laundry, Sid, but it's that hard to get them dry this weather——"

" You're too fussy," said the man, kindly scornful. " Before I got married a shirt larsted me a fortnight——"

They drifted away, and Miss Petlove was left with the astonishing reflection that, for some people, five shillings was too much to spend on a shirt.

When she reached her home, which had once been a mews, and was now painted up, with window-boxes and a plate that said Albany Cottage on its front door, and which cost Mrs. Petlove about two hundred pounds a year more than she could afford, she let herself in, and, feeling a little mean, scooted up the stairs to her own room. For an elderly cousin of her mother's was staying in the house, and Miss Petlove had never understood why Lady Grimme, who insisted upon being called Aunt Oriana, should be allowed to plant herself on them for a fortnight when she could perfectly well afford an hotel. Lady Grimme was a museum piece of the earlier Edwardian period, and Miss Petlove was relieved when the maid, Hollis, whom she discovered in her bedroom, told her that her ladyship was out. Hollis was ruffled for some reason, and Miss Petlove, who never held with that elderly rubbish about not talking to servants, and was therefore very popular with them, asked her point-blank what was up.

"Some folks," snorted Hollis, "don't seem to know what consideration means! The whole of me afternoon gone, *and* the electric iron away being mended."

"You should have said you couldn't do it," said Miss Petlove, glancing at the pile of ironing which Hollis had dumped, temporarily, at the foot of her bed.

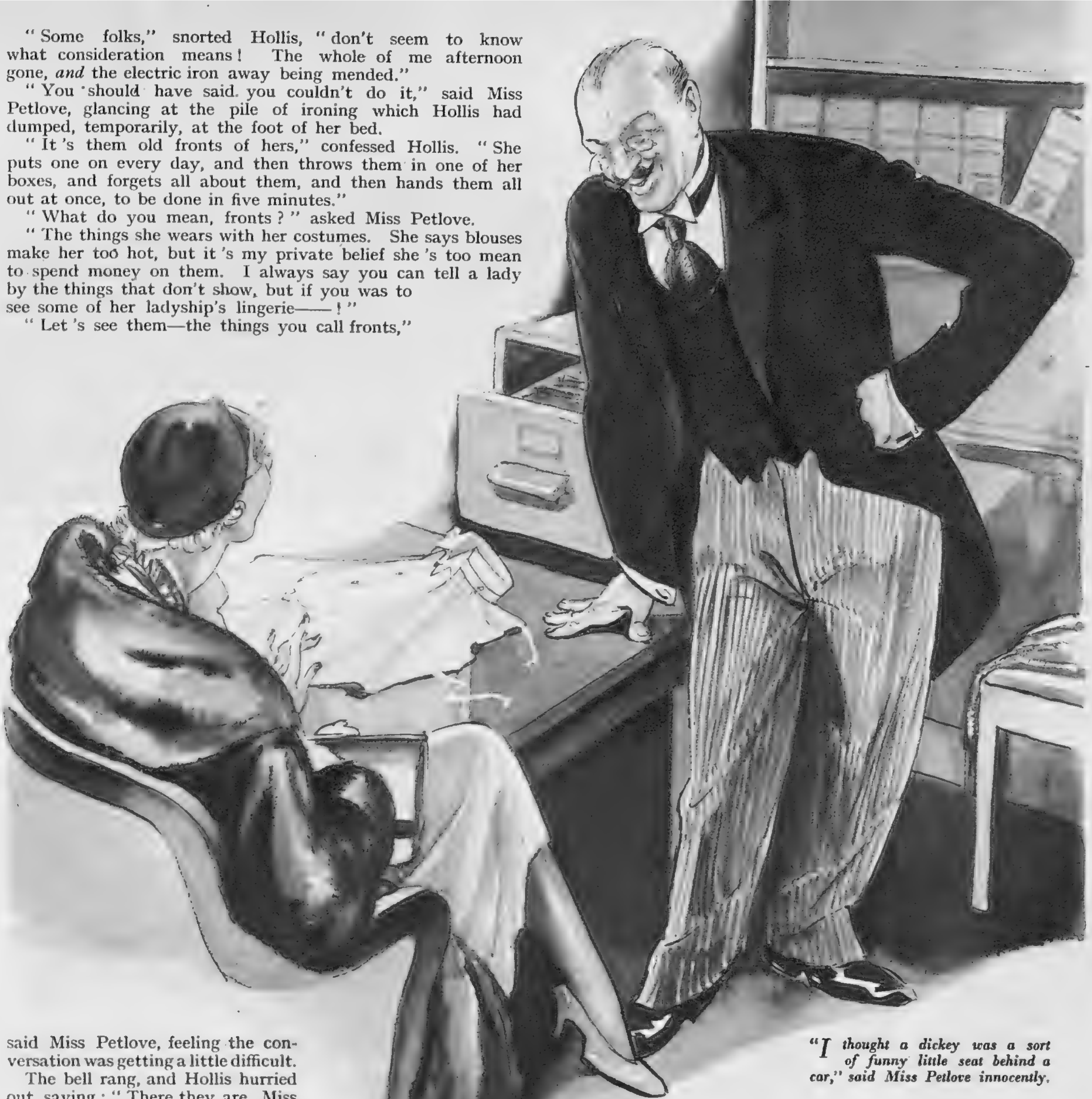
"It's them old fronts of hers," confessed Hollis. "She puts one on every day, and then throws them in one of her boxes, and forgets all about them, and then hands them all out at once, to be done in five minutes."

"What do you mean, fronts?" asked Miss Petlove.

"The things she wears with her costumes. She says blouses make her too hot, but it's my private belief she's too mean to spend money on them. I always say you can tell a lady by the things that don't show, but if you was to see some of her ladyship's lingerie——!"

"Let's see them—the things you call fronts," said Miss Petlove, feeling the conversation was getting a little difficult.

The bell rang, and Hollis hurried out, saying: "There they are, Miss—on the bed." When she came back, ten minutes later, Miss Petlove was still standing, with one of Lady Grimme's "fronts" in her hands.



"I thought a dickey was a sort of funny little seat behind a car," said Miss Petlove innocently.

"I'M afraid," said the head buyer at the famous masculine emporium known as Gordon Rush, Ltd., "we should have some difficulty in marketing these. The idea is practical, but gentlemen are very conservative. Moreover, most of our customers realise that we have touched rock-bottom in shirt prices, and we very seldom have complaints on the score of expense. Naturally, being in the West End, we have a high-class business——"

"But even high-class young men," smiled the elegant young lady who, by some strange means, had found her way into the very sanctum of the head branch—that very branch, no less, that occupies very nearly a whole block on the lower curve of Regent Street, "are hard-up in these days! Even *very* high-class young men find it hard, sometimes, to get together the price of a dress-shirt!"

The head buyer had thought, to begin with, that she had got there by accident; he had come forward prepared, in his suavest manner, to direct the lost lady back to whatever department she might require. There is something about a sable coat, Chanel perfume, and a spray of orchids which compels a special suavity. Miss Petlove's coat was an old one of her mother's remodelled, her Chanel was the last drain of a Christmas present, and her orchids the ones which Mr. Orchard (having made something on the 3 o'clock) had sent her the night before. But who was to know it? She looked worth a thousand dollars as she stood there, clasping one of those ridiculously enormous bags which ladies affect sometimes, and which are the subject of unsubtle jokes on the part of their friends. One would certainly not have challenged Miss Petlove's knowledge of the habits of very high-class young men.

But the head buyer's suavity had received a set-back, when Miss Petlove snapped open her bag, and, ignoring his polite inquiries, flung on the table an object which she announced rapidly as "the half-shirt for gentlemen."

It was, let's say at once, a natty piece of work. It had cost Miss Petlove hours of sleep, sheets of notepaper, many struggles with a pencil—for she had no gift for drawing—and Herculean efforts with scissors and rolls of that stiff muslin from which dress-patterns are cut: before she took her completed inspiration to the sempstress who, in days of yore, had "built" shirts for the late Mr. Petlove, and commanded her, under pledge of silence, to create for her three separate editions of the model: one in fine linen, as used for dress shirts, one in striped silk, and one in a heavy-weight flaxen material.

It consisted of a front, complete with stud-holes, corresponding to the usual shirt front: (*Continued on p.* 98)

Long Beach, where most of the buildings are twelve stories high. The building in the foreground is the New Pavilion, which is built on a concrete floor right out over the ocean

Joshua trees, which

Hollywood Cat & Dog Hospital

(Top)
Looking north towards Malibu Beach. A view taken from the promenade above Santa Monica's Beach road, where many film stars have their luxury homes

(Centre)
Gay's famous Lion Farm, where Hollywood hires its lions for screen purposes

(Below)
Where the film stars' pets recuperate. One of Hollywood's up-to-date cat and dog hospitals

Hollywood Re-

By Margaret Chute

TWENTY-THREE days of assorted weather; some Islands of rare charm and dark-skinned inhabitants, viewed from the broad decks of m.s. *Amerika*, hailing from distant Copenhagen. Pineapples, palms, Panama, both Canal and City which, seen at sunset, lay glittering in the haze like an illustration from a score of Arabian Nights. Coffee, bananas, cement, a couple of stowaways; a memory of the Azores veiled in driving mist and of San Juan, on the Island that is Porto Rico, sleeping under a blistering sun, trimmed with miles and miles of thinly peeled orange skin.

And then Hollywood again. But what a new, unfamiliar Hollywood. Entering the sacred precincts by way of the port of San Pedro I felt I did not know the old home town any more. Where was the Hollywood of yesterday? In vain I looked for the outsize gasometer and the gulch-like streets with their clanging trams. In confusion, I waited for the newsboy's bellow of "Extry! EXTRY! Hollywood star marries (or divorces or murders) her leading man! EXTRY!"

The port was so calm and peaceful. Just a noble harbour, with a luxury liner docked lazily in the next berth to the one against which the *Amerika* came slowly to rest. Somewhat further south is Balboa, with its inland lake where film stars keep their yachts, schooners, or fishing smacks. Wilmington is really part of San Pedro, but rather more residential in style.

It is not far, travelling north, to Long Beach, where earthquakes have been known to frolic and film companies go on location to produce pictures which show deeds of daring on the sea, or the decks of ships that sail thereon. Adjoining Long Beach, more or less, the voyager finds Palisades del Rey, Venice—they forgot the canals, substituting a

One of Carpenter's Sit'n Eat Sandwich restaurants. These are scattered over Hollywood and its environs, and are very popular

CARPENTER'S SANDWICHES
SIT'N EAT SANDWICHES
SERVICE IN YOUR CAR
PURE FROZEN ORANGE JUICE 10¢-15¢
DRAUGHT BEER

grow in the desert near Hollywood

The Greek Theatre built in a natural amphitheatre in the hills between Hollywood and Pasadena. It has a seating capacity of over 2000

discovered

There is a Hollywood that is not all Studios and Stars

nice slice of Pacific Ocean—and Ocean Park. These are the pleasure places where roller coasters scream through hours of sunshine or moonlight, where 10 cents. a dance is charged at half a dozen excessively patronised dance halls. There are side shows, too, at Ocean Park and Venice, which offer whole hams, seven-pound jars of jam, ten-pound barrels of olives as prizes for dubious games of skill. I have seen parties of film celebrities staggering carwards, around midnight, bearing between them enough groceries to keep the most exacting family for a month. The men who control those "Games of Skill" know their film stars when they see them.

All this is not as remote from San Pedro as it sounds. I looked at the long, gently-curving line of coast, with its tall hotels, its occasional palm trees, its bathing throngs (*Continued on p.* 90)

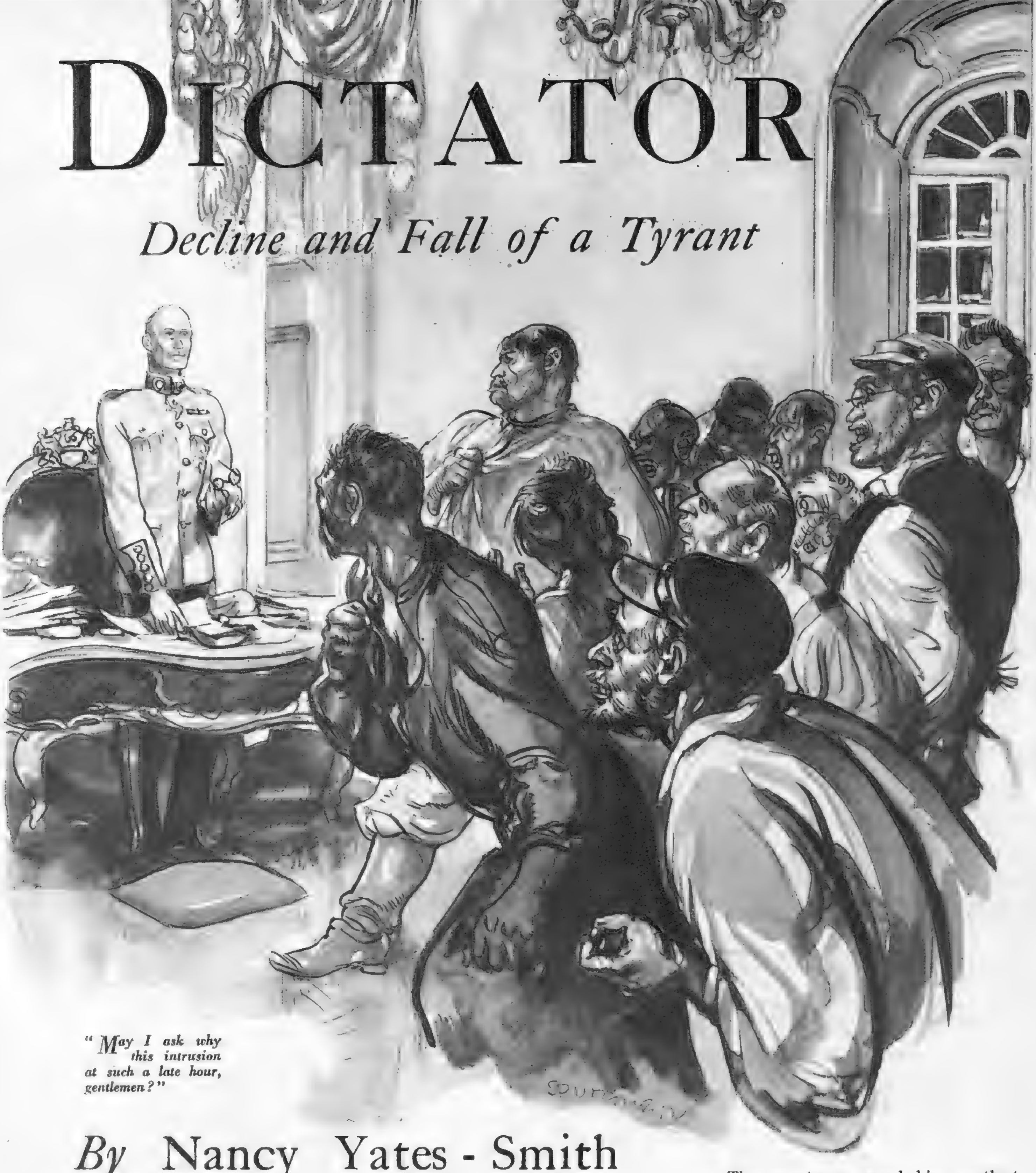
Outside the restaurant El Paseo, in Olvera Street — the Spanish street in the heart of Los Angeles—musicians and dancers entertain guests during dinner and supper and wander along the street playing and singing

Some Hollywood celebrities taking lunch at the Santa Anita Race Track near Hollywood. L. to R.: Robert Montgomery, Hal Roach, and Chester Morris

The first of the three Brown Derby Restaurants, in Hollywood. This one is opposite the Ambassador Hotel on Wilshire Boulevard

DICTATOR

Decline and Fall of a Tyrant



"May I ask why this intrusion at such a late hour, gentlemen?"

By Nancy Yates-Smith

WITH the savage and complete concentration of the busy man, the Dictator worked at his desk. His secretaries were on either side of him—one jotting down shorthand notes of his letters, while the other was placing papers in front of him to sign.

Across the bottom of each clean white typewritten page he scrawled his signature—a strong signature, powerful and full of vitality like himself.

" There, sir." The secretary's yellow claw-like hand laid down another paper.

" What is this ? "

" A petition to do away with the Salt Mines."

The Dictator's fist came down on the table sharply.

" No," he cried furiously. He brushed the paper off the desk.

" But the press, sir. . . . It 's got into the foreign newspapers. They say it's a disgrace to the nation. The conditions are all exposed. . . . The mines are a breeding ground for disease. . . ."

" Let them be," the Dictator interrupted quickly. " The Salt Mines remain as they are. I find them useful. Find out who is behind this campaign in the papers . . . we will allow him to study them at much closer quarters. . . ." And he half-smiled meaningly.

The secretary opened his mouth to speak, and then thought better of it. And the Dictator turned back to his reports.

For hours he worked furiously, the pale November sunlight streaming through the tall windows and across the polished floor on to the littered desk. Then, as the sun rode high into the heavens, the first stray beams fell across the paper he was signing. He looked up.

" Twelve o'clock." Pushing back his chair, he rose. " Take them away, Zarahov. I 'll finish them to-night."

The secretary looked relieved. An hour's freedom ; that meant a walk in the public park—fresh air—a chance to steal a moment with Anna, his young wife. . . .

He hurried away.

The other secretary laid down her notebook. She looked tired. Her dark hair clung greasily down her thin, sallow face, and made her look more uninteresting than she was. The Dictator was faintly irritated. Dimly, out of the past, he remembered writing in the days when he owned his vast propagandist newspaper, *Freedom*, a leading article on the superfluity of beauty and attraction in a woman. What mattered was domesticity and an ability to bear children for the future glory and continuance of the race.

Were those words to be taken literally by these baboons of women on his staff?

He shifted uneasily in his chair. It was essential that those words must stand. Those and others had won over the masses when he had launched that first journalistic campaign for the factory workers' freedom.

By words that he had uttered and written, he had banded the workers into unions—trade unions with a sudden rapid growth in power. At the head of the united unions he had begun to realise the possibilities of his own material advancement. . . .

Until then he had fought only for the workers — the workers who slaved for a miserable pittance in factories, mines and on the land. They had been downtrodden, half-starved, and forced by necessity to work sixteen hours a day.

He had changed all that. Under his management they worked only eight hours on a high wage. And the power of the trade unions grew under his skilful manipulations. Even the Government had been powerless to quell this formidable opponent. In the end, even the King had been forced to recognise it as being the mouthpiece of his subjects.

That had been his first victory. The others followed later. . . .

The woman secretary gathered together all the papers. She cast a swift glance upon him as she worked. He hated noise, and she had ruffled the sheets. . . .

She prayed hard that he would not notice. It would be terrible to be dismissed peremptorily, as his last woman secretary had been, after at last struggling her way up to the great man's side.

Ruthless and tyrannical as he was, there was something about him that both repelled and attracted her. Something that forced her to work for him with a fanatical devotion that is often found in middle-aged and sexually repressed women.

And now, as she looked at him with dull, tired eyes, her face took on an expression of almost doglike devotion.

Irritated, the Dictator looked up.

"Well," he demanded, "what is it? What are you waiting for?"

The secretary started. "It's the 10th of June to-day," she said hastily. "You are reviewing the troops in the Square. . . . And speaking from the balcony here."

The Dictator got up. He went over to the window, and stared out on to the Square.

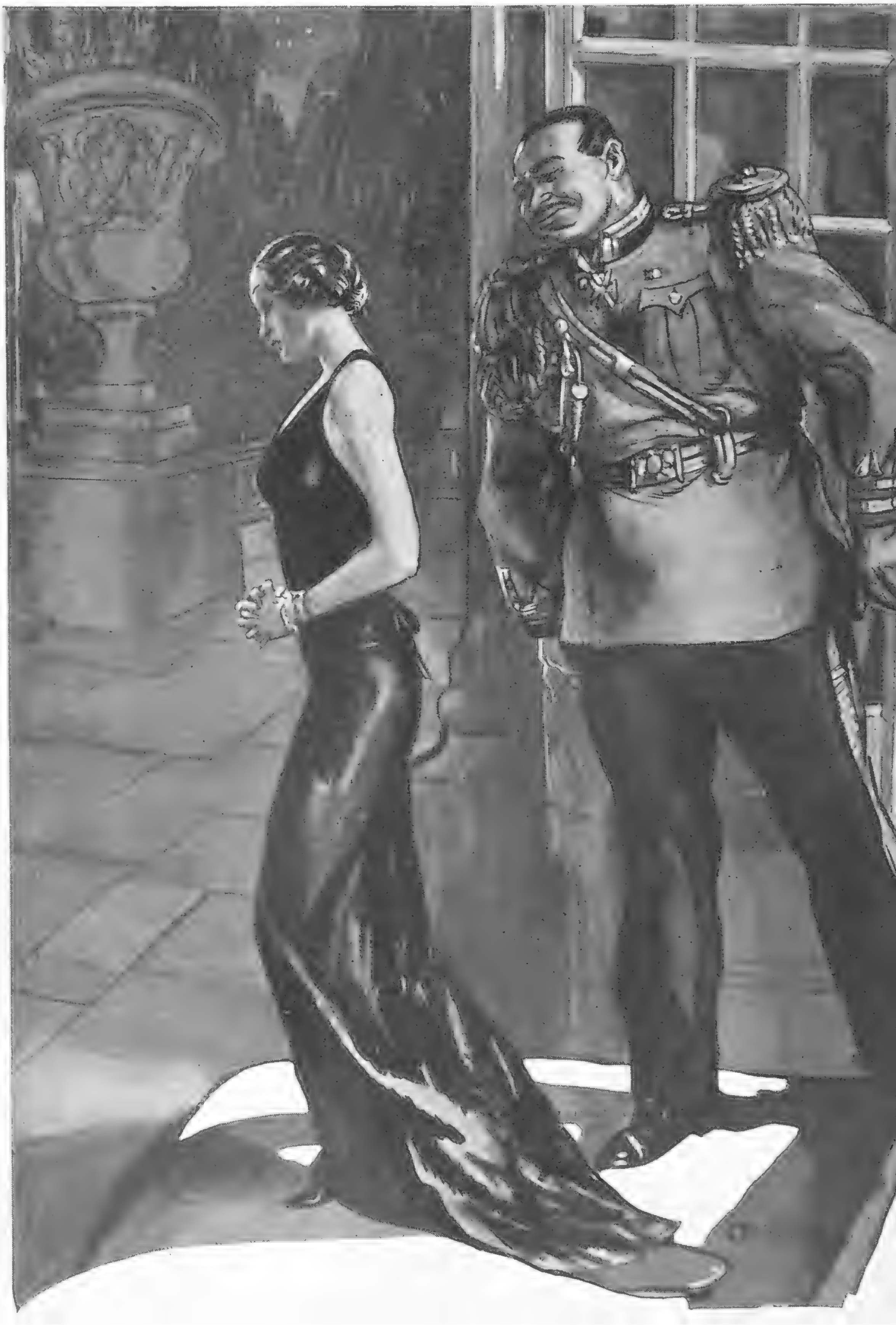
"THE 10th of June. . . ."

He spoke half to himself. He leaned against the heavy, green silk curtains, his mind wandering back to that day—a short year ago—when he had so suddenly come into power.

The 10th of June. . . . It had been a hot sultry day, a day when the oppressive heat had given the people a sense of foreboding—even if some of them had not known that a revolutionary movement was afoot.

The Government, aghast at the news,

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



IN silence she passed in front of him and out into the coolness of the dusky garden and impoverished after four years of excessive war debts, could not suppress these outbursts of revolutionary feeling.

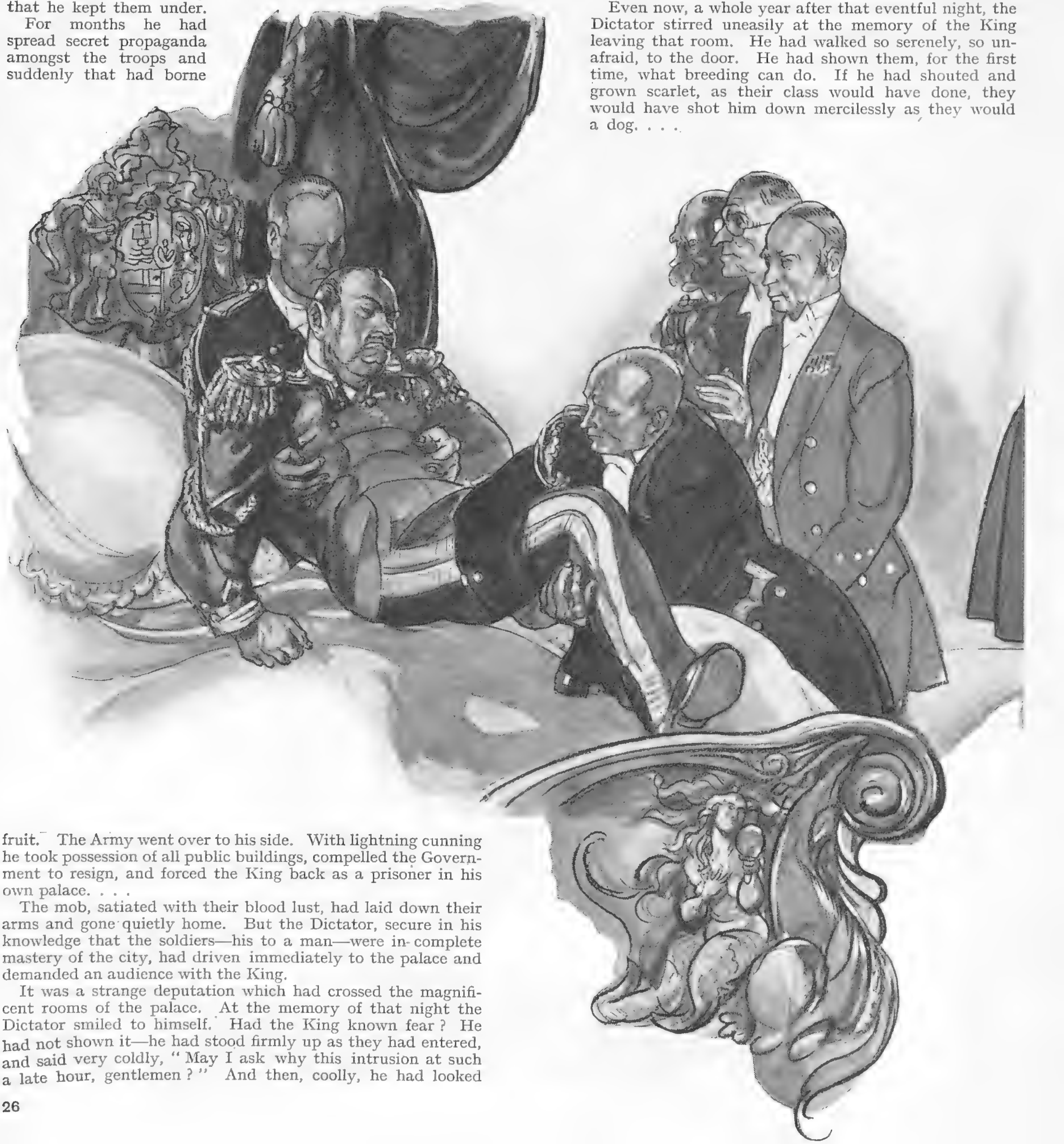
The King had dispatched one of the cleverest diplomats to London to raise a loan. Miraculously, England had loaned the Government what they had needed, and on the 10th of June he ordered the arrest of the chief commissioner of trade unions.

Swiftly, striking while at white heat, the Dictator had called the general strike. And, secure in a secret hiding place, he had watched the culmination of all his plans.

The revolution had gone forward with clocklike precision. And watching the strikers surge forward across the Red Square to where the line of Royalist soldiers were waiting with fixed bayonets, the Dictator had congratulated himself on his luck. Of course, the soldiers would fire—those hundred men and women stretched out on the bloodstained square had furthered his cause more than anyone realised. In one moment the whole of the civil population had been moved to a sympathetic frenzy.

An arsenal had been captured, and within half an hour the mob was armed. Now it required all his cleverness to hold that mob in check. He had to move warily. It was then by his magnificent oratory that he kept them under.

For months he had spread secret propaganda amongst the troops and suddenly that had borne fruit. The Army went over to his side. With lightning cunning he took possession of all public buildings, compelled the Government to resign, and forced the King back as a prisoner in his own palace. . . .



The mob, satiated with their blood lust, had laid down their arms and gone quietly home. But the Dictator, secure in his knowledge that the soldiers—his to a man—were in complete mastery of the city, had driven immediately to the palace and demanded an audience with the King.

It was a strange deputation which had crossed the magnificent rooms of the palace. At the memory of that night the Dictator smiled to himself. Had the King known fear? He had not shown it—he had stood firmly up as they had entered, and said very coldly, "May I ask why this intrusion at such a late hour, gentlemen?" And then, coolly, he had looked them up and down, made them conscious of their torn and dirty peasants' clothes.

He had been dressed himself in immaculate uniform—a tall man, with a pale, sensitive face. A face that had told mutely of idealism and self-sacrifice, and a passionate desire for duty.

The Dictator could have admired him then, but instead he felt only contempt—the contempt that a man of action feels for an idealist. . . . He had said, brutally, "You must consider yourself my prisoner, sire."

The King had grown pale. "I refuse to abdicate."

"I am not demanding that. I wish to form a Government." The Dictator had paced up and down the royal study, his hands behind his back. "As I see it, sire, I must demand that you ask me to form a Government. We will issue a proclamation to the public to-morrow morning. By midday my Government will be arranged—I have my plans here. And, until further notice, your Majesty's safety will be entirely in my hands. It would not be a wise move to have you executed—as yet there are too many Royalist sympathisers about."

"I am indeed indebted to you." The King had spoken ironically. "And now, gentlemen, have I your permission to retire?"

Even now, a whole year after that eventful night, the Dictator stirred uneasily at the memory of the King leaving that room. He had walked so serenely, so unafraid, to the door. He had shown them, for the first time, what breeding can do. If he had shouted and grown scarlet, as their class would have done, they would have shot him down mercilessly as they would a dog. . . .

From there the Dictator had swept the streets in his confiscated car. He had to find a residence, a headquarters, where he had a balcony which would be suitable for him to be able to address a large gathering. At last he found it.

He stopped the car outside a large white building facing the principal square of the city, and looked up at it with approval.

"Whose house is this?" he had inquired.

His brother revolutionary, newly formed during that drive into the Chancellor, told him that it belonged to Marie Xenia.

"Marie Xenia?"

The Chancellor was pleased to display his worldly knowledge.

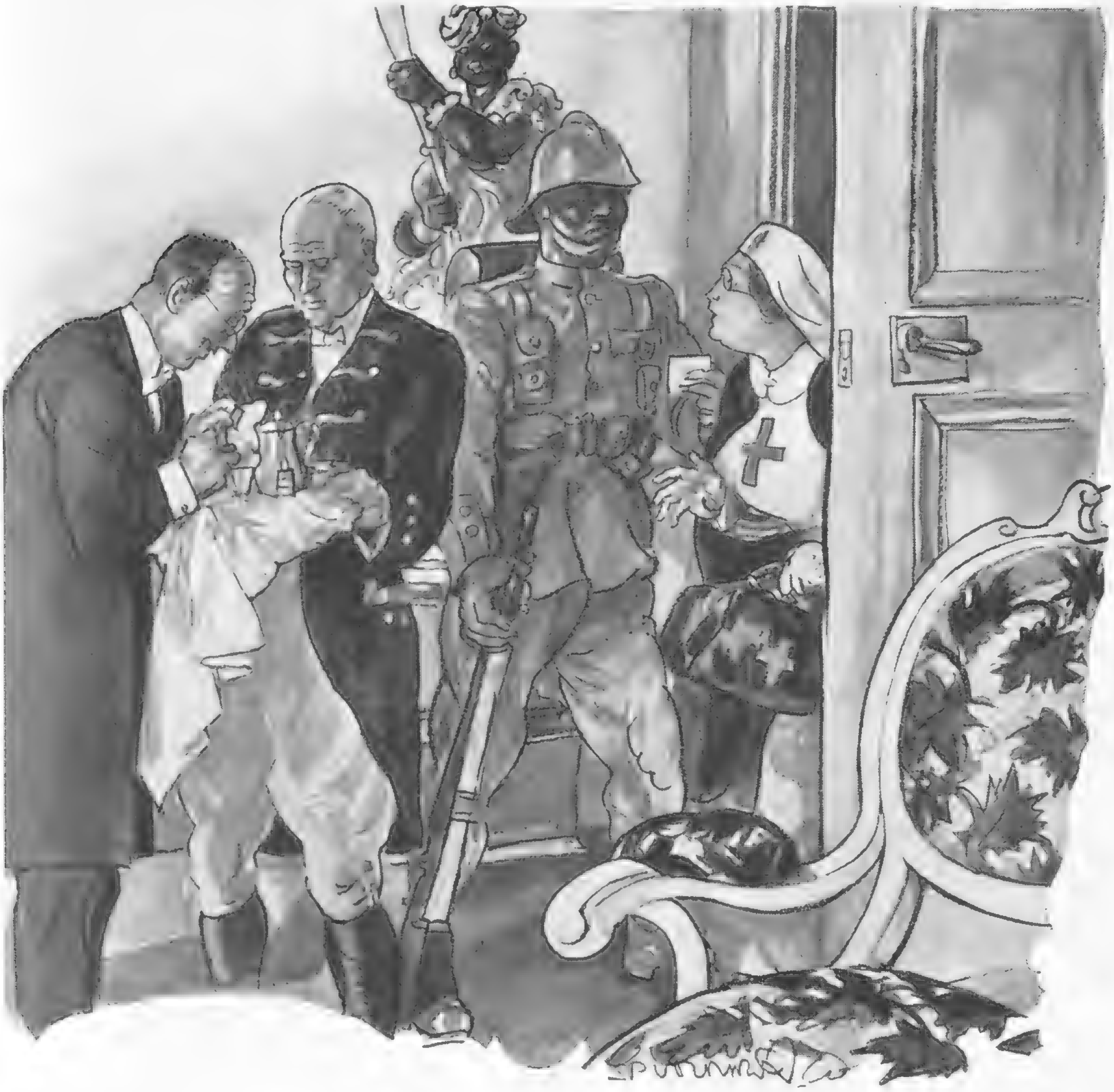
"The Prima Ballerina of the Royal Ballet. . . . They do say that the King. . . ."

The Dictator had smiled. "Ah!" Then he had added, "How suitable!" He had got up out of the car, stretching himself appreciatively, then ran up the steps and pulled the bell furiously.

A footman in scarlet livery came to the door.

The Dictator had spoken with authority. "Tell Marie Xenia that I wish to see her."

The footman hesitated. The figure at the door was hardly prepossessing . . . dirt and untidiness seemed to be the principal factor in his costume. His glance had flickered.



THEY placed the Dictator on the great bed in his room. And through the haze of morphia he was dimly aware that people were moving around him

"She can't be disturbed." His tone was insolent.

The Dictator's pale blue eyes flashed.

"Do as I say!" he thundered.

The unexpectedness of his attack shattered the morale of the footman. He quailed.

"Yes, sir. . . ."

Leaving the men standing in the hall, he had retreated up the stairs. And the Dictator had walked through the huge, carved mahogany doors into the principal reception room.

Even now the Dictator remembered the impression he had when he entered that room; the sudden exquisite scent of hothouse flowers. Carnations, roses—the room seemed full of them. There was the feeling of complete comfort and luxury combined with perfect taste in the furnishings.

He was more conscious of his ragged clothes here in the intimate atmosphere than he had been at the palace. He had known for the first time a sudden desire to retreat. A sign of weakness? But then he had never known the company of a beautiful woman before. Women were there for men who had time for them. His life had been far too full. And the women that he had come across in the course of his work had been different—thin, scraggy creatures, with sexless bodies and fanatical eyes. . . .

As he had stood there, back to the fireplace, his hands clasped behind him, he had realised that this was what he had unknowingly craved for—something which he had never experienced before.

And then she had come. . . . She had stood for a second framed in the doorway, a tall, slim figure in some sort of a dressing-gown. It was white, and seemed to have folds and folds of lace about it. Her head was lifted proudly—defiantly. She was very beautiful.

The Dictator met her blank stare with the sudden composure which action gave him. He bowed:

"I am Dimitri Pledhanov. This"—he waved one hand towards his companion—"is my Chancellor. We are taking over this house. Will you kindly show us to some rooms where we can sleep?"

Her eyes met his steadily. "My house is not at your disposal," she said quietly.

The Dictator grew scarlet.

"No?" He spoke almost caressingly, but his lips tightened.

He brushed past her and out into the hall, where the manservant was hovering nervously.

"Get some rooms ready immediately."

The footman disappeared.

The Dictator faced her. "Do you force me to become your enemy?"

Again that straight fearless glance met his eyes.

"Any enemy of the King is my enemy," she said.

His lips curled. "I don't bandy words with a harlot."

Her lips moved. "Oh," she said faintly. She looked then as though he had struck her across the face.

"That was cruel . . ." she had whispered.

He said roughly: "Why should I bother to be kind to you?"

He had smiled again, that tight, sneering smile, and opened the door. Unconsciously he had imitated the King.

"You have my permission to retire, madam."

She had passed him, her eyes unfathomable, leaving him with a strange feeling. Those eyes of hers had disturbed him. . . .

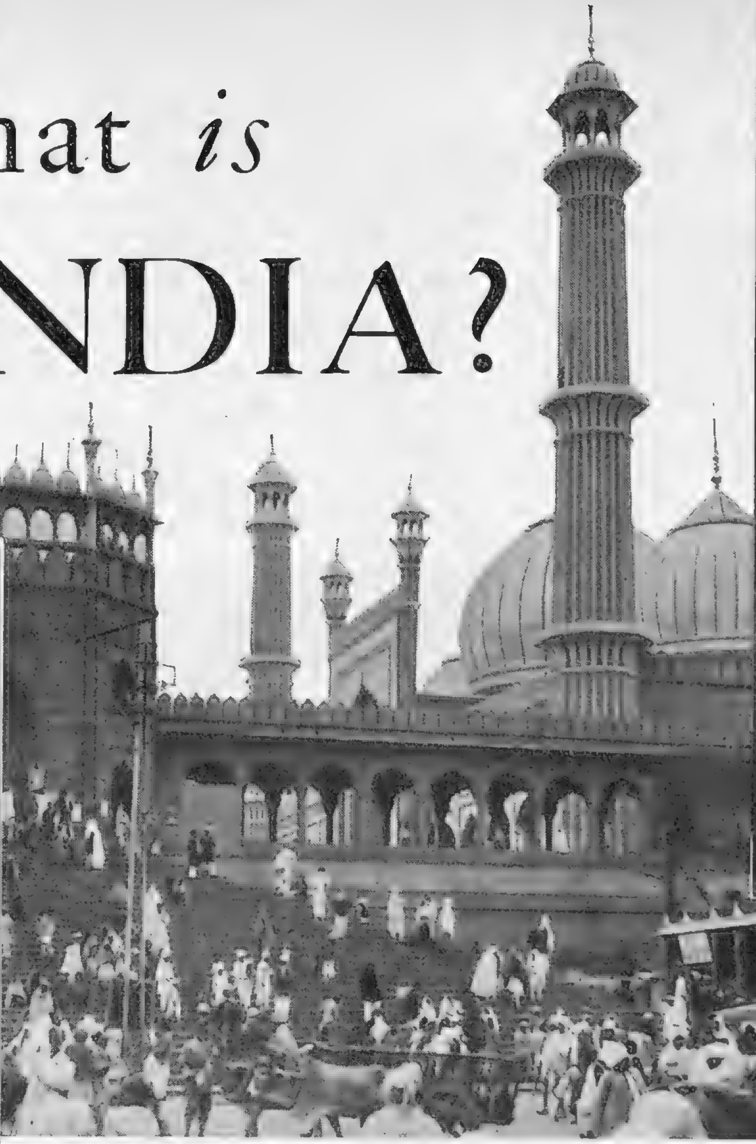
For a second, after she had gone, he had stood there silent—thinking. Then he had shaken himself. The mood passed, and he was a man of action once more.

"Miskry," he spoke urgently to the Chancellor, "paper, pencils—we must get down to work. . . ."

Throughout most of the night he had worked, only snatching two hours' sleep when dawn was already streaking across the sky. With the day the new Governmental machine creaked into being. By lunch-time the country's policy had been determined, and the Dictator called his first council. Gradually his plans were disclosed. He was out (*Continued on page 101*)

What *is* INDIA?

SEVEN weds Sixteen. The bride and bridegroom seated on mats and garlanded with flowers during the nuptial ceremony



A MOSLEM shrine in India—The Jama Masjid, the great mosque at Delhi, a famous place of worship for Mohammedans in Northern India

By Negley Farson

WHEN I first went out to India the Indians were clamouring for reforms which the MacDonald Government could not give. To-day the National Government has a new India Bill which holds out reforms that the Indians say they do not want. These reforms are based on the fact that the British feel that they have reached the limit in the government of India as aliens—and now the Indians themselves must take up the task.

This opinion is based upon the actualities of administration. For example, in the United Provinces there are only about 400 Englishmen in all departments of government—there are nearly 75,000 Indians. Indianisation since the war is gradually reducing this white cadre. Every position in India is now open on equal terms to the coloured man. With the result that in a generation, except for imported specialists, India, if there were no change, would be ruled by Whitehall through Indians.

What this means in practice under the new India Bill is this. First, the Indians have real Provincial autonomy, and a substantial start at the centre. Leave the politics of this out of the question for the moment. Look at the thing in action. The Englishman since 1858 has been handicapped by Queen Victoria's pledge: to leave alone and unimpaired the religion and the religious customs of the country. The Englishman came into India (after pepper!) as John Company, not as a conqueror, but as an infiltrator. In order to maintain his position he became involved in Indian politics, and upon the break-up of the Mogul Empire found himself faced with a situation where he had to make bargains and arrangements, treaties and trade agreements, with the thousands of princes, princelets, rajahs and petty rajahs—and every form of established landlord. That is why land in the centre of Calcutta, which is worth thousands of pounds a year, is paying one rupee an acre to the Government. That's what it was when the Black Hole of Calcutta took place, and that's what it is to-day.

Now, by these treaties and agreements the British perpetuated an economic system in British India—and in Indian India a political system—that dated from the Middle Ages.

The new India Bill offers the Indians themselves the opportunity of breaking with this past. They will modernise the economic system of British India by direct legislation. They will improve the political system in the Indian States by moral pressure. The Princes cannot build nine-foot walls around their States to keep out ideas.

And it will now be up to the Indian himself to tackle the problem of the Indian social system. He will have to tell the Indian peasant to stop marrying at nine years of age, to dig and use latrines, to use Government-tested wheat, to stop charging 150 per cent. for money-lending, etc., etc.

WHAT is India ?

" A pain in the neck, if you ask me," said an exasperated Englishman in an " up country " district. I had been led to believe, in London, that India was a country about which foreigners should know nothing. To visit it was a breach of good manners. To go out there and write about it was unpardonable.

But I had first known this Englishman as a Colonel in Egypt. He was commanding a battalion of Gurkhas. It was war time. Things were comparatively simple then—just the Turks. The years rolled on. Now here he was commanding a cantonment. He was still a military man, but his work brought him into intimate contact with the private lives of a native village, a thing he had never had much to do with before. He looked pretty cool and efficient in his white mess kit when I dined with him in Flagstaff House. But he was half out of his mind. He was in the midst of a quarrel between the Hindus and the Mohammedans over the irrigation rights. It was a nasty bit of business. Both sides, according to tradition, had been out-bidding each other in buying evidence and, they hoped, the local magistrate's favour. On both of these counts the Hindus were well out in front. Truth had long since been lost in the shuffle. Then the Mohammedans, reverting to an earlier tradition, had threatened the sword. It was then that a terrified native magistrate had dumped this load of trouble in the lap of my friend.

" I'm a simple man," said this Englishman to me. " I cannot follow the complexities of their minds. I'm too slow for that. All I can do is go on the facts as I see them. I'm not even going to attempt to sift the evidence in this case. I'm merely going to say :—

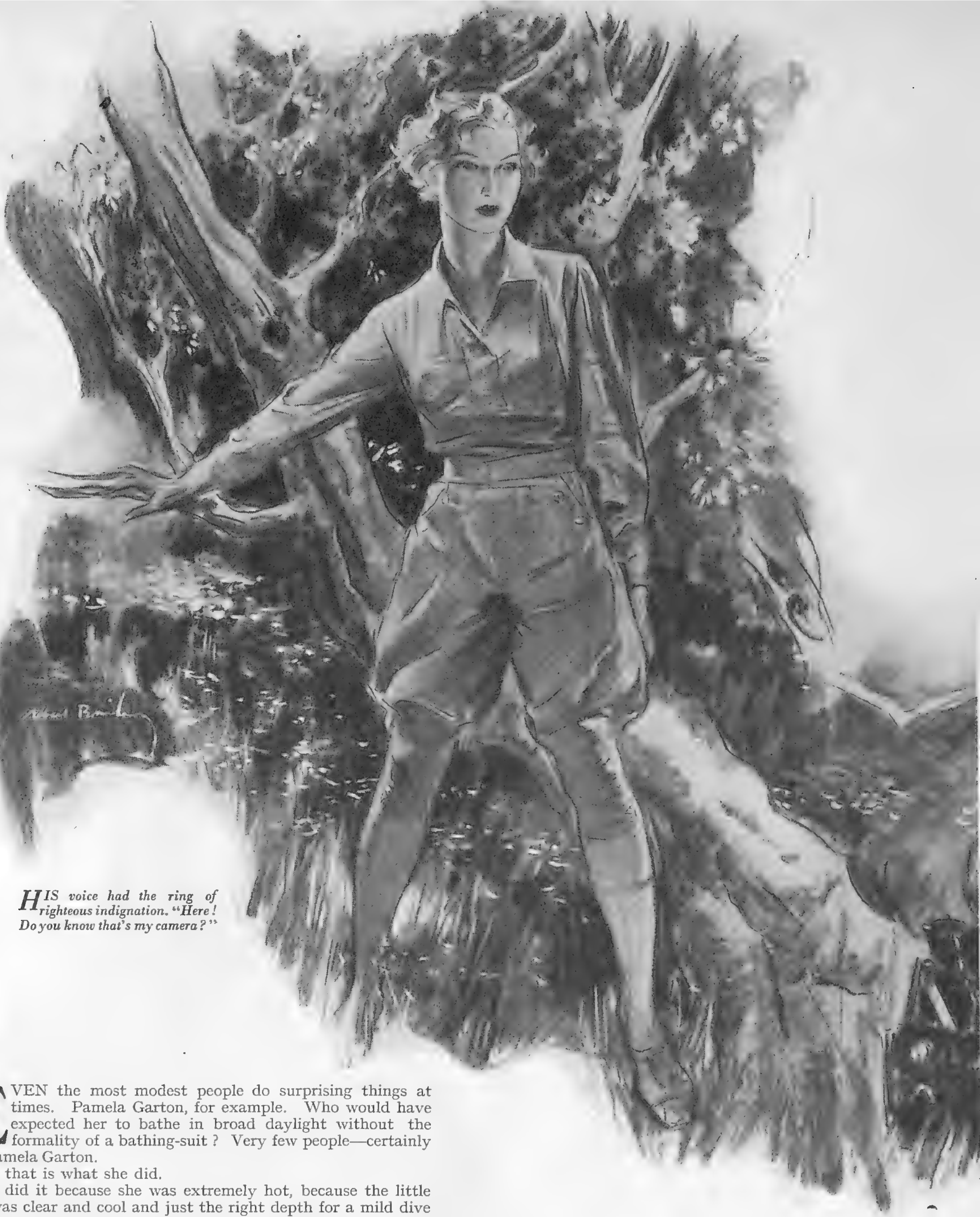
" 'I don't know the truth. You've made that impossible by the way you've tried to falsify things. But this is the way the case looks to me.' Then I will give my decision."

His adjutant told me that he had spent nights trying to get at the real facts of the case.

" So whatever the Old Man tells them will be pretty close to the (*Continued on page* 96)

A WEDDING procession in Ahmedabad. The young bridegroom all dressed up for his marriage

AN Untouchable. This is the type of woman whose work includes midwifery



HIS voice had the ring of righteous indignation. "Here! Do you know that's my camera?"

EVEN the most modest people do surprising things at times. Pamela Garton, for example. Who would have expected her to bathe in broad daylight without the formality of a bathing-suit? Very few people—certainly not Pamela Garton.

Yet that is what she did.

She did it because she was extremely hot, because the little lake was clear and cool and just the right depth for a mild dive off the bank. And because she had reason to believe that nobody could see her. And because she hadn't got a bathing-suit.

People seldom burden themselves with bathing-suits (or anything else) when they go otter-hunting. Too hot. For some reason the otter is one of the few creatures in England, above the insect creation, that may correctly be destroyed when the sun is in his strength. Of course grouse often die on sultry days, but their executioners are not required to run.

Pamela, with her friends and relations, had run and splashed and scrambled after the Gwynedd otter-hounds until the proceedings had got beyond a joke. That was when, at the end of a particularly exhausting point, her aunt, Lady Catesby, had pushed her out of the way so brusquely that she had fallen down and torn a knee of her breeches. By the time she had picked herself up, the cavalcade, chattering, panting, swearing, had swept past her and round a bend.

Pamela consigned the lot of them to perdition.

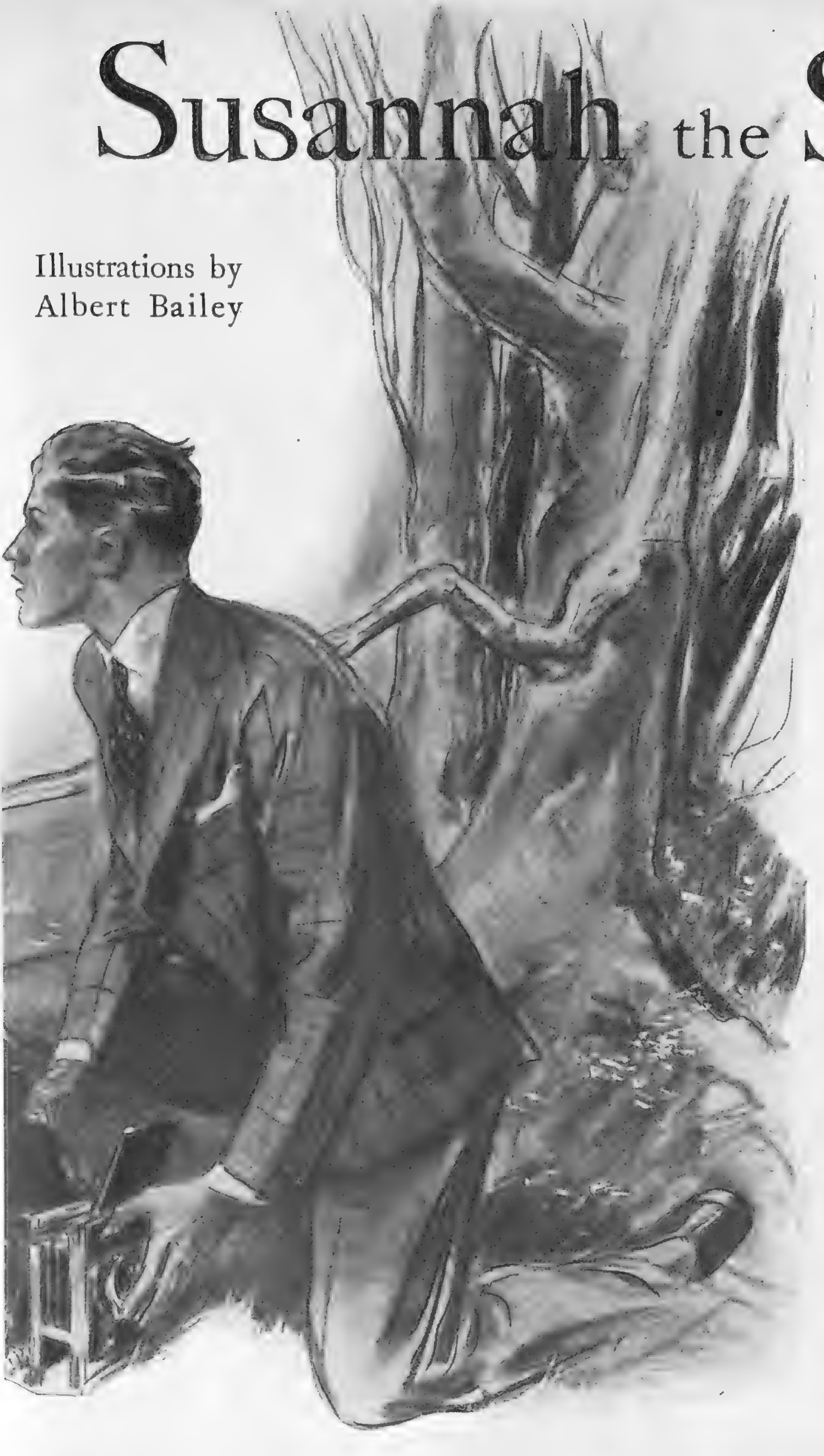
Then she sat down on a tree-stump and just panted. Gosh, she was hot!

Pamela had not been home for a year, and she had not persecuted an otter for quite two years. Remembering the price she owed for those breeches, she decided on the spot to let the poor beasts alone in future. In fact she would send at least sixpence to the League for the Suppression of Blood Sports.

Although I have said that few otter-hunters carry luggage, Pamela, intelligently foreseeing that she might be left behind somewhere, had provided herself with a little haversack which had flapped abominably as she ran. This appendage now justified itself, for in it were sandwiches.

Susannah the Second

Illustrations by
Albert Bailey



She bathed —and He had a Camera

By H. T. W. Bousfield

She ate them.

And in addition to sandwiches there was a bottle of cider. There was even an opener.

Pamela, a trifle inexpert in drinking out of a bottle, nevertheless managed to refresh herself.

She ceased to pant. She felt better. But she was still hot.

She rose, untidily leaving the empty bottle and the sandwich-paper to vary the scenery, and struck off across country—through a wood and, getting hotter still, through two empty fields. Her objective was another wood which had been made a wild creatures' sanctuary.

This, her aunt, Lady Catesby the otter-hunter, had scheduled as some justification, no doubt, of her zeal in killing creatures found elsewhere.

Lady Catesby was a humanitarian of the fiercer sort. She put notices all over that covert which proclaimed how vindictive she would be if anybody killed anything bigger than an earwig within its boundaries. If the animals of the neighbourhood could not read, or just didn't bother to play for safety, hat was their look-out. Lady Catesby had done her best for them.

Pamela, in the centre of that wood, stopped and listened. No sound of humanity. There was no village near. Her father's house—Gwynedd House—was two miles away. Gwynedd river, where illiterate otters rashly disported, was a mile behind. There was that little lake before her. The trees grew close.

So Pamela bathed.

UNDRESSING was swift; the dive was sweet. Pamela felt, as she played in the water, that every otter was her friend. She swam well, and because her hair was short she didn't mind it getting wet. Its curl was as natural as its colour. Crisp, ruddy hair, blue eyes that were just as confident as if they had been brown, long legs, slender hands. Those were Pamela's very definite advantages.

She was not fat. She was not thin. She was rather lovely.

So she swam across the small lake—and it was perhaps twenty yards wide. She splashed in the shallows, floated, dived under water and finished with a most professional crawl.

Emerging from that she drifted towards the bank. On her back she drifted, and as she drifted she observed a small, round, black object in the undergrowth.

At first she regarded it idly; then with curiosity; then with horror.

It was the lens of a camera.

What one should do in such a predicament has never been laid down. Pamela felt entirely uninstructed. She could only goggle and sink, drinking far more water than was necessary for comfort. Reaching the surface again, it was still there.

She departed at once from the accursed spot.

But the place where she had left her clothes was so close!

It would not be fair to enlarge upon her emotions. The poor girl crept back to her little beach half-drowned. Her innocent plan, to dry herself in the sun, had to be abandoned. She crawled out. The grass was warm but unabsorbent. Her handkerchief would not have dried a kitten. The haversack proved all too scratchy. . . .

She clawed at her clothes and hurried deeper into the wood. She dressed in panic and misery. She shivered. She even wept. Her stockings were wrinkled. She was desperately uncomfortable. But at least she was out of sight of that camera, and at last she was clothed.

As she tied the laces of her great clumping shoes, she pulled herself together.

Whoever was lying in that undergrowth with a camera, Pamela decided, was about to have an unpleasant experience.

In her early youth she had always tried to do her duty by the neighbourhood. First a Brownie, then a Girl Guide, and then whatever one is when one orders both Girl Guides and Brownies about, Pamela had studied woodcraft. She could indeed move through woods and forests much more quietly than most girls. Even if she tripped over something she did not giggle.

In almost complete silence she outflanked that camera, and, coming upon it, she delivered a kick that its makers could never have anticipated.

The camera—as a camera—was now definitely unsaleable. But it was a big camera, and at its latter end was a wood and brass device that had obviously been constructed to hold plates.

Her avenging brogue had apparently missed this. But just as she was steadying herself on her left foot and preparing to deliver a *coup de pied* that would settle the entire contraption, a young man rose from the undergrowth, blinking as one who has suddenly been aroused from satisfying sleep.

"Here, I say!" protested the young man. He rubbed his eyes with one hand; with the other he sought to remove some twigs from his hair. His voice had the ring of righteous indignation. "Here! Do you know that's my camera?" He plunged for the wreck of it. "What the hell——!" complained the young man.

Pamela checked her kick and thought hard. Suppose he really *had* been asleep? She temporised.

"What are you doing here with a camera?" she demanded. "Don't you know this is private property?"

"I do know this is private property, and I was invited to come here." His voice was full of crushing dignity. He looked her torn and dampish garments up and down. "Are you a keeper?"

They glared at each other.

"Who said you could come here?"

"If you can bear the news, a friend of mine, Mr. John Garton. If you'd like to hear more, he described this wood to me and said it belonged to his aunt whose name, I believe, is Lady Catesby. I'm going to stay with Mr. Garton for the week-end. But as I'm not expected till this afternoon, I bribed a native to show me the way here, because, ridiculous as it may seem to people like you, I wished to photograph some of the Western Grebes which have been acclimatised on this property."

He drew a deep breath. Pamela was silent.

"My luggage is at the station, or I dare say I could show you Mr. Garton's letter."

And the young man gathered his battered camera out of harm's way.

"Even if you're a woman policeman in disguise, you'll have to explain this assault—and you will pay for my camera."

Pamela had grown more and more unhappy. Her rage faded, but, before she could apologise, one thing she had to know.

"How long have you been asleep?" she asked bravely.

"Is sleeping forbidden? I should think"—he looked at his wrist-watch—"I believe I have been dozing for forty-seven minutes."

"Then you didn't——? I mean, no wonder you didn't hear me coming." She gulped. "I don't know your name, but, but please don't be so angry. I'm John Garton's sister. And, of course, I *do* know your name. You're Charles Hamilton. You're coming to stay. Oh, how dreadful of me!"

She paused, and hurried on:

"I was just wandering about, and then I saw something. I thought it was a trap, and traps aren't allowed in here. So I kicked it. And then I thought you were a poacher or something.

"I am *most* frightfully sorry.

"Of course I must give you a new camera. How could I——"

The storm was over.

"No, really, please. I don't blame you. I'd no business to be asleep. I expect it can be quite easily mended."

"Let me have it"—Pamela had her eye on the plates—"and I'll send it straight off to Cardigan. There's a wonderful man there—he can mend anything."

"No, really—I'll see what I can do myself. I expect John's got some glue and things."

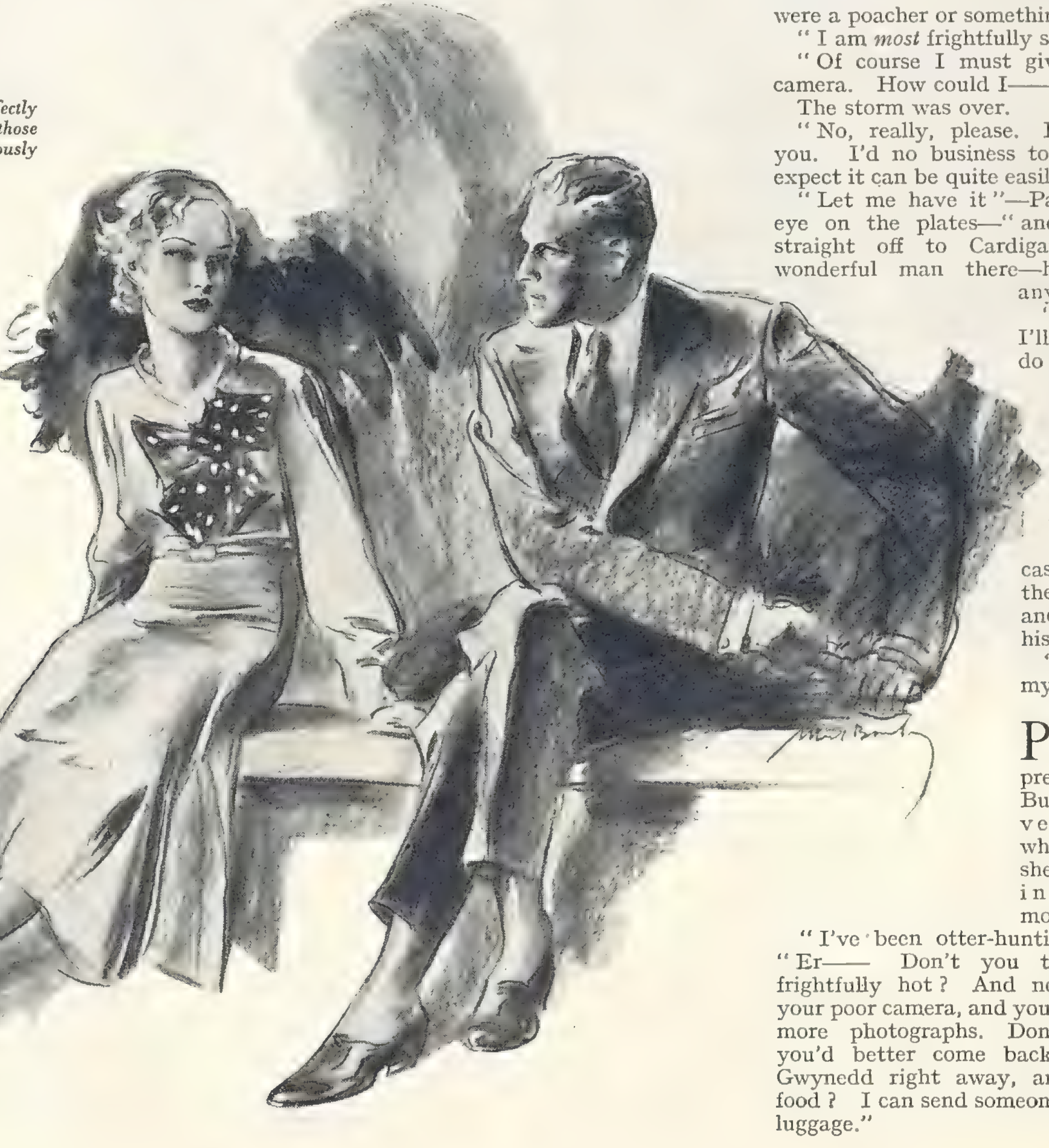
"Please."

But the young man produced a heavy leather case, and thrust the camera into it and slung it over his shoulder.

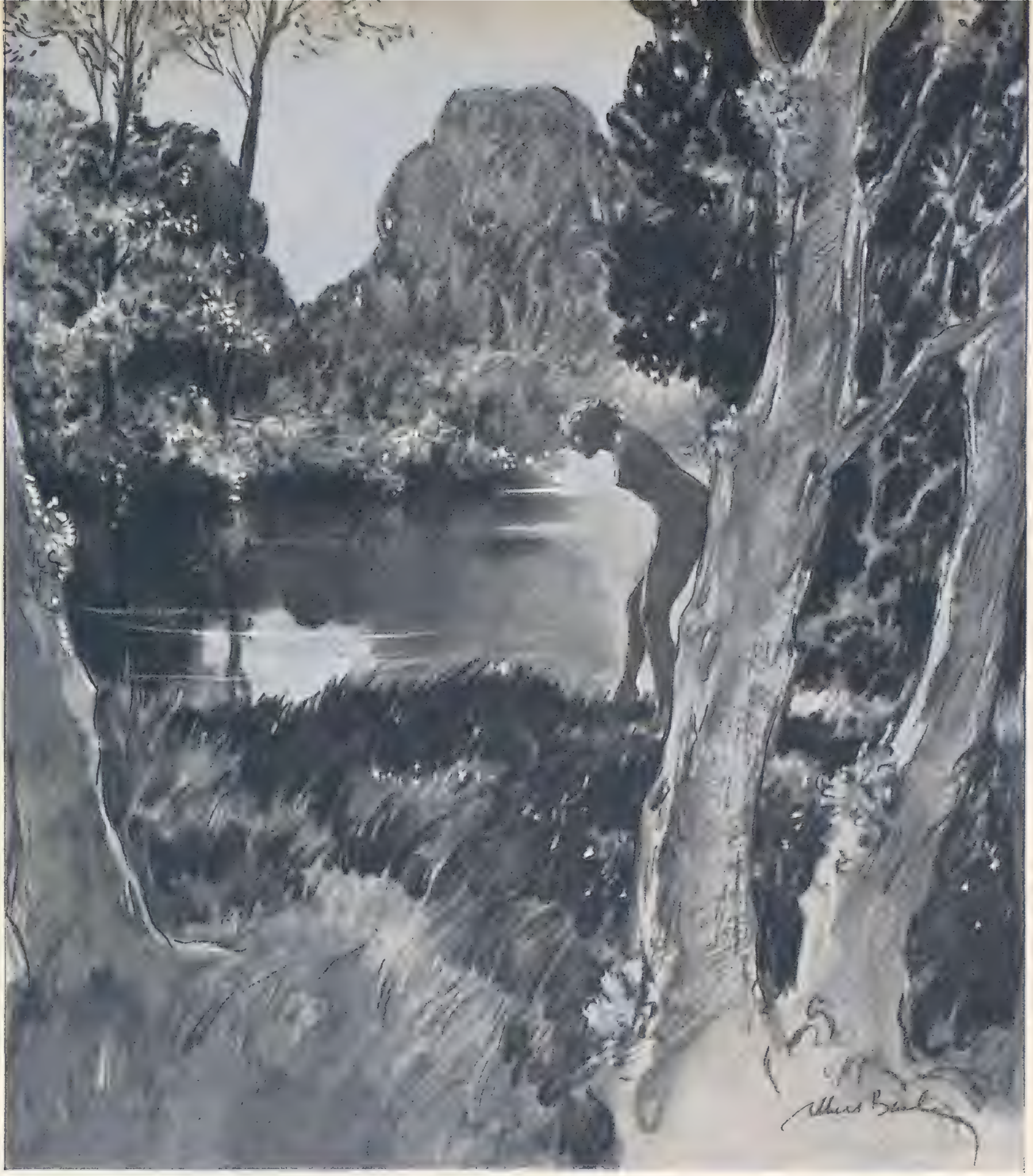
"Forget it. All my fault."

PAMELA knew quite well how pretty she was. But she estimated very accurately what a rat-catcher she must be looking at that moment.

"I've been otter-hunting," she said. "Er—— Don't you think it's too frightfully hot? And now I've spoilt your poor camera, and you can't take any more photographs. Don't you think you'd better come back with me to Gwynedd right away, and have some food? I can send someone to fetch your luggage."



"*YOU know perfectly well why I want those plates,*" *she cried furiously*



WHO would have expected her to bathe in broad daylight without the formality of a bathing-suit?

" It's really awfully kind of you."

They were tremendously polite.

" I'm afraid you've got a good two miles' walk."

" Why, that's nothing."

" Did you get many photographs of anything before you went to sleep? I don't think I could have damaged your plates, whatever I did to your camera."

" Oh, I got several. But I'm not sure about the last one. I'm not certain it was a grebe at all."

Pamela quailed.

" The bird I hoped to get, the Western Grebe—*Aechmophorus occidentalis*, you know—has black and white plumage, and a long, slender neck. I don't think—— Oh, well, when the plates are developed I shall soon find out what it was, because I'm certain my exposure was all right, and I've got a particularly good lens."

Pamela really hardly knew what they were supposed to be talking about for the rest of the way home. Was her neck long and slender? She furtively felt it. Was he just being caddishly funny? He didn't look such a brute, but you never can tell. She was only vaguely conscious that some sort of conversation was going on in which she was not being a great help.

But when they reached Gwynedd it would be all right because he'd leave his camera downstairs where everybody stowed coats and field-glasses and guns. Then she would take steps.

Alas, he did nothing of the kind!

He took it upstairs with him, whilst her fingers fairly itched to get at those plates.

But Pamela was not a Garton for nothing. She was brave. She was even gay.

" Don't be long," she called. " I'm famished. We'll have some cold food—it's too late for lunch."

Five minutes—she was as pretty as that—were long enough

(*Continued on page* 106)

East End Prince

A Cinderella Story

By Hannen Swaffer

POLLY hurried through the East End streets. Shops which boasted of their "Fish and Chips" threw out, as she passed them, self-advertisement pungency. Polly did not notice it, for it was the ordinary breath of her nostrils, that kind of smell.

The clatter of busy traffic made a din. Polly scarcely heard, for it was the music of her life.

Children rushed across the streets, as though death by disease were not enough to keep down their number. Polly did not shiver, even at the most hazardous crossing. Every class of life has its own dangers and its own thrills. These were Polly's.

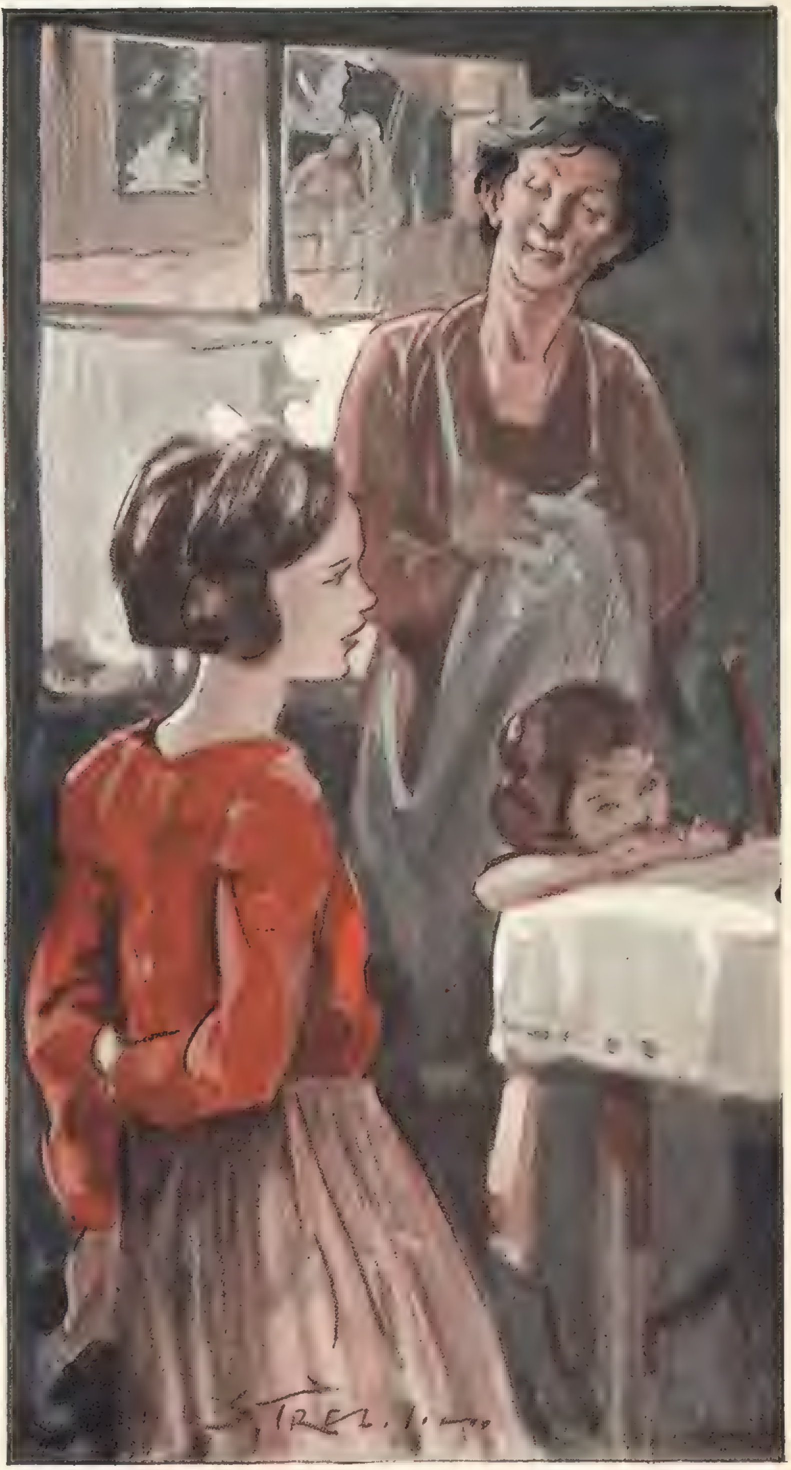
All around was dinginess and grime. But that was the playground of Polly's earlier life.

A village child passes, without a glance, the beauty of lushy grass. The youngster of the town sees nothing hideous in the glare of the poorer parts of a great city, learns little of its blare and its raucousness, takes for granted its degradation and its shame. So does the child of the village live unheedful of the unseen perils of life in a thatched cottage of which the town visitor says "How charming!" not knowing, any more than does the cottager, of the insanitation of which the old-worldliness is but a covering.

Polly had walked that way ever since first she was sent on "errands." The big cinema was new. The dance-hall at the corner had not been there long. The Model Baths, with even more exemplary washhouses attached, was a recent improvement erected by the new Labour Council. And the public-house she knew best, because it was there that, as a tiny tot, she had been sent for her mother's supper beer, was now of the "improved" kind—better architecture but weaker beer.

But behind the few changes such as those were the narrow streets that were all that Polly knew of London—infantile mortality 101 per 1,000, maternal death-rate 15 per 1,000, slatternliness, late-night rows, Saturday evening brawls, evictions, overcrowding . . . .

She hurried by them all, now knowing that, in another part of the same great city, people lived spacious lives in spacious streets, and that, not far away, birds sang blithely high over Hampstead Heath and that, a few miles farther on, there was open country.



THE Vicar had come
play in the Christmas

Brave children of the East End of the great city! No, not brave, because you do not know of the risks you run, of the hardships you have to conquer. You take them for granted. They are just " Life."

Well, then Polly stopped. She had come to a parish hall. And on the door she saw—it said that it was for " Three Nights Only "—the announcement of a pantomime.

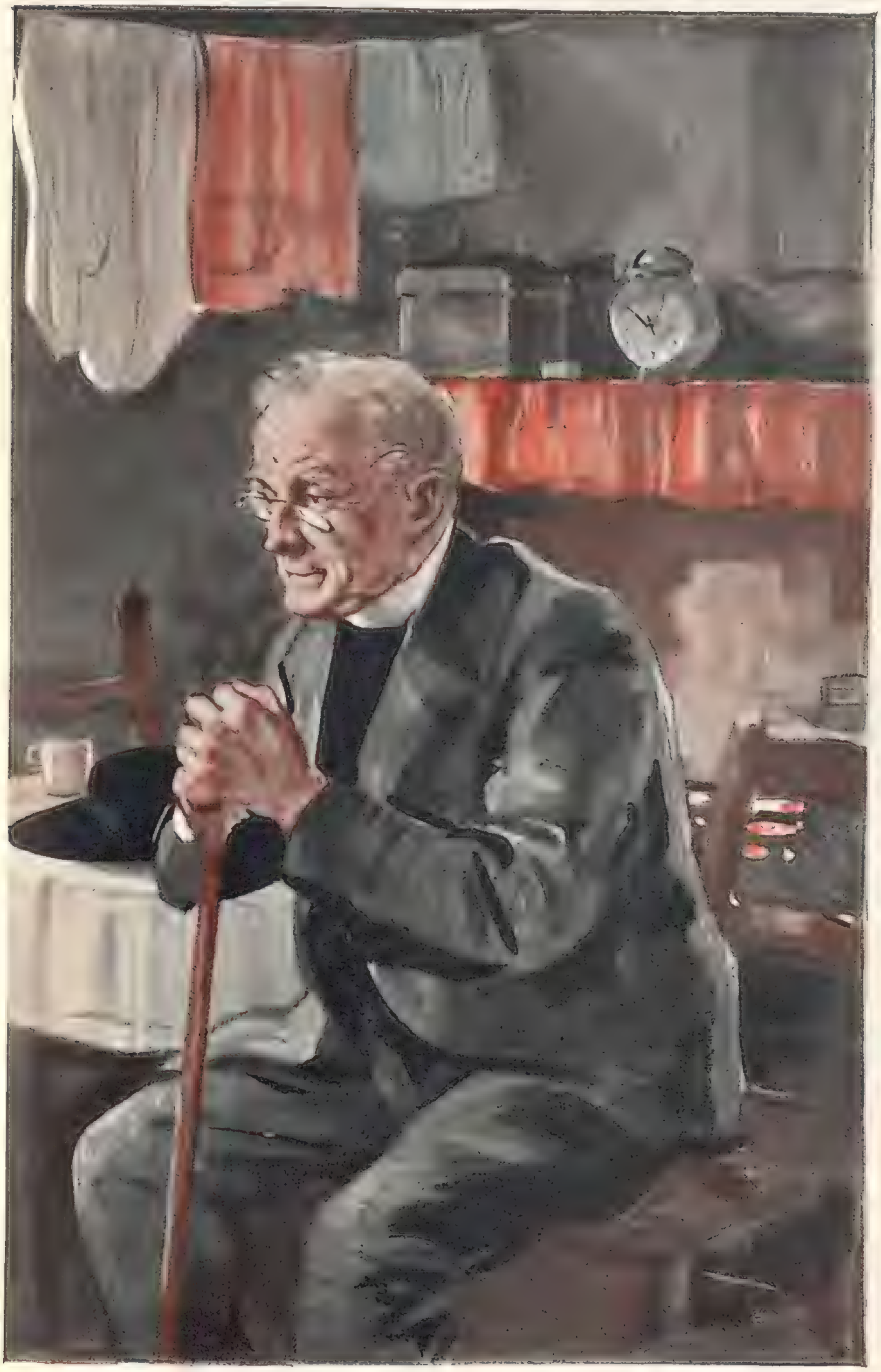
" Cinderella," it said, in big letters. It was to be acted by the children of the Sunday School of St. Barnabas, and the proceeds were to go to the Mothers' Guild.

Polly did not see the long queue of waiting children, each with threepence clutched in a hand very tightly, in case some wicked boy came along and robbed them of their admission money. Polly was oblivious to all but one thing. Yes, it was still there! For days and for nights she had seen in bold letters the announcement :

" CINDERELLA . . . POLLY PEARSON."

Yes, that was Polly herself. She never would believe it, really, although she knew it was true.

The Vicar had come along and asked her mother if she could play in the Christmas pantomime, which he had written.



along and asked her mother if she could pantomime, which he had written

" I have heard Polly sing in the choir," he said. " She has a pretty little voice. And she is a pretty little girl."

Mrs. Pearson, of course, had said, " Stuff and nonsense," as all mothers would, if they were like Polly's. But she had added : " All right, of course, if it won't cost too much."

And when the Vicar had said it was all home-made, how he had written it, and the organist had composed the music, and the curate had painted the scenery, and the Mothers' Guild was going to make all the costumes—well, Polly had nearly fainted with fear, lest her mother should change her mind.

Then, when rehearsals had begun and Polly had peeped for days and days behind the scenes of Fairyland, the Vicar's little daughter had fallen ill—and Polly, yes Polly Pearson, of Dump's Row, was told she would not be one of the fairies, but that she was to be Cinderella.

" You look the part, my dear," said the kindly Vicar, " and you'll have to do. You'll be very good, I'm sure."

" Three Nights Only," read the placard. And this was the third night.

" Oh, whatever will happen after ? " Polly wondered.

The " errands " would begin again without a break. There would be once again the breakfast to cook, the dishes to wash, the steps to clean, and the children to get ready for school, and to take to school and to bring home again. One piteous monotony would start again . . . .And there would be nothing but the nagging and the incessant " gossip " to hear . . .

" Three Nights Only."

Polly went into the parish hall. Well, there was one night more, anyway.

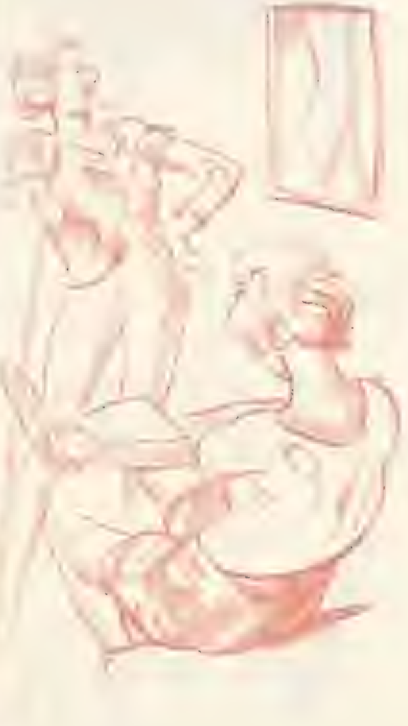
Inside, the children were busy changing, all in a smallish office, at the back, all crowded together. Two Sunday-School teachers were busy with make-up, all learned about from a book on amateur theatricals. They dabbed the children's faces and they covered them with white stuff and put on a dab of pink.

" Hurry up, children . . . Come on, children . . . Curtain's going up . . ."

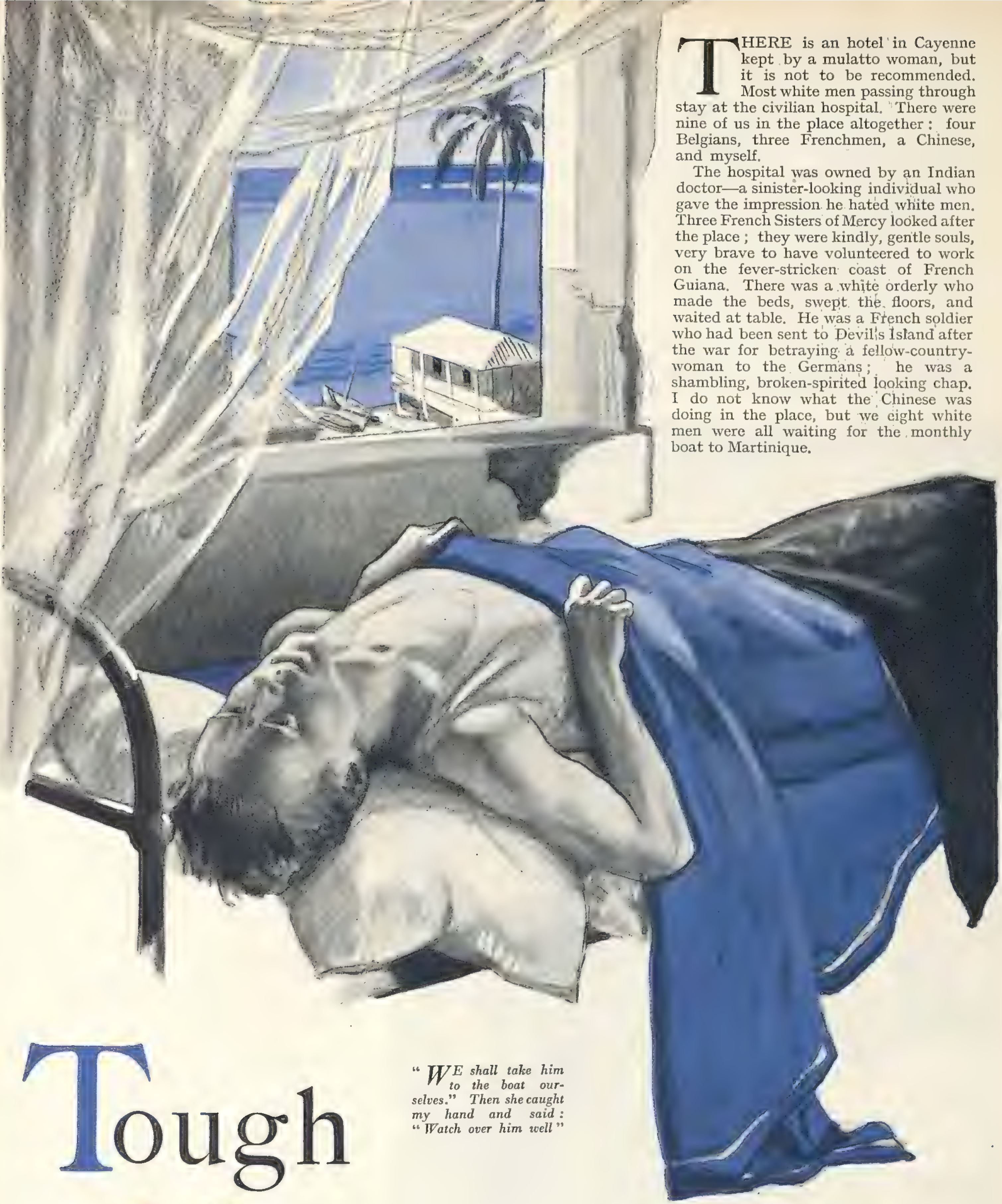
And all the children rushed about and got their clothes mixed up, and shouted and were " Shsshed."

And in a corner, Polly took off her well-worn dress and her bodice, worn to a thinness that might have been fashionable but for its age, and put on Cinderella's rags, really much less thread-bare.

In another corner, another girl dressed up as Prince Charming. And, near by, Dandini, still another girl, was already trying to cut a bit of a dash, although she wasn't due on for at least half an hour.



" Oh, hurry up, curtain! " said Polly to herself. " Hurry up (*Continued on page* 88)



"WE shall take him to the boat ourselves." Then she caught my hand and said: "Watch over him well"

Tough Voyage—

And tough it Was!

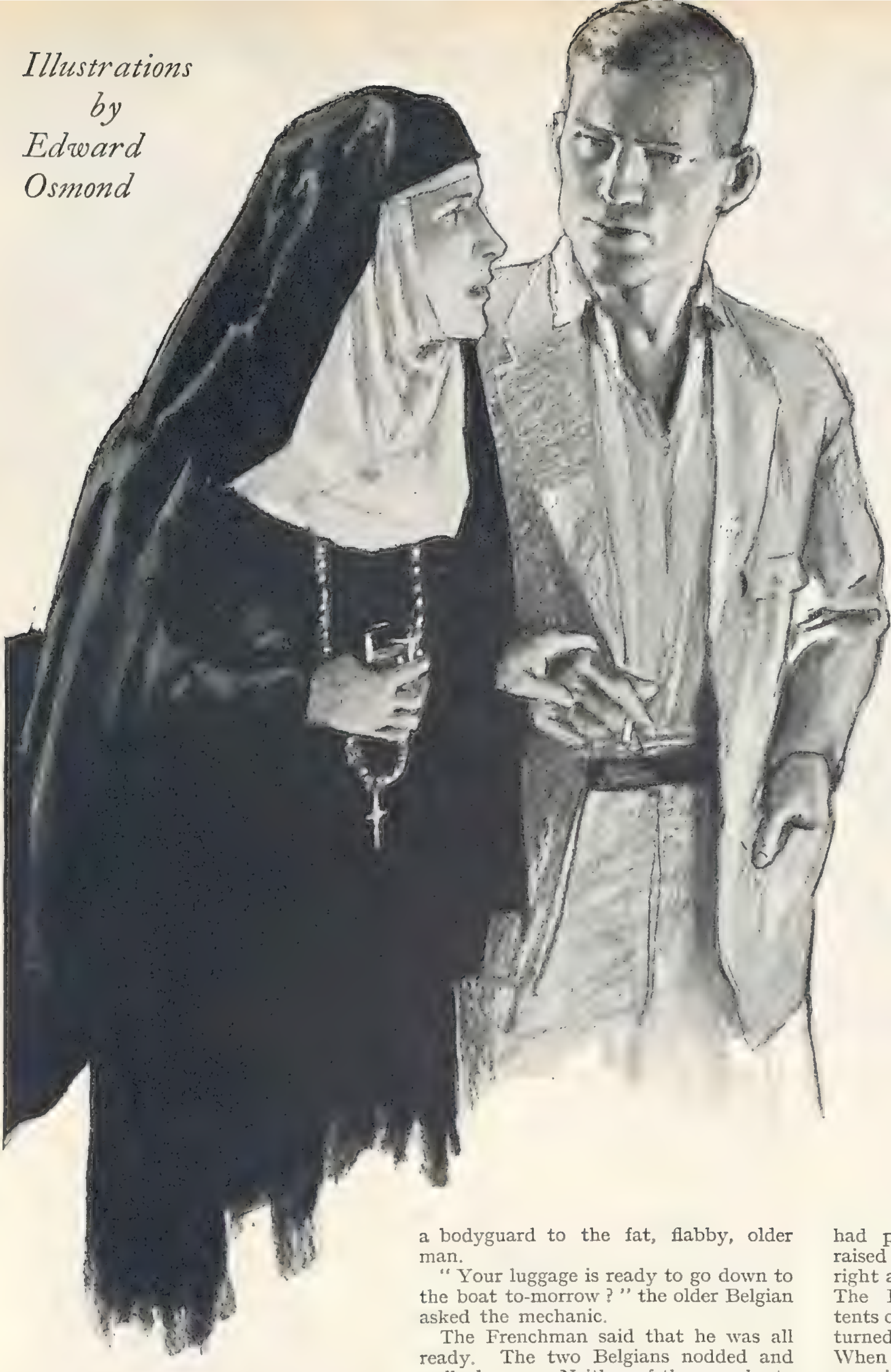
THERE is an hotel in Cayenne kept by a mulatto woman, but it is not to be recommended. Most white men passing through stay at the civilian hospital. There were nine of us in the place altogether: four Belgians, three Frenchmen, a Chinese, and myself.

The hospital was owned by an Indian doctor—a sinister-looking individual who gave the impression he hated white men. Three French Sisters of Mercy looked after the place; they were kindly, gentle souls, very brave to have volunteered to work on the fever-stricken coast of French Guiana. There was a white orderly who made the beds, swept the floors, and waited at table. He was a French soldier who had been sent to Devil's Island after the war for betraying a fellow-countrywoman to the Germans; he was a shambling, broken-spirited looking chap. I do not know what the Chinese was doing in the place, but we eight white men were all waiting for the monthly boat to Martinique.

I discovered after a short while what had brought the other seven men to Cayenne. They were gold prospectors who had been up in the interior. My own room mate was a French mechanic employed by two of the Belgians to look after a dredging machine. Like many gold miners, he would not talk about the results of his work; all he said was that the district where he had first worked was not too bad, but that during the last month he had been sent to an area that was notorious for a particularly virulent

Illustrations
by
Edward
Osmond

By
Arthur
Mills



form of fever; he considered himself lucky to have returned to the coast alive. Though he had escaped fever, he had nearly met his death in another fashion; he showed me the mark of a death ray's sting on his foot; he had been stung when he was standing in a river. The scar, which had healed, was nearly two inches deep. It looked as if a spear had been driven into his foot and twisted round.

That first evening, after supper, the mechanic's two employers came to the corner of the verandah where we were sitting. One of the Belgians was an unhealthy-looking fellow between forty and fifty years of age; he was fat, flabby, and had a mottled face. His companion looked to be about thirty-five; he was lean and hard; his eyes were black and wicked-looking; he obviously acted as a bodyguard to the fat, flabby, older man.

"Your luggage is ready to go down to the boat to-morrow?" the older Belgian asked the mechanic.

The Frenchman said that he was all ready. The two Belgians nodded and walked away. Neither of them spoke to me, but the younger gave me a nasty look, as much as to say: "What are you doing sitting with our man?"

After they left the mechanic told me that it had been at the Belgians' orders he had gone to make tests in the fever area. His employers had not accompanied him to this district. He said he had been offered very good pay to come out to the country. Having nothing to spend money on in French Guiana, he had let the pay accumulate and was to draw a lump sum when he got home.

"I shall be glad to see my wife and home again," he said. He told me about his home in France; he lived in a village near Lille. He had one child, a girl who was then three years old. Underneath his blunt way of speaking I sensed a fierce desire to get back to his wife and baby daughter. Indeed, there was something almost pathetic in his joy at knowing he was getting on a boat for home next day.

I went out to the mulatto woman's place after the evening meal. I returned a little after midnight.

I saw the French mechanic was awake, and called out "Good-night" as I got under my mosquito net.

"Good-night!" he called back. "To-morrow the boat!"

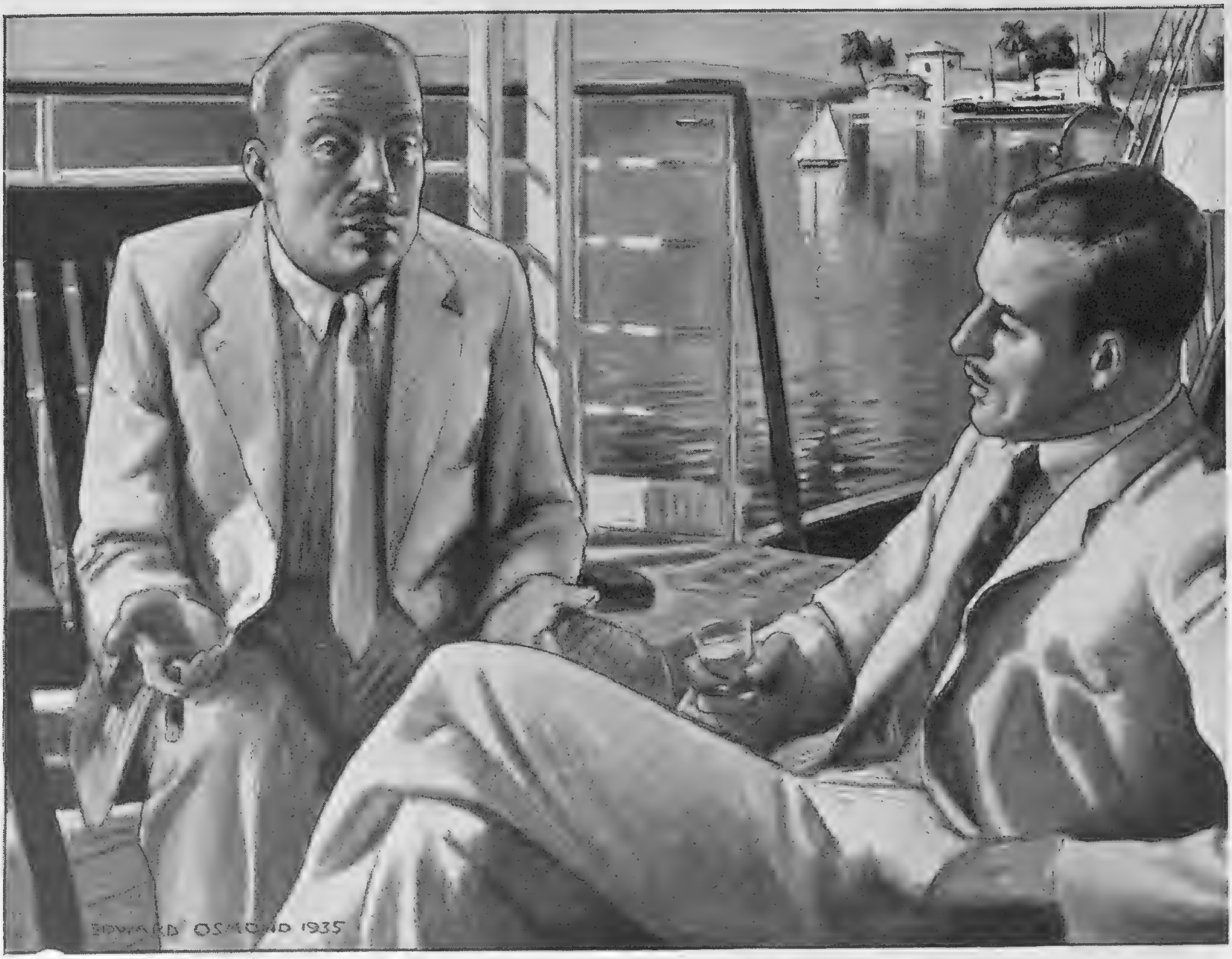
I remember the exultation in his voice. I fell asleep and did not wake till the orderly put a cup of black coffee by my bed at six o'clock next morning. Lying there, still half dazed, I grew conscious of the sound of heavy breathing; at times the breathing was so laboured that it sounded as though a man was groaning. I looked across at the Chinese's bed; he had not undressed, but he was asleep, breathing easily and naturally. Then I looked at my neighbour's bed and discovered where the sound came from. The French mechanic was lying on his back, staring up at the ceiling; sweat drops glistened on his forehead and naked chest; his hands clenched and unclenched. I called to him, but he did not answer.

I drew the orderly's attention to the Frenchman; he went across to the mechanic's bed, bent over him and asked what was the matter. The Frenchman shook his head. The orderly picked up the cup of black coffee he had put on the floor by his bed, raised the Frenchman gently with his right arm, and held the coffee to his lips. The Frenchman drank down the contents of the cup, lay back a moment, then turned on his side and was violently sick. When the spasm was over, he rolled his eyes in my direction, but still did not speak. It required no knowledge of medicine to see how ill he was. I wondered what was the matter. We had both eaten the same food the night before.

THE boat that was to take us to Martinique sailed at four o'clock in the afternoon. It seemed to me essential that the mechanic should be taken on board, for there was not another vessel leaving Cayenne for a month.

I said to the orderly: "The doctor this hospital belongs to should be told that somebody is ill."

The orderly nodded and shuffled out of the room. After a few minutes he returned; he brought the two Belgians who had come over and spoken to us the night before. The younger Belgian with the hard black eyes stood and looked at



"AM I to blame because somebody gets yellow fever?" Geyn asked. "The mechanic brought it on board. It was your idea to send him to work in the fever district"

the mechanic; the fat, flabby older one asked him what was the matter.

The Frenchman said: "I feel very ill." He was a ghastly yellow colour; sweat showed thick on his chest and forehead. Neither of the Belgians looked at all sympathetic. I said to the elder one: "Ought not the doctor to see him before he goes on board?"

He nodded. Then the pair went away. About an hour later one of the Sisters of Mercy came in. She bent over the bed on which the sick mechanic lay, then gave an order to the orderly, who left the room and came back with something fizzing in a glass. The mechanic was given this mixture to drink; he managed to swallow it, but was violently sick immediately afterwards. I wondered why the Indian doctor did not come; he was a qualified medical man.

I asked the sister: "Why doesn't the doctor come to see him?"

She looked a trifle annoyed, and said that those who came to the hospital were in her care. I felt she was wondering what concern the matter could be to me. I said: "I came to see if he wanted anyone to help him get on to the boat."

Her manner changed; she was gentle once more: "We shall take him to the boat ourselves." Then she caught my hand and said: "Watch over him well."

I shall never forget the passionate fervour with which she spoke those words. I have often wondered since how much she knew or guessed.

THE boat which carries out the monthly service between Cayenne and Martinique is much what one would expect a ship to be that possesses the unenviable distinction of being the only passenger vessel in the world that calls at Devil's Island. She is, however, a Government mail boat and as such carries a wireless officer and a doctor. I was told that wireless messages rarely reached their destination on account of the mistakes made in transmission; and as for the ship's surgeon, I was warned before I went on board that it meant certain death to undergo an operation at his hands. However, such as he was, he was the only medical attendant the French mechanic could hope to get.

I could not discover to which cabin the mechanic had been taken when I got on board. The half-breed steward I asked could tell me nothing; but I did find the two Belgians for whom he had been working sitting in the smoking-room. They were drinking tafia, lime juice and water. I went up and asked the elder how my former room-mate was getting on.

The fat fellow stared at me: "Was it you who said the doctor at the hospital should be sent for to attend to him?" I answered that I had said this.

"You would have done better to leave him to us," the younger man with the hard eyes said.

"How is he?" I asked.

The Belgians looked at one another. The elder said: "I have not been to see him; it is better he should repose."

That both resented my interest in their employee was evident. Realising I would get no information from them, I moved away. I found the two Frenchmen, who had also been gold prospecting, on deck, and went up and told them about their compatriot. They listened to what I said and shook their heads. "He has fever, I expect—the *paludéen*," one said. "There was much of it in the district where he was; he will be all right if he is well looked after; good care is essential for *paludéen* fever."

"The Belgians who brought him out here do not seem to be bothering about him very much," I said. "I do not think the doctor has been to see him yet."

They looked at one another and laughed. "The doctor!" they both exclaimed.

I decided to tackle the ship's doctor myself. I asked the steward where his cabin was. The fellow showed me. I knocked on the door; a gentle voice told me to come in. The doctor's appearance was as gentle as his voice;

he was a little man with mild brown eyes and a brown beard. When I went in I found him sitting in a deck chair listening to a portable wireless set; he wore a singlet and a pair of white ducks, both spotlessly clean.

I said: "Doctor, I came to ask you about a French engineer who was brought on board to-day seriously ill."

"There is someone ill?" The doctor appeared greatly surprised.

"We shared a room in Cayenne; I think he has fever of some kind."

"Many have that; the sea air will soon restore his health."

I did not contradict this, though I had always understood fever cases were liable to get worse at sea. I said: "I think you ought to go and see him."

"I will visit him presently," the doctor answered, leaning over and making an adjustment to his wireless; this done he lay back in his chair and folded his hands again.

I had to be content with that. I saw the doctor again after dinner. I asked him how the patient was. The doctor said: "I have not disturbed him; the steward tells me he is sleeping. You would like to come to my cabin and listen to the wireless?" I did not go to the doctor's cabin, but I heard his wireless playing far into the night.

I did not feel at all happy about the French mechanic. His compatriots had said *paludéen* cases would recover if they received proper care. I could not order a doctor on a French boat to visit his patients.

Next morning I tackled the mechanic's employers. The younger, hard-eyed man answered my inquiry. "He is still in his cabin; he is sick all the time; he says he has fever; it is not that—it is the sea that makes him sick." The reply was given contemptuously.

I decided to go and see the poor fellow myself. I did not know the number of his cabin, but had been told it was in the second class. As I was going along the corridor, the half-caste steward stopped me. I told him who I was looking for; he said it would not be possible for me to see the mechanic. The Captain had given instructions that passengers who were sick in their cabins were not to be visited without the doctor's permission. This order was in force to check the spread of infectious diseases. In the face of it I could do nothing but go and see the doctor.

I found the doctor sitting in his deck chair in the doorway of his cabin; the wireless set was playing by his side. From the beaming smile he gave me it was evident he found the conditions of his life most pleasant.

I said: "I hear that poor chap has been very sick." The doctor looked puzzled for a moment. "Ah! he! Yes; he has an upset of the stomach; the cabin steward has just been to tell me so."

"Haven't you seen him yet?" I could not keep some indignation out of my voice. The doctor's expression changed. From being a bland, contented little man, perfectly happy so long as he could sit in a deck chair and listen to the wireless, he now looked like a martyr. I realised that to be obliged to go and see anybody who was ill was a sheer physical torture to him.

Something had to be done. The unfortunate man had now been ill for thirty-six hours without medical attention. I suggested to the doctor that we went to see him together. The doctor agreed to this with no great willingness.

We went along the corridor to the second class, knocked on the sick man's door, but got no answer. The doctor said: "He is asleep; it is better to leave him."

I opened the door cautiously and poked my head round. The mechanic was lying on his back; he was either in a coma or dead. I dragged the doctor in with me. The doctor bent over the bunk, then started back and threw up his hands.

"He is dead!" he exclaimed.

At sunset the Captain stopped the ship. All the six gold prospectors turned out for the funeral. The doctor attended wearing uniform. We stood round while the Captain said a prayer; then the half-caste steward tipped the plank, and the mechanic went overboard. Later that evening the Belgians who had brought him out to the land that killed him were carousing in the smoking-room. They appeared to be in great good humour.

I was sitting with the French gold prospectors. I said: "Those Belgians don't seem very upset by the death of their mechanic. What are they laughing at?"

"It is the entry the Captain has made in his log; when anyone dies at sea, the Captain must record the cause of death. The Captain did not know what to put down and the doctor could not tell him; so the Captain asked the two Belgians if they knew the cause of the mechanic's death. They told him about the sting on the foot the fellow had received from a ray, so the Captain put down 'snake-bite.'"

"He died through lack of proper medical attention when he got fever," I said.

"Maybe," one of the Frenchmen agreed. "Snake-bite or fever, it is all the same out here; those Belgians will make a good thing out of this."

"How do they benefit?"

"They will save the wages they would have had to pay him for twelve months' work."

"Surely they will send the money to his widow?"

"Not they! If you ask me, they never intended he should get his money; that fever belt they sent him to during his last month in Guiana was certain to do its work. It is an old trick out here."

"You mean to say gold prospectors get men out here to work for them and kill them off to save their wages!"

The Frenchman nodded. I believed what he said. Those Belgians knew what conditions were like in French Guiana. If an employee got fever he would receive no proper medical attention. They had sent the mechanic down into the *paludéen* fever belt and when he got sick taken him on board a boat which they knew carried a doctor notorious for his lack of medical skill. Between the fever and the doctor, they were certain to save a comfortable sum in wages.

ON the evening of the day the mechanic died the Belgians sat up drinking and joking together half through the night. The mechanic's death had saved them well over £200, no doubt. I lay in my cabin listening to their laughter. It was difficult to believe there were such men. From time to time I heard the wireless playing in the little doctor's cabin. As a medical man he was almost incredible. No doctor, who was not insane, would have failed to diagnose some form of fever and at least given the sick man strong doses of quinine; quinine might have saved the mechanic's life. Maybe the doctor had no medicines at all, or none that were effective. Nothing I heard about him would have surprised me. Those who have travelled along the coast of lost souls that is called French Guiana will know that such conditions do exist.

(*Continued on page* 111)

LUX
Ammonia
POISONOUS

Home

Left:

AN important part of washing is the method used for each fabric. One treatment may be good for one fabric and very bad for another

Below:

BROOMS are a problem. Don't stint yourself with brooms. If you do, you'll never keep them clean and sound. Oh, yes, and never stand them on the bristles when not in use

WE dispose of some homely problems. We like problems; in fact, we invite you to send us some more. The more the better

COLOURED fabrics that are inclined to "run" must be treated with respect in the wash-tub. The water should never be more than lukewarm and all the lathering should be done *before* the material is put into the water. Put the garment into salted water first, then transfer it to the soapy water and wash it very quickly. Add a good dash of vinegar to the rinsing water and dry the material as quickly as possible. Never use a very hot iron.

STARCH is generally thought to be the only stiffening medium for clothes, but for all delicate fabrics such as voiles, lace and cotton georgettes, rice water is infinitely better. Figured cottons and cretonnes are also best stiffened with rice water, and for fine silk materials, especially those with the new crêpe surface, a weak solution of gum arabic will produce just the right stiffness. Add two or three lumps of sugar to the rinsing water when washing silk underclothes. It prevents their getting limp.

YOU have no idea how really perfect salads can be unless you own a refrigerator. But if you don't own one and you still want your salads to come to table looking fairly presentable and tasting the same, prepare the lettuce this way: Wash it first of all in cold water to which you have added plenty of salt. To the next water add about half a teaspoonful of lemon juice and just watch the lettuce brighten up. Oh, yes, and just supposing you want to keep it overnight, put a slice of lemon between the leaves.

WHENEVER people come into a sandwich meal there's that harrowing decision to be made about how many sandwiches to prepare so as to have enough without having too many sandwiches left over. Well, forget that, and cut as generously as you please. If there *are* any left over (and there shouldn't be if you know all about fillings) dip them in batter and fry them in butter. You'll find them delicious for a snack meal the next day.

TALKING of visitors. Is anything more maddening than going to the cupboard for the best china and finding that every plate needs dusting before you can use it? Don't let yourself be annoyed like this. Next time you have an hour to spare make some dust covers—one for each pile of plates. First make a frame like a meat cover (milliner's wire is all you need); then stretch some fine muslin over it and pop a cover over each pile. That disposes of the dust problem.

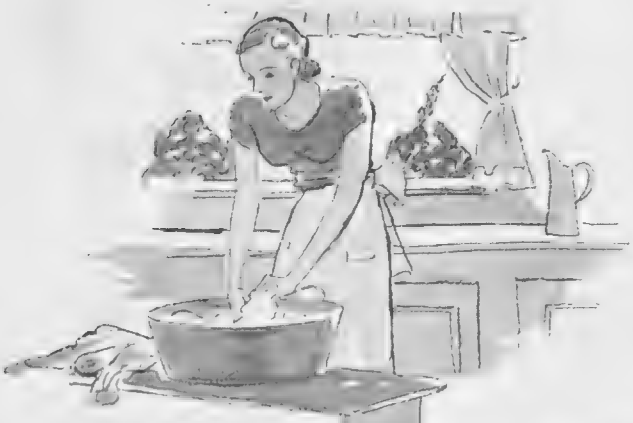
AND when you've had the very best wedding present china out for tea, save yourself the anxiety that it might be chipped in washing by putting an old Turkish towel, folded, in the bottom of the wash-bowl. This is also a good thing to do whenever you are washing the best glassware. Wine glasses with delicate stems are on much better terms with a wash-bowl whose nature has been softened in this way.

OF course, if you forget the lining in the wash-bowl one of these times you will want to know how to mend the china and glass that have come adrift in the way china and glass do come adrift. So here you are. Get some common alum from the chemist and melt it in an old spoon. Use it as a cement, and don't forget the Turkish towel the next time.

CUT glass is the jewellery of the table if it is kept bright and beautiful. Don't you agree? But you can't get the best effect with soap and water. If your cut glass is not so dazzling as it used to be, you can be sure there is a thin film of soap obscuring its charms. Make a paste of whitening and water and rub it all over the glass. Leave it until dry and remove with a brush. Finally polish with a leather.

Problems Solved...

By *Winifred Lewis*



RINSE flimsy undies in water to which an ounce of borax has been added. It gives them a lovely gloss

THERE seems to be a good deal of argument as to which is the right treatment for cork linoleum—in particular how often it should be washed. If you want the truth, it's *don't* wash it too frequently, or the surface will certainly begin to powder. Use a good wax polish and occasionally, to revive the colour, treat the surface to a dressing of linseed oil. The oil should remain for an hour and then be washed off with warm water Be sure the floor is wiped quite dry.

NO, heavy darning wools do not make the children's stockings last longer. Just the opposite. But beeswax rubbed on the heels and toes of your own silk ones does strengthen the delicate threads

IF you are one of those unfortunate people who can't sleep with a clock ticking in the room, run and buy yourself a little travelling clock and keep it under an inverted tumbler. You won't hear a sound and you won't have an excuse in the world for not knowing the time in the morning. This is a grand idea for the sickroom, by the way.

THE very next time you find that the scissors simply won't cut paper, open them and draw the cutting edges of the blades backwards and forwards on a piece of glass. Even the neck of a bottle will do. If you don't think very much of this idea for sharpening your scissors, cut some ordinary sandpaper with them. It helps a lot and, anyway, tides you over until you remember to take them to the grinders, if you ever do remember.

DO you keep pot plants in the house ? Plenty of people do. Or have you got a conservatory or loggia that blooms with ferns or flowers ? If you have, don't be too zealous with the watering can. This is often responsible for wilting plants. Just keep them moist and *never* let water stand in the saucers. Ferns should never be exposed to heat—so keep them out of the direct sun. Turn all the plants about occasionally. Each part needs a share of the light.

THERE'S no denying it, preserving fruit is a task full of pitfalls. If you have trouble with jelly that won't set, it's probably because the fruit used was over-ripe or bruised. The same result follows from under-boiling or over-cooking. The cooking time must be *exactly* right. If when bottling fruit you are puzzled because it rises to the top, be puzzled no more. This happens because you made the temperature too high, or, again, because the bottles were not packed tightly enough.

THIS is merely to show how your cut glass should look if you are taking care of it properly

Service *for* Husbands

IF you are already the perfect wife, there will be nothing in this that you have not already thought of long ago—but read it. Anyway, you'll enjoy reflecting upon what a perfect wife you are. Besides, your husband will see it too, and you want to be ready for that situation.

Now, ignoring every argument which falls under the heading "Husbands—Management of," and assuming—between ourselves—that husbands *do* appreciate wifely attentiveness and actually *are* worth what husbands are worth, let us begin.

You are now in the right frame of mind—so you'll want to know how to take care of his clothes.

At the moment, you are probably forbidden even to touch them, having once put the crease down the side of his grey flannels; but forget all that. It's going to be a different life from now on.

For instance, if he puts his trousers over a hanger, tell him not to. Trousers keep their shape far better if they're folded flat in the creases, with the pocket linings in their correct position—*not* hanging down. Fold the trousers over in half and lay them on a shelf.

Coats are a little more complicated, but the sketches will show you what to do. Hangers only throw the shoulders out of shape. Any tailor will tell you that a folded coat, hung by the tab, is a coat that looks well to the end.

Remember when you are folding his coats that the canvas lining down the two fronts is never to be bent. Incidentally, if you pack his coats this way for travelling, he can put them under the seat of the car and they'll come out pressed!

As for those occasions when he gets car grease on his clothes, all you have to do is to keep him calm and rub powdered magnesia into the injured fabric. Leave it for three days at least and then brush it out—grease as well.

On the other hand, if he comes in from the garage with oil on his shoes and stains the drawing-room rug, it's your turn to keep calm. Go to the chemist for some carbon tetrachloride—you'll need all your self-possession to ask for it—then go home and rub it round the edges of the stain with a clean rag. Change the rag whenever it gets soiled and rub away until the offence is wiped out.

WHATEVER you feel about his "running out for a packet of cigarettes" habit, give him a cigarette machine in the house. These small home models are not in the way, and they save a lot of running down to the corner. If it's only an excuse he's looking for, don't worry—he'll soon think of something else.

You share everything, of course. It's only right that you should; but it's very unwise to share your cupboards.

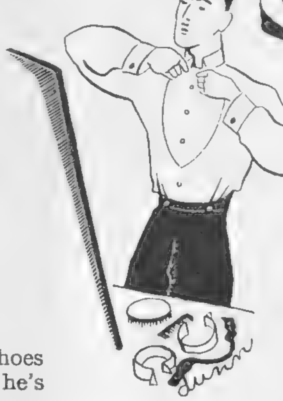
He hates finding his blue suit with half the surface of your white woolly jumper hanging to it; and anyway, why should you be blamed just because the clothes cupboard is untidy?

Get some handy-man to make him a shoe rack. If he continues after that to strew his shoes all over the house, he's not untidy, he's unscrupulous. Besides, it will mean a lot to you to miss finding his golf shoes resting on top of your silver kid.

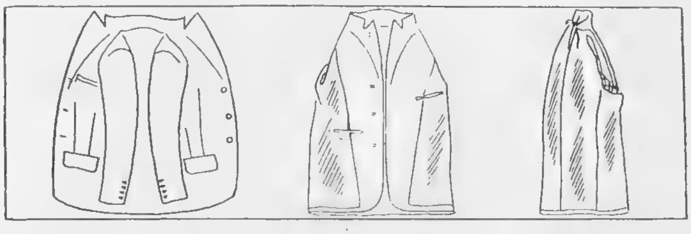
THEN there's the razor blade question. No marriage can be happy while a man leaves his old razor blades about for the children to swallow when they feel like it. So put a child's money box in the bathroom for him to post them in. It's a little thing, but it will please him.

And here's another. You know how excited he gets about fastening the tab of his evening dress collar, don't you? Tell him to damp the tab before he puts it on.

You'll press his ties occasionally, if you're taking this matter seriously. You can even take the padding out and wash the ties, but be *most* careful about this, and if the worst happens make a clean breast of it, and let *him* choose a new one.



PERHAPS he's forbidden you to touch his clothes since you put the crease down the side of his flannels but forget all that—it's going to be a different life from now on



The tailor says: "Don't put his coats on hangers—fold them." Lay the coat flat, straighten the sleeves, fold back the fronts—without bending the canvas lining—fold over in half and hang by the tab

China *for* Decoration

Describing some modern uses for old china

ANOTHER wall recess in which coloured glass and old china are effectively used

THIS is a practical arrangement, as the coloured glass is brought from the table to decorate this recess

THERE is not a more charming hobby than collecting china. Nor is anything more decorative or more colourful in beautifying the home.

It is a pity that "collecting" conjures visions of overcrowded cabinets and mantelshelves disorderly with ill-matched specimens. People who prefer quantity to quality are responsible for this and for obscuring the practical advantages of the hobby as well as the decorative quality of the china.

One need not be a connoisseur to make a hobby of collecting china. Modern pieces can be shown just as effectively in the right settings as old ones. Even old pieces are often reasonable to buy and look very charming in modern decorative schemes. Moreover, there are many good reproductions at the right price.

The modern china cabinet, unlike those of the past, is an integral part of the decorative scheme. In a cream and blue room, for instance, a modern china cabinet holds a collection of delicate Wedgwood ware and becomes a focal point of importance.

Wedgwood china, fine as much of it may be, is not so costly as people sometimes suppose. It is true the term "Old Wedgwood" is applied to specimens made before 1800, and these, being more rare and of finer finish than later pieces, are more costly. But there are many charming later productions for the amateur collector at moderate prices.

STAFFORDSHIRE figures are splendid for decoration and make an excellent subject for the collector of small means. The amusing little animals, typical of this ware, are beautifully coloured and, artistically displayed, become a delightful feature of a decorative scheme.

These quaint figures are exceptionally charming in a modern setting. The form and colouring show up well against simple backgrounds, whilst giving that touch of age which softens modern severity.

The porcelain and pottery cottages so popular in the eighteenth century are much fancied by women collectors. Their extreme ornateness is even better suited to modern settings than to the settings for which they were originally designed. Staffordshire, Worcester and Rockingham were the main sources of this pottery, and nearly all the best pieces were made before 1850.

THE illustrations on this page show with what delightful effect china and glass can be used for decoration. The illuminated recess is specially effective, but where such an arrangement as this is impracticable the modern china cabinet fulfils its purpose admirably.

Even the despised what-not has been resuscitated and appears now in a modified character bearing china both of modern and antique form.

ILLUMINATED recesses make a charming setting for Oriental china. The delicate colourings look well against a pale wall

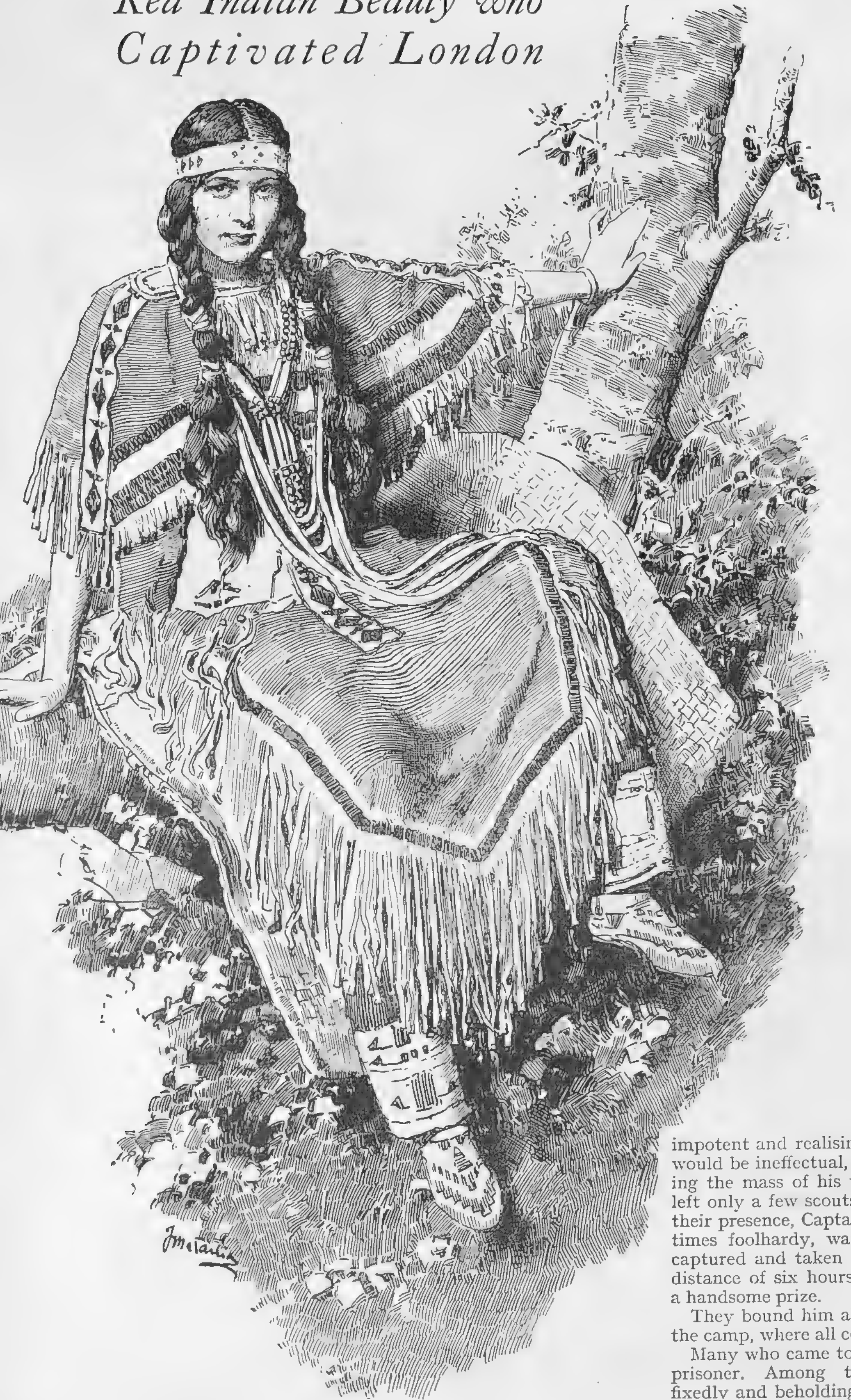
Old Tales Re-told

Princess Pocahontas, the Red Indian Beauty who Captivated London

By J. S. Ross

Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.



Princess Pocahontas

THERE lies buried in St. George's Church, at Gravesend, a woman born among the aboriginal savages of Virginia, a savage herself, who grew to exquisite beauty, was honoured in the court of King James I, gave birth to a son who became a man of consequence, and then withdrew coyly from the world at the age of twenty-two.

The tablet over her grave says: "Here lies Princess Pocahontas."

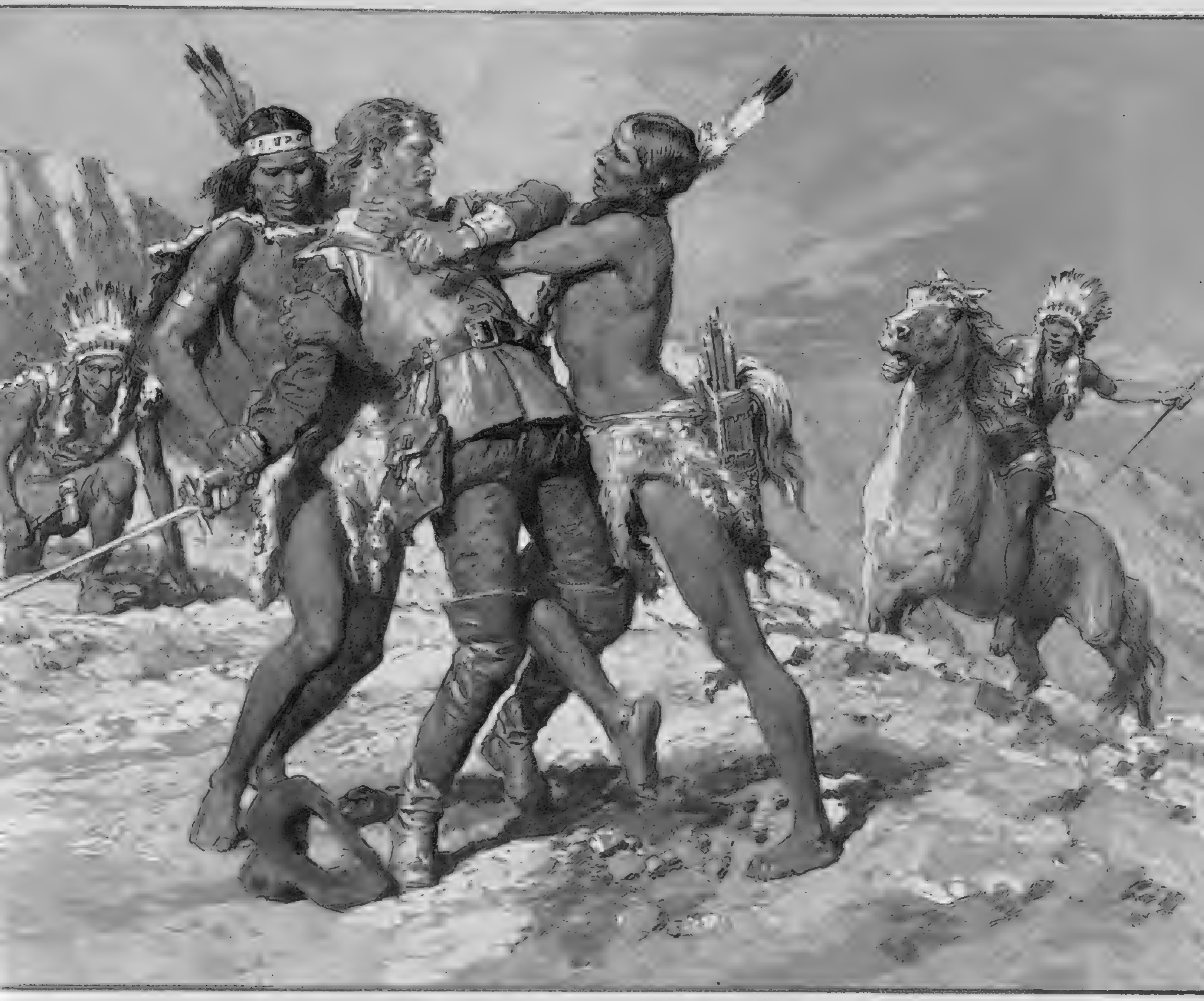
Epitaphs dispose of the noblest lives in a few brief words: a woman is born whose beauty adorns the world like a graceful flower dancing to the breeze, her words and acts and movements match her beauty so that there is happiness wherever she turns, her bow is brief and after . . . the tablet says "Here lies Princess Pocahontas."

Maturing early, like most children born under a hot sun, Pocahontas had developed a lithe figure at the age of thirteen. She was tall, with a nut-coloured skin that was firm and silken. She ran naked through the forest, delighting in the strength of her young body. She loved the songs of the myriad birds in the trees and lived among them like a faun. She stalked rabbits and squirrels with the cunning of a born hunter. It seemed then that Spring was eternal and Pocahontas would laugh away all her days.

Then came Captain John Smith to Jamestown in Virginia and with him a hundred and fifty men of England. War with the Indians was inevitable. Hearing of their invasion, Powhatan, chief of the tribe at Werrowocomoco and father of Pocahontas, mustered his braves and attacked the pale-faced invaders. Time and again they were repulsed by the small band of Englishmen who had quickly made an impregnable fortress of Jamestown. Spears and arrows proved impotent and realising that the usual methods of warfare would be ineffectual, Powhatan changed his tactics. Sending the mass of his warriors back to Werrowocomoco, he left only a few scouts to form an ambuscade. Ignorant of their presence, Captain John Smith, brave as he was sometimes foolhardy, wandered from the camp, was quickly captured and taken to the Indian village, which lay at a distance of six hours' walking from Jamestown. He was a handsome prize.

They bound him almost naked to a tree in the centre of the camp, where all could feast their eyes on him.

Many who came to jeer stood as if spellbound before the prisoner. Among them was Pocahontas. She gazed fixedly and beholding his white skin, golden hair and blue eyes, found him godlike. She walked this way and that, appraising him from all angles, her eyes growing rounder



Captain Smith, brave as he was sometimes foolhardy, wandered from the camp and was quickly captured

and larger with every moment. Increasingly courageous, she approached nearer and nearer until, finally, she lifted a finger and touched his skin, only to draw it away quickly. Soon she ventured to lay her whole palm on his chest and left it there a moment. His heart beat fast. She said a few words which—meaningless to him—he answered with a laugh. Pocahontas was greatly puzzled, and, squatting at his feet, continued to gaze at the face of Captain John Smith, who, despite his predicament, was vastly amused.

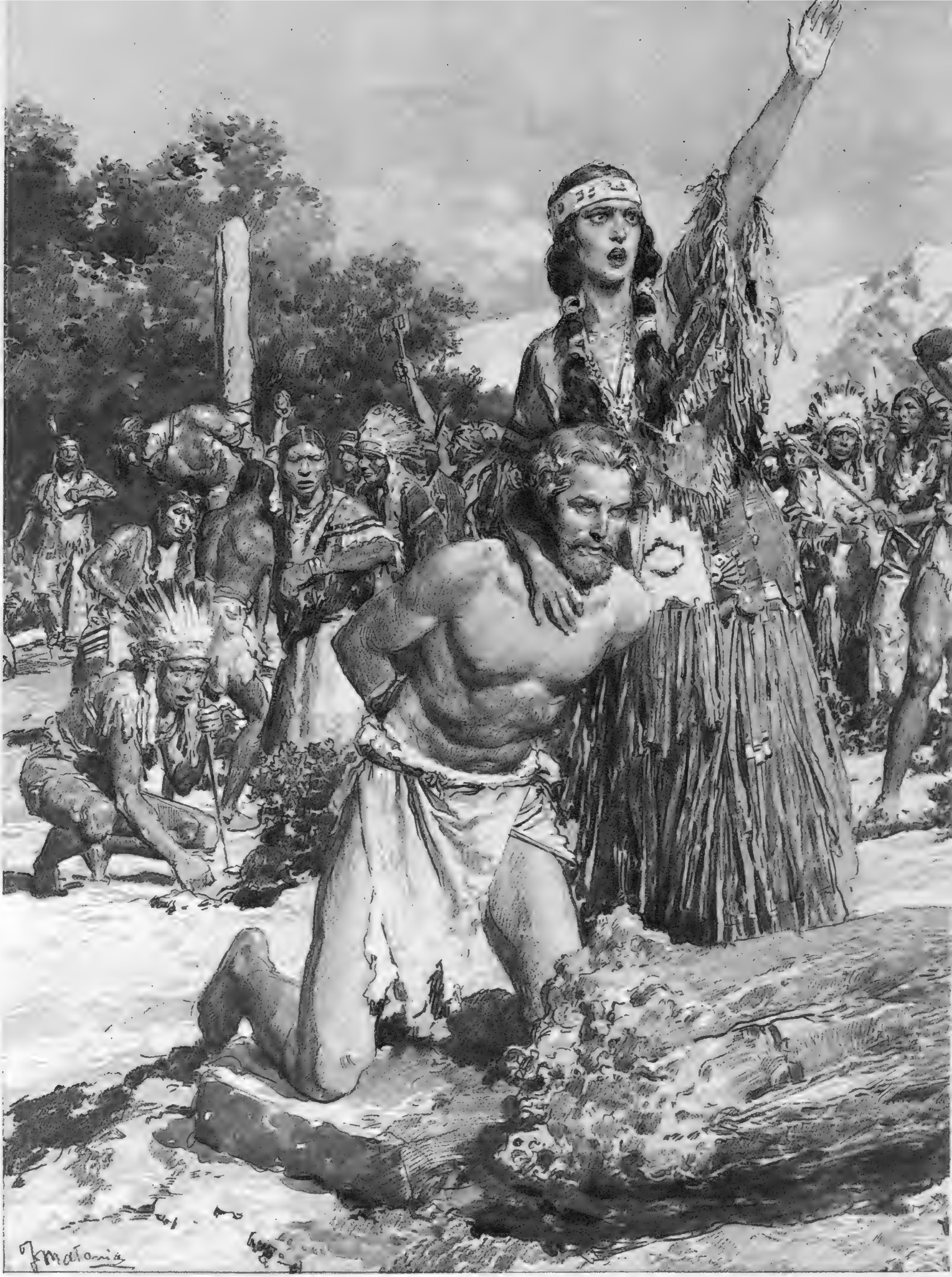
Bound to a tree next to John Smith was a native prisoner. Throughout the day women had scraped at his body with sharp sea-shells. The bone showed in many places, and the man was still alive. Looking at the girl before him, the Englishman wondered if she would be among those to carve at his flesh. Her seeming innocence made it difficult to believe, but he reminded himself not to be influenced by outward appearances. He was among savages.

The savages, however, could also be clement. Powhatan decreed that the white prisoner should be scalped; not scraped. As soon as he understood, John Smith heaved a sigh of relief and considered himself fortunate. The chiefs formed two parallel lines; between them the stone was laid on which the sentence was to be carried out. Pocahontas stood behind her father still gazing intently. Presently her expression changed to one of anxiety; he was being prepared.

No one knows for whose benefit a noble man holds himself erect when preparing to meet death, but thus came John Smith, his head uplifted and seemingly unafraid. Pocahontas, having already the heart and sentiments of a woman, fell in love with him.

They made John Smith kneel. He laid his head on the block and prayed for absolution of his sins . . . once he had vauntingly impaled the heads of three Turks on his lance . . . such vanity made him contrite, and, alas! there were one or two other occasions on which he had vaingloriously deprived his soul of Divine grace. Remorse filled his heart, and he prayed. . . . Suddenly, with the quickness of a flash, a pair of feminine arms entwined themselves round his neck: the arms were young, the embrace passionate. Discontinuing his prayer, Smith looked up and saw the youthful face of the girl who had stared at him as if in adoration. Pocahontas had jumped from her place, and, putting her arm round the prisoner, defied everyone vehemently: as pretty a scene as ever took place in the name of Love. A first-class crisis arose; shouts went up from all directions; the prisoner's life was demanded, but Pocahontas, inspired as she was, held on all the more ardently, until, finally, her father, citing an age-old law, declared that every woman of the tribe was entitled to the life of one prisoner, and that therefore the prisoner should be set free. A few days later he was escorted back to Jamestown. Arrived there, he prayed again, and thereafter lost no opportunity of championing love and its happy effects.

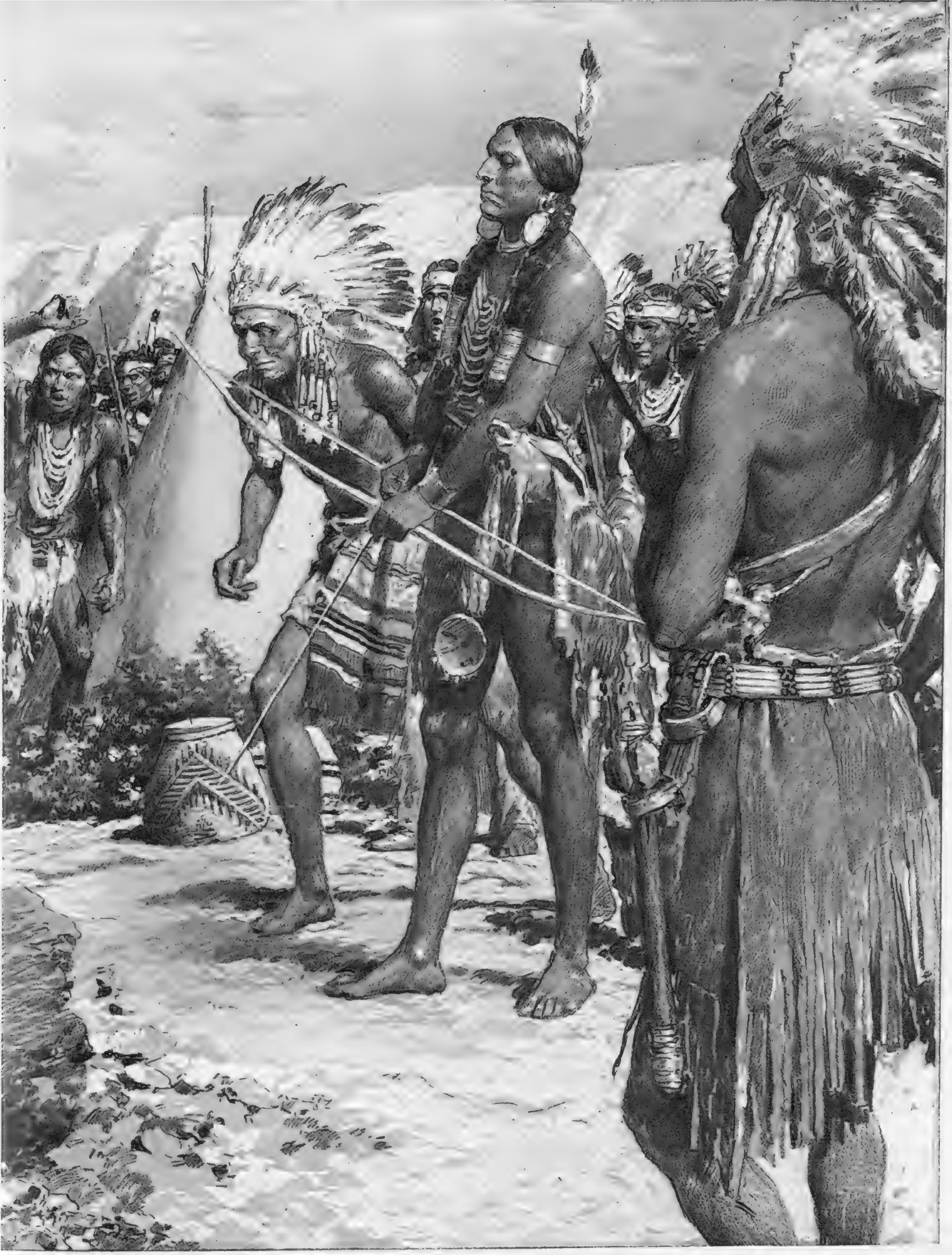
Being now a privileged person, Pocahontas paid frequent visits to the English camp and was always graciously received, particularly since she invariably brought food and sweetmeats with her, the abundance of which satisfied everyone alike. It is written that Pocahontas entertained the colonists by turning somersaults



Discontinuing his prayer, Smith looked up and saw the youthful Pocahontas had jumped from her place and, putting

in the air and doing other tricks at which she was clever. It is also written that though Smith " may have had his way with her," he did nothing but show respect. Only when she became a Christian did Pocahontas understand this seeming indifference to her person.

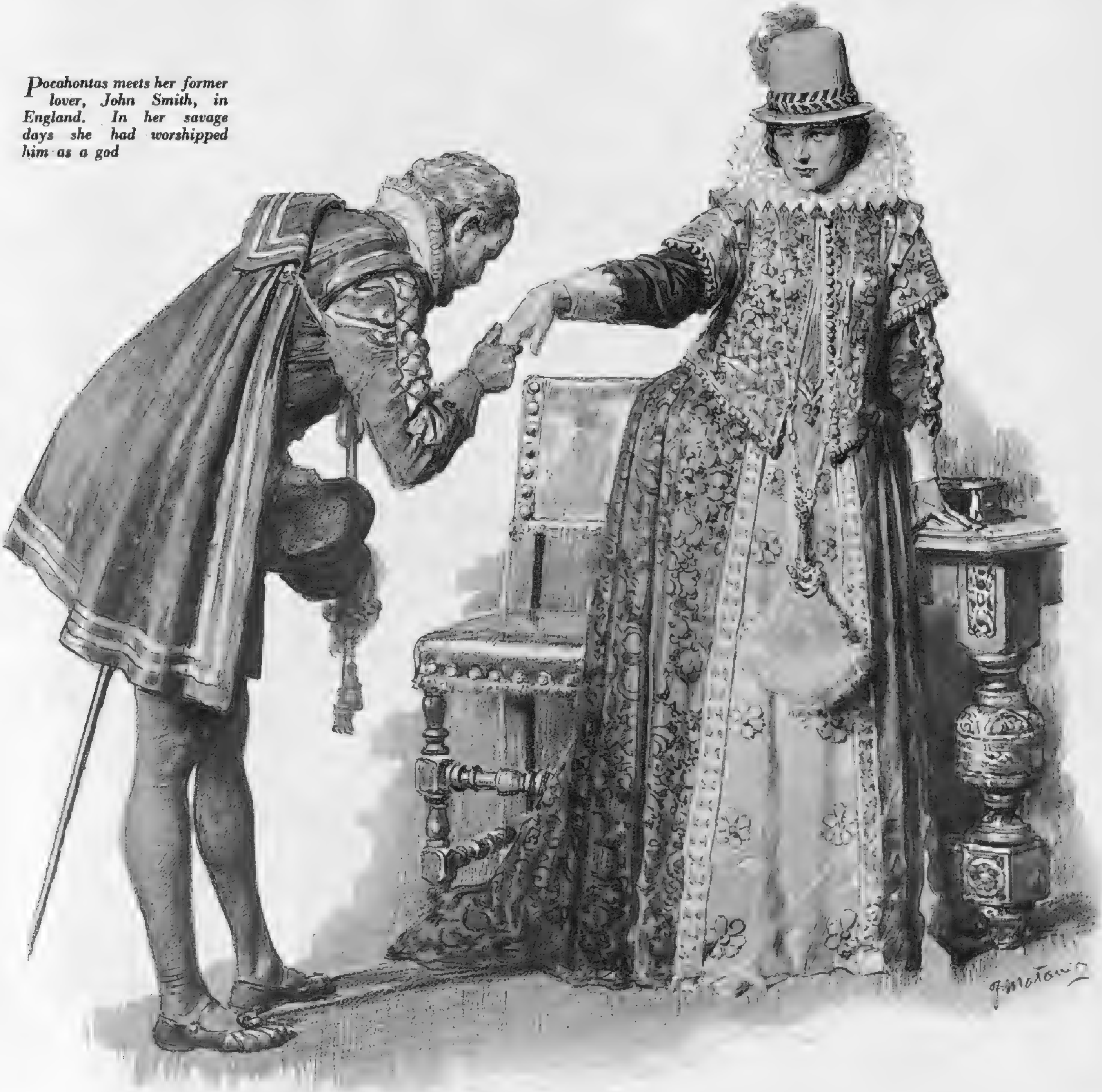
Though for a time the English and Indians lived together with neighbourly peace, trading amicably and exchanging courtesies, Powhatan, who so mistrusted everyone as to keep a strong bodyguard constantly around him, soon felt irked by the close presence of the English and regretted having spared their leader's life. Once more he planned to kill him, in the hope that, deprived of their chief, the English would



face of the girl who had stared at him as if in adoration. her arm round the prisoner, defied everyone vehemently

disband and move away. In later years he learned that England has as many potential leaders as she has men, but at this time he was ignorant. His first step was to send Pocahontas to the Japazaws who lived on the Potomac River, her unseemly intimacy with the English being the excuse. The maid, however, found time to visit John Smith and put him on his guard, thereby saving his life a second time. The truce was at an end, and thereafter hostilities broke out again, both sides losing a number of men.

It was about this time that John Smith, who had worked arduously for the settlement, was recalled to England. He left with a heavy heart, for he was not the type of man who cared to leave a task unfinished, and many who saw him go regretted his departure. Later, writing of John Smith, one of them said : " In all his proceedings he made justice his first guide and experience his second ; ever hating baseness, sloth, pride, and injustice more than any dangers ; never allowed more for himself than for his soldiers with him ; upon no danger would he set them where he would not lead them himself ; would never see us want what he either had or could by any means get for us ; would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay ; showed action more than words and hated falsehood and coarseness worse than death. His adventures were our lives and his loss our death."



Pocahontas meets her former lover, John Smith, in England. In her savage days she had worshipped him as a god

Such a man was John Smith.

He was replaced by one called Argall, who, on hearing of the rôle that Pocahontas had played in his predecessor's escape from death, promptly decided to abduct her and hold her as a hostage to insure the peace. Going up the Potomac River, he sought out the Japazaws, who, in their dealings with the English, had been particularly friendly. At sight of him Pocahontas grew overjoyed, supposing him a messenger from John Smith. Ignorant of the knowledge that Pocahontas was herself only too willing to leave the Japazaws, Argall bribed them to bring her on board his ship. At first they dissented for fear of Powhatan, who would be swift in his vengeance should he hear of it. Eventually, however, after consulting the King of Potomac, who had his eye on a kettle that Argall offered among the bribes, they agreed. They went to great lengths to cloak their deceit, and when in the presence of them all on board his ship, Argall announced that he proposed to carry Pocahontas back to Jamestown, they wailed like so many women and did other things to show their false horror. None could have been so happy as Pocahontas on the return journey ; she pictured herself once more with John Smith, whom she adored above the tallest totem pole. It is not difficult to imagine the impatience with which she looked forward to a reunion . . . or the grief she felt on learning that he had gone. It is said that for many days she covered her head with a leather blanket and would commune with no one.

Argall treated her with the utmost courtesy. Gradually she recovered her former joviality. Acquiring a better knowledge of English, she would talk to her favourites for hours on end, all of whom delighted in naming for her the various objects at which she pointed. Youth's memory for pain is brief, and before many months had passed, Pocahontas showed herself as happy as she had ever been. She danced and frolicked ; helped in the work and accompanied the food expeditions, to whom her knowledge of forestry was of infinite value, and in every way joined in the camp's activities.

Feeling the loss of his daughter, Powhatan sued for peace once more and asked the conditions under which it would be accorded. Argall sent the messenger back demanding that every English prisoner be returned, and, with him, his firearms.

Powhatan agreed . . . then he disagreed . . . then he agreed again. It was typical of him to be so inconstant. Finally he sent back the prisoners, but retained their firearms. At this, Argall sent an expedition under Dale, and Pocahontas with him, to settle the dispute. When the party alighted from their boats at Werrowocomoco, they were greeted with a shower of arrows, some of which found their mark. In sudden anger Dale set fire to the village, laying waste a quantity of corn and many wigwams. His sudden fury acted like a charm. Argall's diplomacy had given the Indians the impression that the English were as pale of courage as they were of face. They changed their opinion. Confessing themselves at fault, they sent Powhatan's two sons to plead for clemency. With all the magnanimity of the true soldier, Dale received them as honoured emissaries. Wisely he left them with their sister, and between them they discussed the pros and cons of war and peace.

Friendly relations were established once more, and having accomplished his task, Dale returned to Jamestown. Seeing Pocahontas, Argall expressed some surprise, so sure had he been that at the sight of her own people she would fly joyfully into their midst. Pocahontas had thought so too, but when the time came to part she found the joy of rejoining her tribe insignificant beside the sorrow she felt at leaving the English. This led Dale to suppose that there must have been a "particular young man" at Jamestown, and, lo! investigations proved that there was. Argall having sent to England for women, Pocahontas was not the only one there, but none was fairer in the eyes of a certain John Rolfe than Pocahontas, who had enough savage fire in her to inflame the most pious Englishman with thoughts of love. Rolfe wanted her and, being a pious man, spoke to her of marriage. How much Pocahontas understood is problematical. Historians advance all manner of intellectual reasons for her acceptance. Portraits prove that John Rolfe was pleasant to look at. Here is one reason at least.

Having accepted, Pocahontas was happy, longing for her marriage without much quibble or feminine modesty. Rolfe recognised her as a woman who could be frank without being brazen, natural yet not unseemly.

Pocahontas abjured the faith of her tribe and became a Christian, the first among the Indians of America so to do. She was dressed in the loveliest English clothes and lace, which detracted from her appearance somewhat, but raised her to the status of other women in the camp.

They were married in the parish church. Rolfe's father-in-law declined all invitations, but sent his eldest son to give the bride away. He came laden with many gifts.

Rolfe suggested a honeymoon on the high seas, and, knowing little of such things, Pocahontas innocently agreed, and soon they were on their way to England, accompanied by an Indian brave as bodyguard. The bride and the brave suffered from seasickness.

Shortly after, Powhatan, forgetting truces, treaties, laws, acts and everything else to boot, massacred the major part of the population at Jamestown. The happy couple learned nothing of this until long after their arrival in England.

King James was among the first to receive them. John Smith had written to the Queen, and given an account (somewhat coloured) of the part Pocahontas had played in his escape from death. She was greeted with all the honour due to a princess of Royal blood, whilst Rolfe, overwhelmed by the importance attached to his wife's position, was relegated to the back seat of a minor consort. She was fêted at masks and routs and lionised by the hostesses of London, who vied with each other for her favours. They had expected to see a coarse savage with brutish manners, instead of which they were faced by a woman who carried herself with elegant deportment and put the best of them to shame with her inherent hauteur. A ball without the presence of Pocahontas was like gold without a hall-mark. Soon she learned to dance and ride in the English style; she became a lady of very fine quality.

Her success having reached its zenith, she then came face to face with John Smith, whom, in her savage days, she had worshipped as a god. It is recorded that she cried and turned away. Her departure from Jamestown had been for her something of a desertion; and though she loved him, she forgave him nothing.

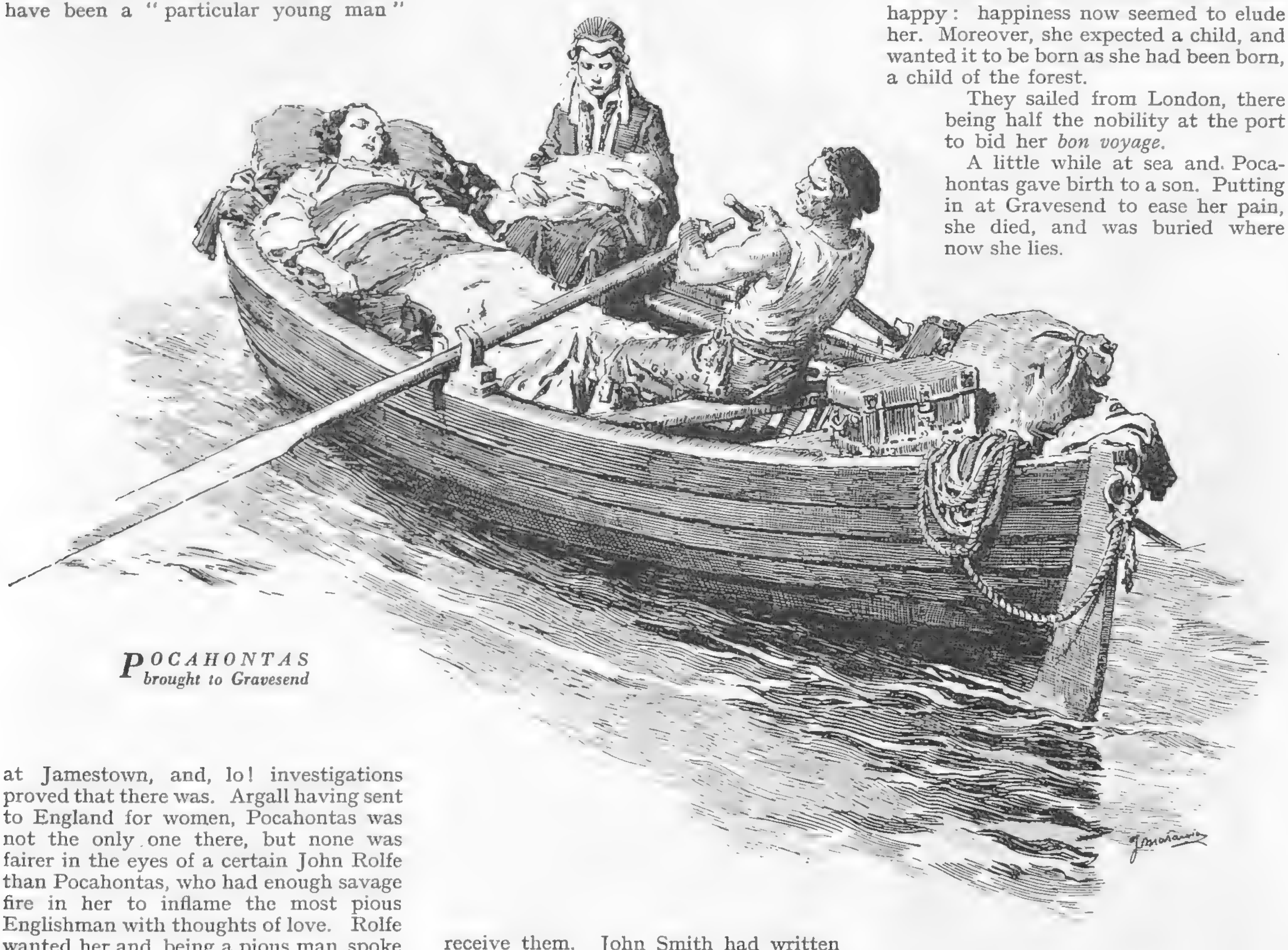
Without waiting for the inevitable decline in her popularity, Pocahontas begged her husband to take her back to Virginia. It seemed as though suddenly she wearied of the high pace at which they lived. Smith's presence must have reminded her of the woodland scenes of her youth; and who, having once tasted the glorious freedom of the forest, unshackled by stupid conventions, unhampered by the stiff clothes civilisation imposes on its members, would not long to return to it? In her native state Pocahontas had been happy: happiness now seemed to elude her. Moreover, she expected a child, and wanted it to be born as she had been born, a child of the forest.

They sailed from London, there being half the nobility at the port to bid her *bon voyage.*

A little while at sea and Pocahontas gave birth to a son. Putting in at Gravesend to ease her pain, she died, and was buried where now she lies.

There must be some lesson in the fact that whilst to the Indians she was a turncoat and a traitress, to us she was a noble heroine. Perhaps, after all, the epitaph did well to say no more than simply, "Here lies Princess Pocahontas."

END



POCAHONTAS brought to Gravesend

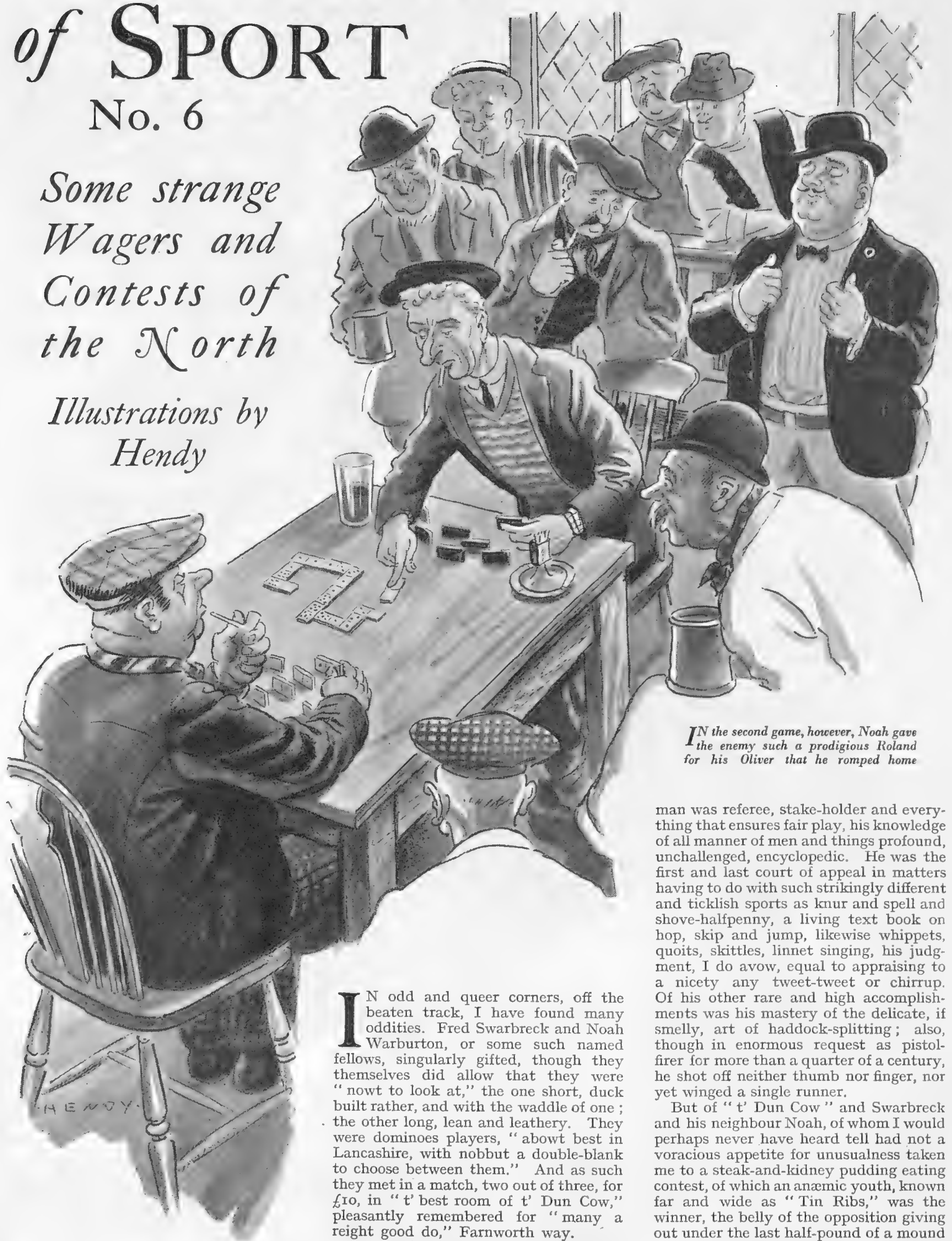
An Odyssey of SPORT

By Ben Bennison

No. 6

Some strange Wagers and Contests of the North

Illustrations by Hendy

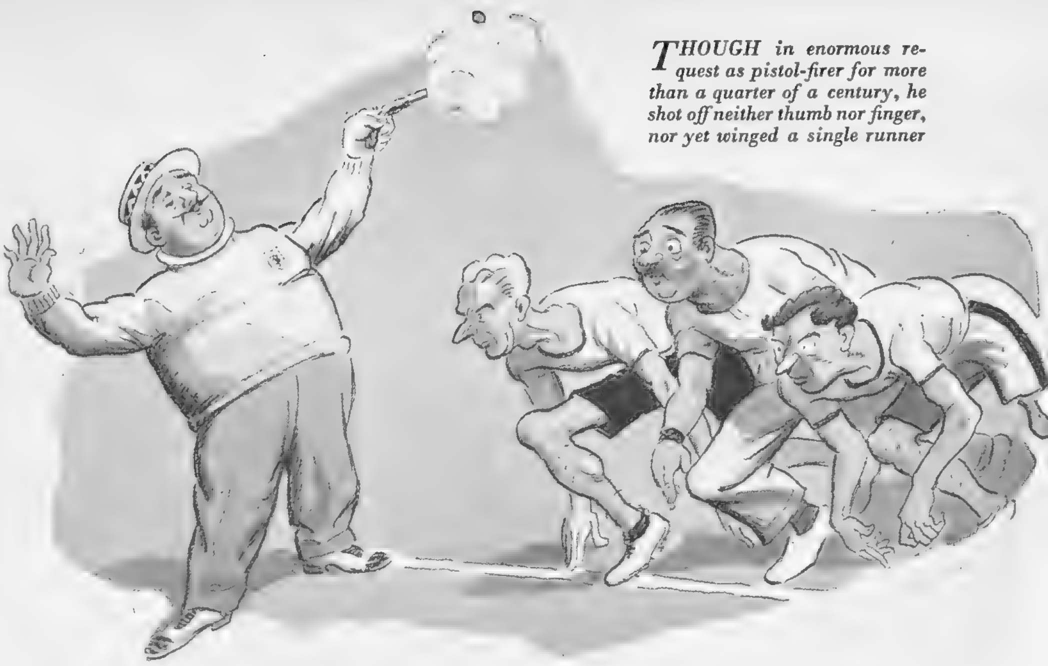


IN the second game, however, Noah gave the enemy such a prodigious Roland for his Oliver that he romped home

IN odd and queer corners, off the beaten track, I have found many oddities. Fred Swarbreck and Noah Warburton, or some such named fellows, singularly gifted, though they themselves did allow that they were "nowt to look at," the one short, duck built rather, and with the waddle of one; the other long, lean and leathery. They were dominoes players, "abowt best in Lancashire, with nobbut a double-blank to choose between them." And as such they met in a match, two out of three, for £10, in "t' best room of t' Dun Cow," pleasantly remembered for "many a reight good do," Farnworth way.

An especially understanding newspaper man was referee, stake-holder and everything that ensures fair play, his knowledge of all manner of men and things profound, unchallenged, encyclopedic. He was the first and last court of appeal in matters having to do with such strikingly different and ticklish sports as knur and spell and shove-halfpenny, a living text book on hop, skip and jump, likewise whippets, quoits, skittles, linnet singing, his judgment, I do avow, equal to appraising to a nicety any tweet-tweet or chirrup. Of his other rare and high accomplishments was his mastery of the delicate, if smelly, art of haddock-splitting; also, though in enormous request as pistol-firer for more than a quarter of a century, he shot off neither thumb nor finger, nor yet winged a single runner.

But of "t' Dun Cow" and Swarbreck and his neighbour Noah, of whom I would perhaps never have heard tell had not a voracious appetite for unusualness taken me to a steak-and-kidney pudding eating contest, of which an anæmic youth, known far and wide as "Tin Ribs," was the winner, the belly of the opposition giving out under the last half-pound of a mound of smoking-hot, browned dough. The

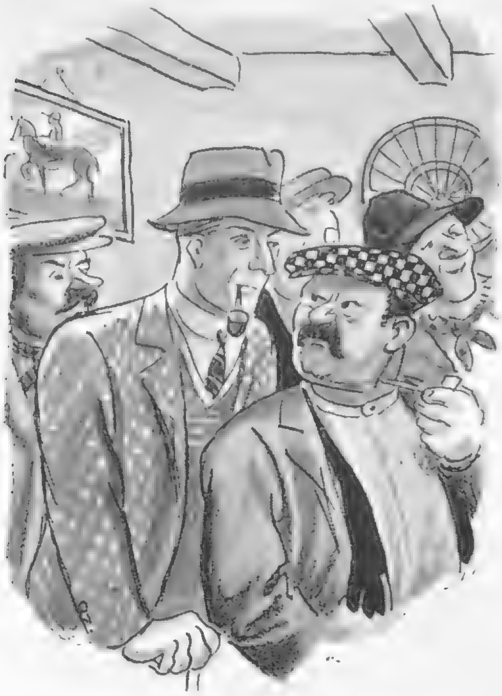


THOUGH in enormous request as pistol-firer for more than a quarter of a century, he shot off neither thumb nor finger, nor yet winged a single runner

explanation, as volunteered by the loser's backer, was that Sam, foolish-like, had handicapped himself by successfully wagering that he could eat a string of sausages that stretched from this and that lamp-post on his way to attack "this here pudding. It weren't natural, was it? But if that yon scarecrow" (the very same "Tin Ribs") "is game, I'll back Sam to put out of sight t' biggest, graviest pudding he's never seed for as much brass as he likes. Tha's got to see Sam in proper fettle . . . blast them sausages! There must have been 50 yards of them, and I reckon they were none too good neither."

"Maybe," I ventured, "they were on the bilious side."

"No, it weren't that. I've never known owt that Sam couldna polish off, but all the same it stands to reason that he shouldn't have tackled them sausages afore setting abowt that pudding, for, between us two, it were a bit on the clayey side. Not up to sample, more appetising then toothsome. But what gets me is how yon skeleton ate t' lot and looked as if he could manage more. He could give a couple of stone and a beating to Oliver Twist. But I'll tell you what, no more puddings for Sam yet awhile. He'll do better in this new-fangled game of pigeon eating. If he's not good for half a dozen of them fiddling birds, I am either a Dutchman or there's summat in what folk who should know say . . . that a chap who gobbles up a couple whole (no, not feather an' all) is sure to go home and die. There might be a ketch in this pigeon business after all. Tha never con tell."



"IF tha thinks I'm chaffing thi, tha knows what to do . . . t' other thing"

THE Dun Cow's best room was crowded when, shepherded by the referee, I arrived to have first "summat to sup," choice of which, in obedience to inexorable fashion, I was denied: it was decided by the particular tipple of the dispenser of largesse. So it was a "pint," of which I was invited to knock "t' top off," and "have a pie." I did both. For when abroad in Lancashire it is proper, as it is homely, to be thirsty and hungry: it is the surest way to the heart of the people.

It was short of closing time by the better part of three hours when, by dint of thrutching, I brought myself to a reasonably comfortable anchor. First, the fingers of the gladiators were examined lest, it was whispered, a double-2 might be fobbed off for a 2-1. "It's been known to be done," I gathered. "Perhaps tha dust na believe me," speculated my immediate companion, quick to sense my incredulity. "But I've seen miracles of twisting."

"You never say," I rejoined.

"But I do dam well say, and if tha thinks I'm chaffing thi, tha knows what to do . . . . t' other thing."

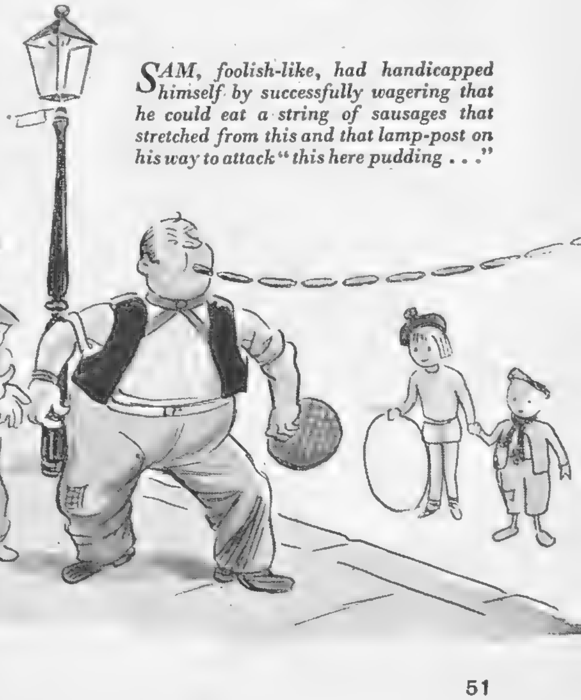
The players having taken a seat on opposite sides of a deal table, the seals of a box of dominoes were expertly and ceremoniously broken by the referee. Swarbreck tightened his muffler to choking point: Noah indicated that he was completely on his toes by a back-handed sweep across a sharpened nose. Whereupon they proceeded to pick for "first down," on the written and duly signed understanding that "t' lowest" would be free to exercise that much to be desired prerogative. In my innocence, of which I was made painfully conscious by more than a playful kick on the shin, I assumed that picking for "t' down" was the least important of the preliminary skirmishes. I was utterly wrong, for when Swarbreck reached for and turned up a 3-2 I deduced from an ear-splitting din it evoked that he had already driven a giant nail into the coffin of Noah, about whose gills a whiteness of apprehension played. A heartening "Pick, lad, and get on w'it" brought Noah back to normality, and, amazingly, he drew a double-one to force an omnibus confession that "it were just like him." And I was with a wriggling, hard-swearing little man who, big-heartedly, had taken me under his wing, entirely in his bawled belief that "yon Noah Warburton knows summat." Also did I agree that I, too, would eat my hat if he "doesn't flummax yon Swarbreck."

"If I were thee," I was advised, "tha'd wait and see. Any road, if tha wants to bet on Warburton, tha can. How much?"

I hastened to prove my neutrality by offering to wager on Swarbreck, only to be peremptorily ordered to "Howd thi din then."

I fell to strict attention when Noah began by planking down double-4, a move warmly approved by his camp followers. Why the approbation, layman that I was, I could not understand, and I sought enlightenment. That "He's gotton summat red hot and make no mistake" did not lessen my puzzlement, nor, I silently confessed, the fact that "He'll leave him with a regular handful, just thi see if he doesn't." Far rather than fearing a devastating something in a double-4, there was Swarbreck pulling at his pipe, the very soul of serenity. And he produced the necessary 4's to complete a Maltese cross, as if to say "If I'm pipped, it will only be because he had first down."

(Continued on page 94)



SAM, foolish-like, had handicapped himself by successfully wagering that he could eat a string of sausages that stretched from this and that lamp-post on his way to attack "this here pudding . . ."

ROSE'S
LIME JUICE
CORDIAL
HEINZ
COCKTAIL

The LONG —and the SHORT—of Hot-Weather Drinking

By A. H. Adair

ALTHOUGH the party spirit is still very much with us, August parties are far more informal. A lot of people are away, and it is more a case of dropping in or bringing friends back from golf or tennis, without any previous arrangement.

Many gay impromptu parties take place in those seaside houses or bungalows rented for the summer months when your friends make it a week-end habit to drive down to see you, often bringing their friends along too.

The food question is not very difficult provided that the store cupboard is well stocked. Something to make sandwiches with, cocktail biscuits, olives, cheese, and of course you all know how to use up left-overs of chicken and ham. The resourceful hostess can quickly improvise quite an amusing buffet.

But with the best will in the world you cannot make a party, whether it is for three or for thirty, go on water, and the wise hostess will see that there is always something in the house which can be produced at a moment's notice.

Fortunately there are so many things available now which can be stored away until required to meet an emergency call, and in no time she can set up quite an imposing " bar."

Let us go through the list and make a note of the few essentials, taking the various occasions of their use.

Cocktail Time

EVERYBODY nowadays has some pet cocktail which he or she makes specially well, and which is more or less a secret. But, besides this, you should cater for people who may not like cocktails at all. So I should always have ready a bottle of dry sherry, ingredients for tomato juice cocktail and for that glorious summer drink, a Gimlet (three parts Rose's lime juice, two parts Gordon's gin, dash of orange bitters, soda water), and a bottle of vermouth.

People who think that any gin will " do " for cocktails are making a great mistake ; you must have the best gin, especially for a dry Martini. Here are some recipes for one or two cocktails.

Tomato Juice Cocktail

This is the exact recipe from an American friend who is a great expert,

Two Rules are—

Use the best ingredients

•

Serve really cold

•

the ingredients being, for four people, one shilling bottle of Heinz tomato juice, the juice of one lemon, celery salt, Yorkshire relish, Tobasco pepper.

Put the lemon juice in each glass, a pinch of celery salt, and two drops of Yorkshire relish. Add the Heinz tomato juice (very cold), a drop or two of Tobasco pepper, and swirl the glass gently round until the cocktail is well blended. Do not use a cocktail glass, which would be full, but a wineglass giving plenty of room for the swirling movement.

Lime Cocktail

Put into the shaker half Gordon's gin, one quarter Rose's lime juice and one quarter French vermouth. Add crushed ice, shake well and serve.

Dry Martini

Still one of the best cocktails, and very easy to make. Put half Gordon's gin and half vermouth into the shaker with ice. Shake well and serve, squeezing over each glass a tiny piece of lemon peel which you drop into the cocktail

Have a few little plates of bits and pieces to eat set about the room: a selection of Carr's cocktail biscuits, Twiglets, Peek Frean's new and delightful appetisers, a few little cubes of cheese, olives (stoned if possible), and any little odds and ends you can think of.

Tennis, Garden and Other Out-of-Door Parties

FOR these occasions you want cooling drinks, some soft and others with a kick in them; but, whatever they are, if they are meant to be cold, do see that they are really iced.

There is nothing so disappointing as to find a tepid long drink when you are hot and thirsty.

The number of drinks rather depends on the size of the party, but in any case you should have one good soft drink, one cup and a plain "something and soda."

Iced tea is always a success, and so is the old-fashioned but ever popular barley water. With its refreshing flavour of lemon, this drink is still a favourite, and as it is now so easily made with Robinson's Patent Barley, nobody need be afraid of failing. Or those who prefer to do so, can buy Robinson's Lemon Barley Water ready-made in bottles at 1/9 each. A bottle makes about twenty-one glasses.

For the plain drink I always find gin and tonic (with a slice of lemon in it) is the most satisfactory, especially for guests who have been playing games. Brandy and dry ginger ale is another perfect drink after exercise on a hot day, so you should have a good supply of Schweppes tonic water and dry ginger ale.

Do see that there is more than one bottle-opener to hand. I once went away thirsty from a party because nobody could find an opener!

Long Drinks for the Afternoon

Iced Tea

THE great point about iced tea is to have the infusion freshly made. Make your tea first in the usual way, letting it draw just as you would for ordinary purposes. Have ready some tumblers three-quarters full of shaved ice, put a slice of lemon on top and pour over the tea through a strainer. Sugar to hand for those who like it; but to get the best from this lovely drink, my advice is—no sugar, and drink it through straws.

Iced Coffee

Have ready some good and really strong coffee, a breakfast-cupful for each person. Put this in a large jug, add sugar to taste and enough ice to make it thoroughly cold. Beat the coffee with a fork and pour it into tumblers, after which you put a spoonful of whipped cream on top of each glass.

Fruit Squash

You can make this with various fruits or fruit juices, but a very pleasant combination is raspberries and lime-juice, allowing a handful of raspberries for each person. Put these in a large jug and squash them roughly with a fork. Add (also per person) a tablespoonful of Rose's lime juice and a heaped teaspoonful of soft sugar, let this rest for one hour, and then put in pieces of ice and enough soda water to make the required amount of liquid. Add more sugar if necessary and strain into tumblers.

Gin Fizz

A quickly made long drink with gin, lime-juice, soft sugar, ice and soda-water; it can be slightly altered in taste by using half gin and half sloe-gin.

HAVING dealt successfully with daytime entertaining, what will you do in the evening? You want your party to be a very gay and successful affair, but you also want to enjoy yourself as well.

In the afternoon, or at cocktail time, it does not seem to matter so much that you have to "work" to see that everything is going well. But at a "late" party I always feel that I have as much right to enjoy myself as anybody else, even though I am only the host.

So have everything ready well in advance, and then leave people to look after themselves.

A big table with the drinks, bowls of ice, glasses, corkscrews, openers, etc., and a good supply of mineral waters under the table or somewhere near it. Sandwiches and small "eats," more or less the same type of thing as you would serve at a cocktail party, with the addition perhaps of some small French sausages crisply fried, bacon rolls and a few sweet things can be set out on little dishes in some convenient spot.

And now for the drinks. It is rather difficult to give advice on the subject without knowing what has been budgeted for the party, but the fact that you do not want to spend too much need in no way affect the success of the evening.

Lots of amusing cups can be made at very little cost, and I should always have whisky and plain cider for those who like it, while there is one golden rule for an evening party, and that is: *Don't forget the beer.*

It does not matter what else there is to drink, there must be a supply of good beer, properly cold.

Apart from the people who drink beer at all times, it is the only possible drink as the hour advances, and even at the smartest parties where champagne has been served throughout the evening, you will always find that beer is in great demand towards the end of the evening.

Evening Party Drinks

Cider Cup, I

PUT into a glass jug a few pieces of barley sugar, a slice of lemon, three slices of orange, a few leaves of crushed mint, a piece of cucumber rind and a few

(*Continued on page 114*)

GORDON'S
Gordon's Special Dry London Gin
Schwepp
INDIAN

BOOKS:

Holiday Reading

By

Arnold Palmer

IAN MILLER, author of "School Tie." Any parent or any little boy, anxious to know what life at a public school is like, can safely accept Mr. Miller's description

FELTON ELKINS, author of "Stained Angels," a collection of sixteen highly sophisticated tales of fashionable people against romantic backgrounds

IN August, more books are read and fewer books are published than in any other month; and so it gives everyone a chance to regain a little of the ground lost in the hopeless pursuit of contemporary literature. But it is a curious thing that, when such chances present themselves, one is apt to forget the names of books which, a week or two earlier, one was meaning to read. In the hope of being useful, I give a short list of books of 1935 which, in my opinion, should not be missed:

The Furys, by James Hanley (Chatto and Windus, 10s. 6d.).
Men Never Know, by Vicki Baum (Bles, 7s. 6d.).
Mundos, by Stella Benson (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.).
Fortune Grass, by Mabel Lethbridge (Bles, 8s. 6d.).
Experience, by Desmond MacCarthy (Putnam, 7s. 6d.).

The first three are novels, the fourth is an autobiography in semi-fictional guise, the last is a volume of commentaries and reflections. Some readers might prefer a longer list. But there is something discouraging about a wide choice. I like to think that a few devoted readers will consume the five books mentioned during their holidays, and perhaps find time as well for some of those noted below.

Somewhere, on beach or hillside, in train or bed, they must find time for Mr. Somerset Maugham and *Don Fernando* (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.), his new book on Spain. In an exceptionally well-written blurb, the publishers tell us that Mr. Maugham has long wished to write a book on Spain, but has been restrained by a sense of insufficiency. Has he changed his mind? Not precisely. Rather, he seems to have sat down to write a book which would explain his unworthiness to write a book on Spain, and to have

In the News

"R. D. B.'s Procession": *by R. D. Blumenfeld*

(Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 10s. 6d.)

AS entertainer and historian, Mr. Blumenfeld owes much to a full diary and a good memory, but even more to that ability which has brought him, from an early age, into touch with eminent, or at least prominent, people. In the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee he interviewed Robert Louis Stevenson in New York Harbour; he knew Barnum, if not Bailey; twice shook hands with Paddy Ryan; at the request of Sir Walter Besant, he was one of the original members of the Authors' Club; he threw away a signed photograph of Pavlova because she was unknown; was a friend of Mark Twain; and sat in court throughout the hearing of the Baccarat Case. Such samples—and there are scores of others—prove conclusively that Mr. Blumenfeld has a genius for one kind of living.

In his little chapters, recalling some fifty or sixty encounters with celebrities, the author's clearest and most downright portrait is that of himself. His refusal to slur over his own mistakes, or to bear the faintest resentment against those people who have made him look silly, produces, first, admiration and liking for him, and then realisation of the secret of his journalistic success. His chapter on Sir Robert Horne fails to yield up much meaning, and in another chapter he shows himself quite unable to appreciate the quality of Arthur Balfour, whom he actually ranks below Joseph Chamberlain. But, with a few trifling exceptions, Mr. Blumenfeld's sympathy is as wide as his perceptions are acute, and among the important figures of Fleet Street he is one of the most popular as well as one of the sanest. His book lays no claim to greatness, but its remarkable honesty will give to readers, whatever their political views, an increased respect for the maligned profession of journalism.

R. D. BLUMENFELD

LADY LONGFORD, whose novel "Printed Cotton" presents the familiar problem of the modern girl and the old-fashioned parents

AGATHA CHRISTIE, author of "Death in the Clouds." To the wholesale devourer of detective stories this novel will make a light and tasty meal

found, to his astonishment, that it became the book he was unable to write. Of course, his modesty, though not false, is ridiculous. With his well-trained mind—and he really has trained it—he quickly reaches the heart of any subject to which he gives attention; and with his love of thoroughness, he is unhappy until every detail of the scene, as well as every twitch of the players, is explored. He never pretends, save to know less than he knows; and as he ranges over religion, cookery, language, love, literature, drama and history, he never voices an unfounded opinion—except, perhaps, once, in alluding to the work of Edgar Wallace. I happen to have read very few of Wallace's stories, but Mr. Maugham, I should guess, has read even fewer.

The author of *Don Fernando* is reckoned one of the most successful and fortunate of the men of letters of his time. It is significant that he has never ceased his efforts to cure his faults and improve his style. His latest book is, as prose, his best. It has the same three outstanding qualities as distinguish the music of Handel—sensitiveness, robustness and an inability to bore us—and it produces the same mental and physical stimulation. Of the three qualities which he prizes most, lucidity, euphony and simplicity, he has always possessed the first and third, and by dint of constant application he has now acquired a good measure of the second. It is, naturally, an unobtrusive, euphony. Everything about Mr. Maugham is unobtrusive, but what a tremendous and sustained effort has been necessary to produce this air of effortlessness! Here is a man who knows how to work.

VERY many attempts have been made to write a school novel. For a long while it was considered that at least one attempt had succeeded beyond all question—*Tom Brown's Schooldays.* But even in my time schoolboys gave it polite rather than enthusiastic attention, and Hughes is to-day, it seems, read less and less. Theories of education are for ever changing, and so no school story is likely to appeal to succeeding generations; boys, after all, are specialists on the subject of school, and know twice as much about it as any middle-aged novelist can do. In recent years, the middle-aged novelist (cunning devil!) has tried to dodge the principal difficulties by writing school stories which deal with the masters rather than with the boys. In the best centres of learning, however, I am glad to say, his efforts are regarded as going near, very near, to cheating.

School Tie, by Ian Miller (Newnes, 7s. 6d.), avoids the common error of sensationalism. It is, on the contrary, so faithful and prosaic an account of school life that it seems undistinguished until one reflects that that, within limits, is what a school story should be. The most serious criticism that is likely to be brought against it is, perhaps, that it is sometimes bolder in language than in thought. But it remains an exceptionally true book, in the sense that any parent or any little boy, anxious to know what life at a public school is like, can safely accept Mr. Miller's description. There are aspects which he hardly touches, but as far as he goes he is reliable—more, he is never unreliable. For that reason alone his book, while not a great one, is possibly unique.

Christine Longford (Lady Longford) is another novelist who, beneath an appearance of extreme and almost childlike simplicity, achieves precisely the effects she is after. *Printed Cotton* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) presents the familiar problem of the modern girl and the old-fashioned parents in the (comparatively) unfamiliar setting of the Irish Free State. To complain that its writing is undistinguished is to beg the question, which is not whether Lady Longford could be a luscious stylist if she wished, but whether even a suggestion of formality would not destroy the illusion she is at such pains to create. The story she tells hardly bears retelling, since it depends, for its interest, on the mental and physical inter-reactions of a group of ordinary people; and I do not know what I can say except that, in its effortless way, it has given me considerable pleasure. This, perhaps, might be added—that Lady Longford is one of those who seem to speak in words of one syllable, while missing nothing of what goes on about them.

Avoiding any tedious discussion of the possibility that outward simplicity may be a sign of inward sophistication, (*Continued on p.* 94)

Short Notices

"Bessarabia and Beyond": by *Henry Baerlein*

(Methuen, 8s. 6d.)

BESSARABIA, which became officially Roumanian in 1920, had previously been Cimmerian, Scythian, Roman, Goth, Mongol, Turk, and Russian in turn. Being also a home of caviar, it is peculiarly well suited to a visit from Mr. Baerlein, most humorous, human, and observant of travellers. The Roumanians are improving the roads, which up till now have been the worst in Europe, and in twenty years' time Bessarabia will, no doubt, be an utterly uninteresting holiday resort, filled with people bearing no resemblance to Mr. Baerlein. How lucky, then, that he found it in time, and has been inspired by it to write one of the most delightful of all his books! The photographs in the volume suggest that the country is simple rather than primitive, making one wonder whether a less accomplished traveller would have found there so much entertainment. Linguistic difficulties will cause most of us to go on wondering.

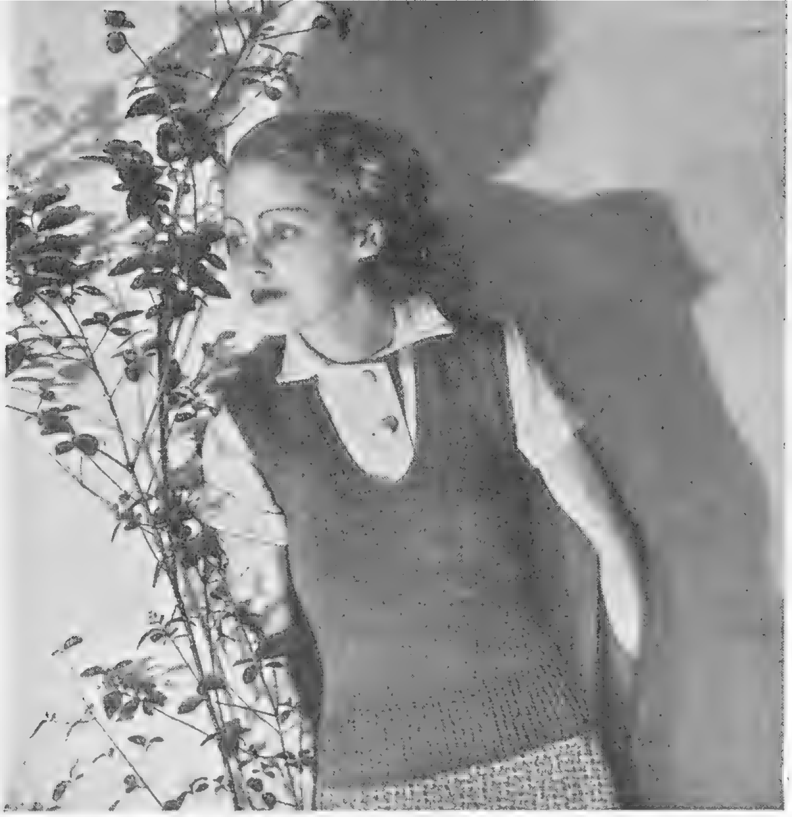
"At the Court of the last Tsar": by *A. A. Mossolov*

(Methuen, 12s. 6d.)

AN intimate and very personal picture of the court of Nicholas II is given in this volume of memoirs by General Mossolov, for sixteen years permanent secretary of the Ministry of the Court in St. Petersburg. Besides the anticipated descriptions of the visits of King Edward and the Kaiser, and of the rise and activities of Rasputin, a good deal of social history is related; and though much of it deals with people of whom English readers have never heard, we get from this gossip a vivid view of the queerest court in Europe. The pages devoted to well-known figures and events are less impressive, for they have too often the appearance of having been written in the light of subsequent beliefs. Exceptionally good photographs, amateur as well as professional, illustrate the volume.

HENRY BAERLEIN

You *can* Knit this *on* your Holiday



KNITTING this sleeveless pullover is child's play. Stocking stitch means you can think, read or talk while knitting. Shetland wool means it is light work to handle on a hot day. And instructions are written with special intent for beginners, so that even if you've never held a knitting needle before you can go ahead with this, confident of success. And it is going to be a very useful little garment presently. You will need 5 oz. of real Shetland wool and one pair of No. 9 knitting needles. It will fit bust 32–34 in.

Abbreviations :

K = Knit plain.
P = Purl. S = Slip.
K2 tog. = Knit 2 together.
STS. = Stitches.

Front

On No. 9 needles cast on 104 sts. Knit into the back of the sts.

Next.—Knit in rib of K. 1, P. 1, for 39 rows, slipping the first stitch in each row to give a neat edge.

Next.—Beginning on right side of work, K. one row, P. one row, and repeat these two rows (stocking stitch) until 82 rows have been worked, slipping the first stitch in each row.

Next.—Cast off 8 sts. K. to end of row.

Next.—Cast off 9 sts. P. to end of row. (87 sts. now on needle).

Next.—K. 43, P. 1, K. 43.

Next.—P. 42, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 42.

Next.—K. 2 tog., K. 39, P. 1, K. 1, twice, P. 1, K. 39, K. 2 tog.

Next.—P. 39, K. 1, P. 1, three times, K. 1, P. 39.

Next.—K. 2 tog., K. 36, P. 1, K. 1, four times, P. 1, K. 36, K. 2 tog.

Next.—P. 36, K. 1, P. 1, five times, K. 1, P. 36.

Next.—K. 2, tog. K. 33, P. 1, K. 1, six times, P. 1, K. 33, K. 2 tog.

Next.—P. 35, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, turn (here you have division for neck).

Left Side (From neck opening).

Next.—K. 2 tog., P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 32.

Next.—*Purl back to last 6 sts. on neck edge, then P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1.*

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 31. Repeat from * to *.

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 30. Repeat from * to *.

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 29. Repeat from * to *.

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 28. Repeat from * to *.

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 29. Repeat from * to *.

Next.—Repeat the last row.

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 27. Repeat from * to *.

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 28. Repeat from * to *.

Next.—Repeat the last row.

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 26. Repeat from * to *.

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 27. Repeat from * to *.

Next.—Repeat the last row.

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 25. Repeat from * to *.

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 26. Repeat from * to *.

Next.—Repeat the last row.

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 24. Repeat from * to *.

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 25. Repeat from * to *.

Next.—Repeat the last row.

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1; K. 1, P. 1, K. 2 tog., K. 23. (There are now 30 sts. on needle.)

Continue in stocking stitch (P. one row, K. one row) for another 49 rows, keeping to moss stitch on the six stitches of the neck border.

To Slope for Shoulders

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, P. 1, K. 18, turn.

Next.—*S. 1 (putting needle in purl-wise) purl to neck edge, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1.*

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 12, turn. Repeat from * to *.

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 6, turn. Repeat from * to *.

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. to end of row.

Next.—P. back to neck edge. P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1.

Next.—S. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. to end of row.

Break off wool leaving a long enough strand to graft the front and back shoulder. Slip these stitches on to a spare needle, preferably double ended.

Go back to the beginning of the neck opening, and work the right side to correspond with the left, but *note* you will not have to K. 2 tog. in the 1st row at the neck edge, as this was done just to give an even number of sts. (6 each side) for the moss stitch neck border. You will start : K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, P. 2 tog., P. 32.

Next.—K. back to neck border then, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1.

The Back

Cast on 104 sts. K. into the back of these sts.

Knit the same as the front until you have done the 82 rows of stocking stitch.

Next.—Cast off 8 sts. K. to end of row.

Next.—Cast off 8 sts. (purling), P. to end of row.

Next.—K. one row.

Next.—P. one row.

Next.—K. 2 tog. K. across row knitting last 2 tog.

Next.—Purl back.

Next.—Repeat the last two rows.

Next.—K. 2 tog., K. across row knitting last 2 tog. (now 82 sts. on needle). Continue in stocking stitch for 89 rows.

To Slope for Shoulders

Beginning on plain row, K. across row to within 6 sts. of end, turn.

Next.—S. 1 (purl-wise), P. across row to within 6 sts. of end, turn.

Next.—S. 1, K. across row to within 12 sts. of end, turn.

Next.—S. 1 (purl-wise) P. 11, K. 1, P. 1, 17 times, P. to within 12 sts. of end, turn.

Next.—S. 1, K. 11, P. 1, K. 1, 17 times, K. to within 18 sts. of end, turn.

Next.—S. 1 (purl-wise), P. 5, K. 1, P. 1, 17 times, P. to within 18 sts. of end, turn.

Next.—S. 1, K. 5, P. 1, K. 1, 17 times, K. to end of row.

Next.—S. 1, P. 23, K. 1, P. 1, 17 times, P. to end of row.

Next.—S. 1, K. 23, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, cast off 22, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, P. 1, K. 1, K. 24.

Now graft together the front and back shoulders.

Armhole Border

Pick up 112 sts. round armhole edge and knit in moss stitch (as neck border) knitting 2 tog. at beginning of every row for 6 rows. Cast off.

Darn in all ends, sew up side seams, turn inside out and press with a hot iron over a damp cloth.

Beach Beauty

By Jean Burnup

Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve"

HERE are a few things to remember if you feel, as most of us do in the first rapture of holiday freedom, that you want to abandon your face to sun, wind and sea air, and forget your make-up. . . .

Said sun, in (possibly) tanning you, coarsens the texture of your skin, makes you screw up your eyes, causing lines and wrinkles, bleaches eyelashes and eyebrows, cracks your lips. And it may give you a red, painfully peeling nose. . . .

Said wind and sea air hardens and dries your skin, doing damage that takes a lot of subsequent time and care to eradicate.

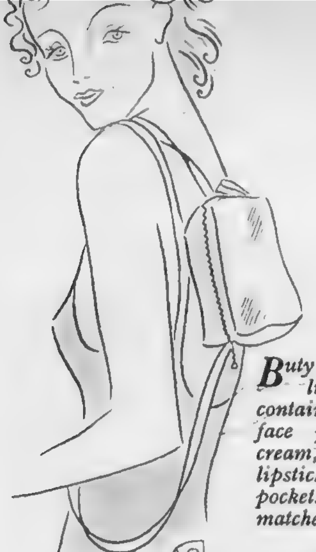
So much for the damage. What about your appearance? But perhaps you don't mind sitting around, looking like a seashore wreck, disillusioning your new holiday admirer.

It seems foolish to do so with all the pretties in boxes and bottles and jars so cleverly organised for your holiday convenience and beauty.

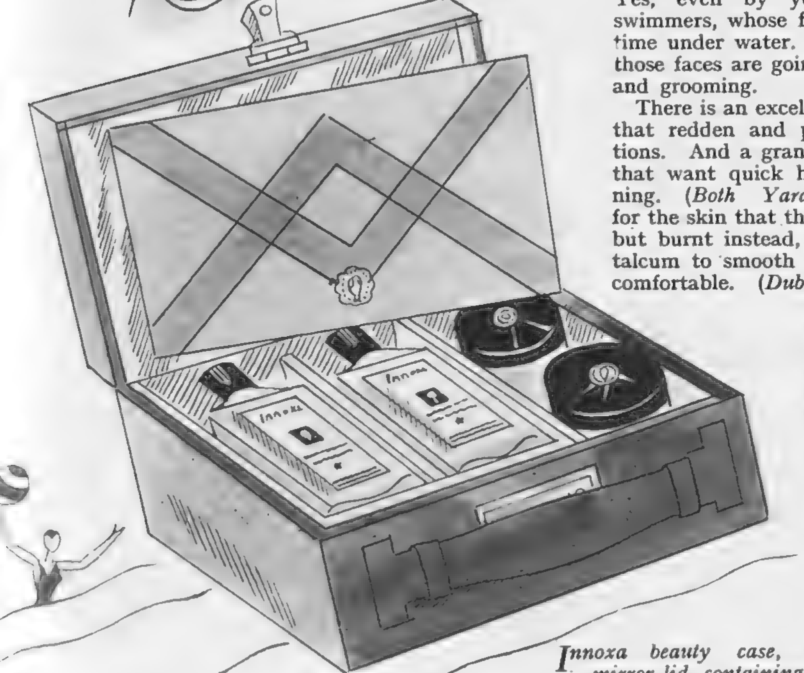
You 'll see some of them drawn on this page. They are worth making very special note of. Yes, even by you high divers and trick swimmers, whose faces spend half their holiday time under water. Especially by you, because those faces are going to need a lot of softening and grooming.

There is an excellent sunproof lotion for skins that redden and peel under the sun's attentions. And a grand sun-tan oil for those skins that want quick help and lubrication in tanning. (*Both Yardley's.*) A soothing lotion for the skin that thought it was going to brown, but burnt instead, and a fragrant and cooling talcum to smooth the skin and make dressing comfortable. (*Dubarry makes both.*)

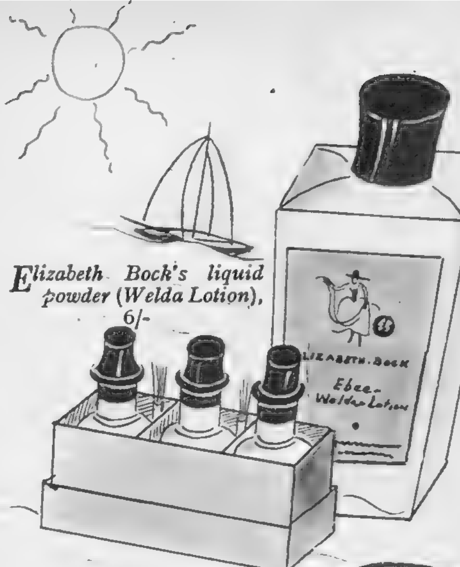
Elizabeth Bock offers you a clever protective liquid powder, as waterproof as makes no matter, eye-cream for night use to take out sun wrinkles carelessly acquired, a harmless home dye for your lashes.



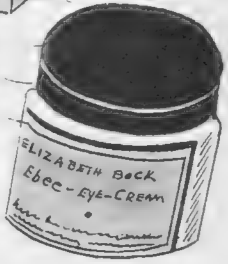
Buty-Tone waterproof linen Beach Sling, containing (in pockets) face powder, cleansing cream, foundation cream, lipstick, sun oil. Also pockets for cigarettes and matches. Zips closed. 5/6



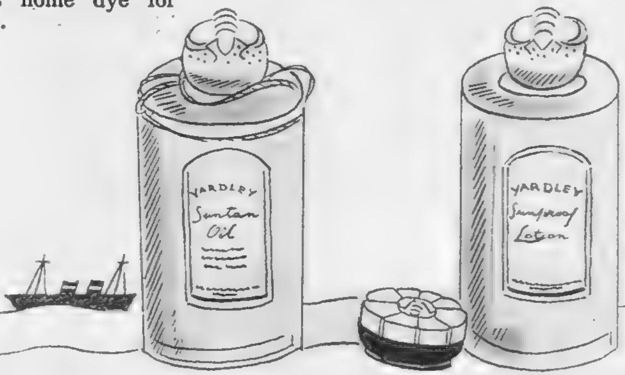
Innoxa beauty case, with mirror lid, containing day cream, powder, complexion milk, cleansing and foundation lotion, which also protects from sunburn. 14/-



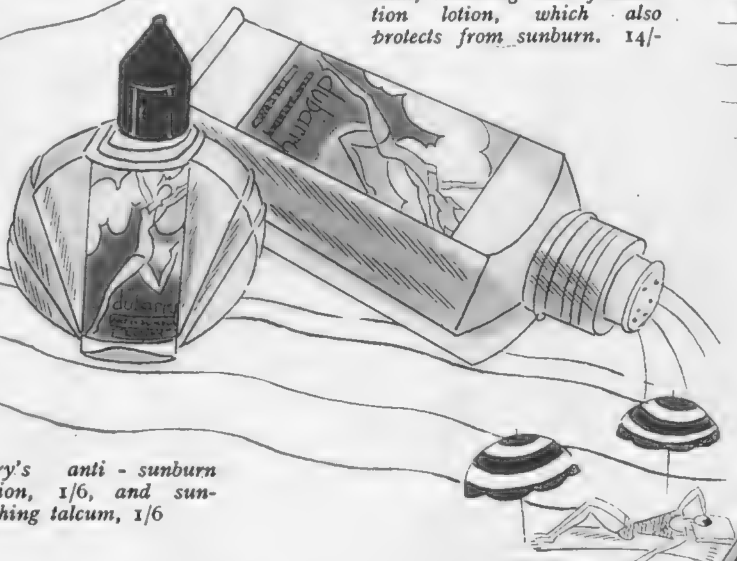
Elizabeth Bock's liquid powder (Welda Lotion), 6/-



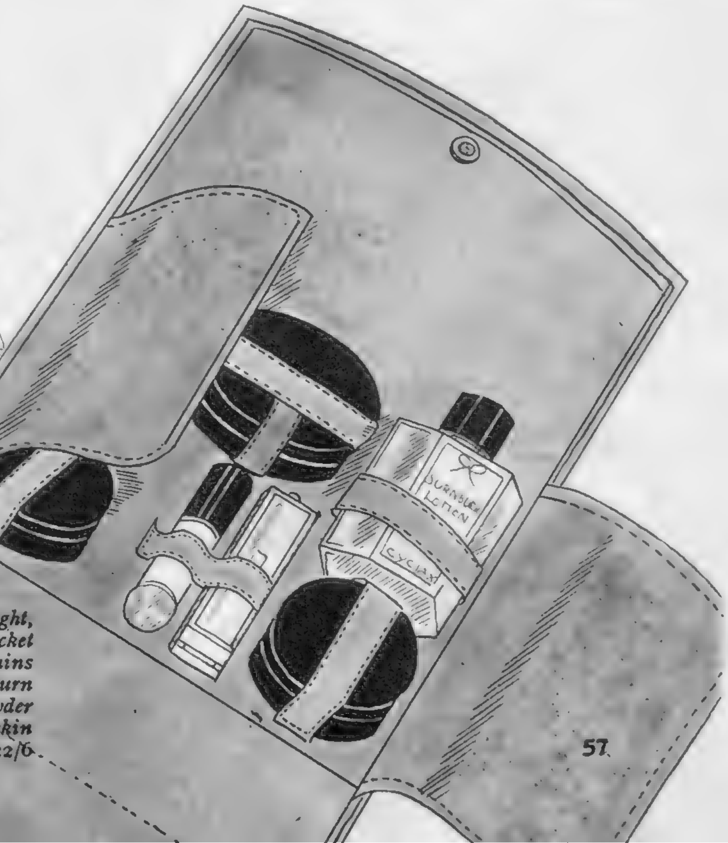
Ebee Nero Eyelash Dye, 7/-. Ebee Eye-Cream, 6/-



Below: Yardley's Sun Tan Oil, in bottle with wicker handle, 2/6. Waterproof rouge (cherry), 1/6. Sunproof Lotion, 2/6

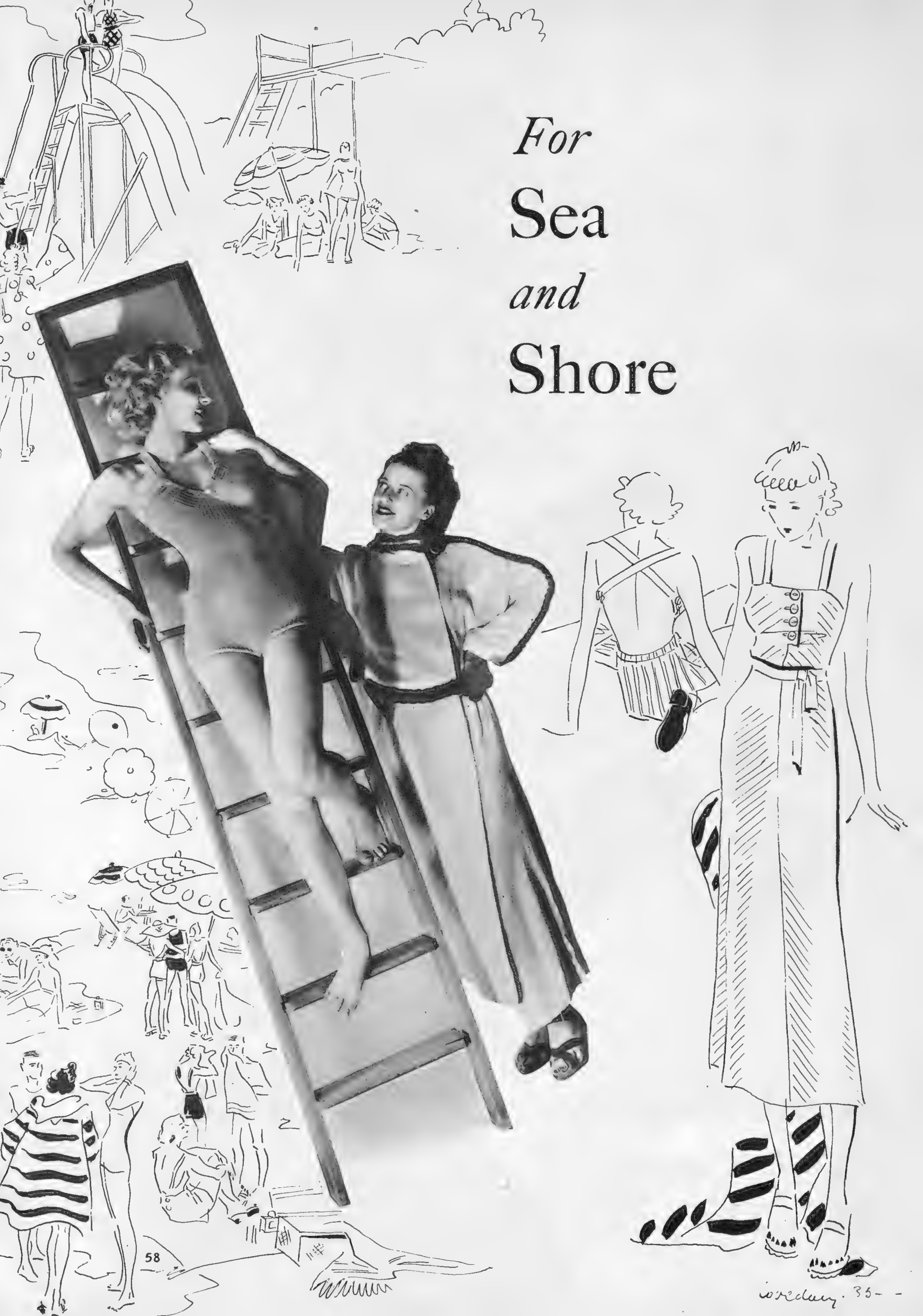


Dubarry's anti-sunburn lotion, 1/6, and sunbathing talcum, 1/6



Oil-silk lined, very light, leather case, with pocket for cleansing tissues. Contains lipstick, eyeblack, sunburn lotion (which is also powder base), cleansing lotion, skin food, powder rouge. 22/6

For Sea *and* Shore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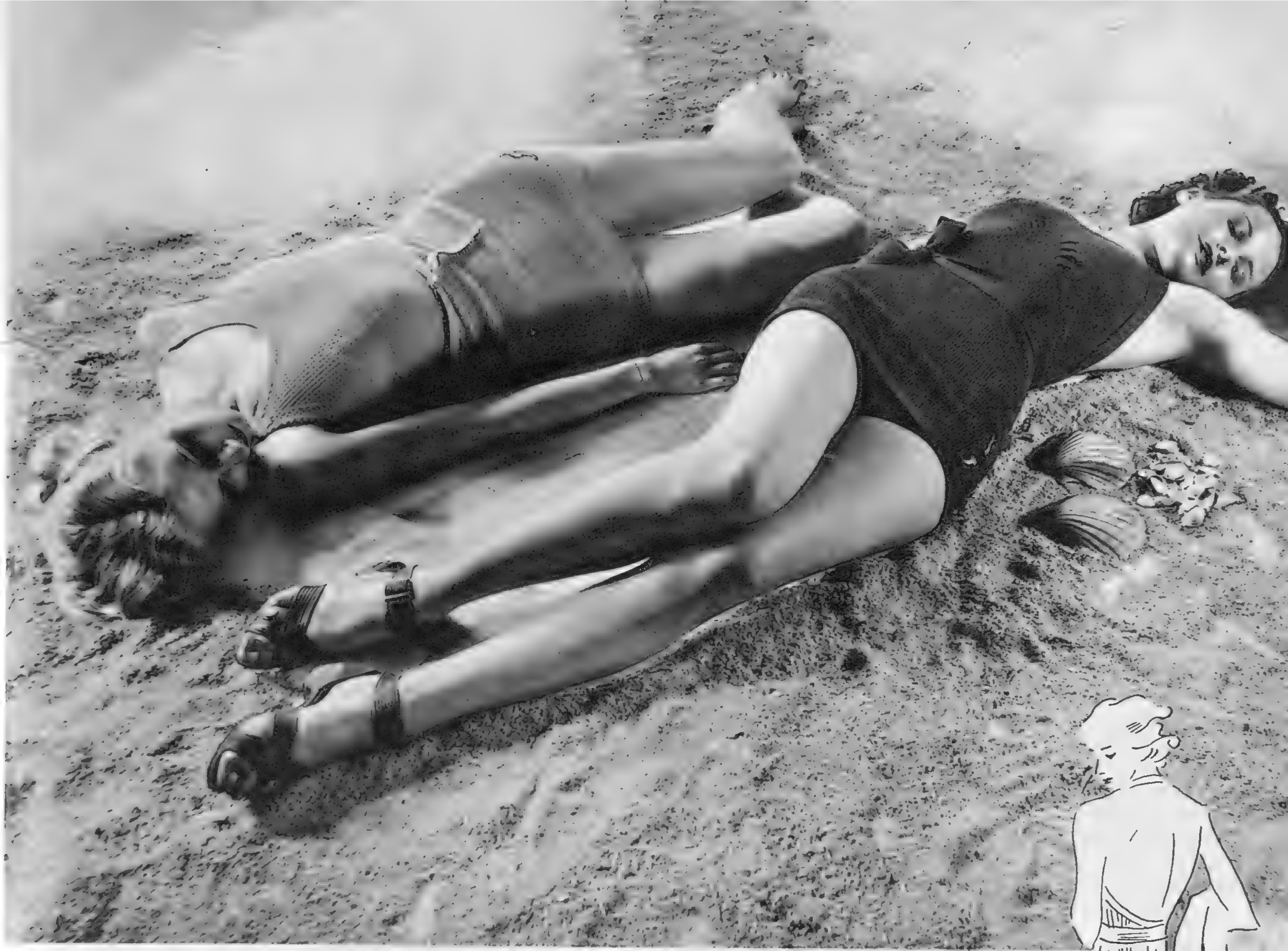
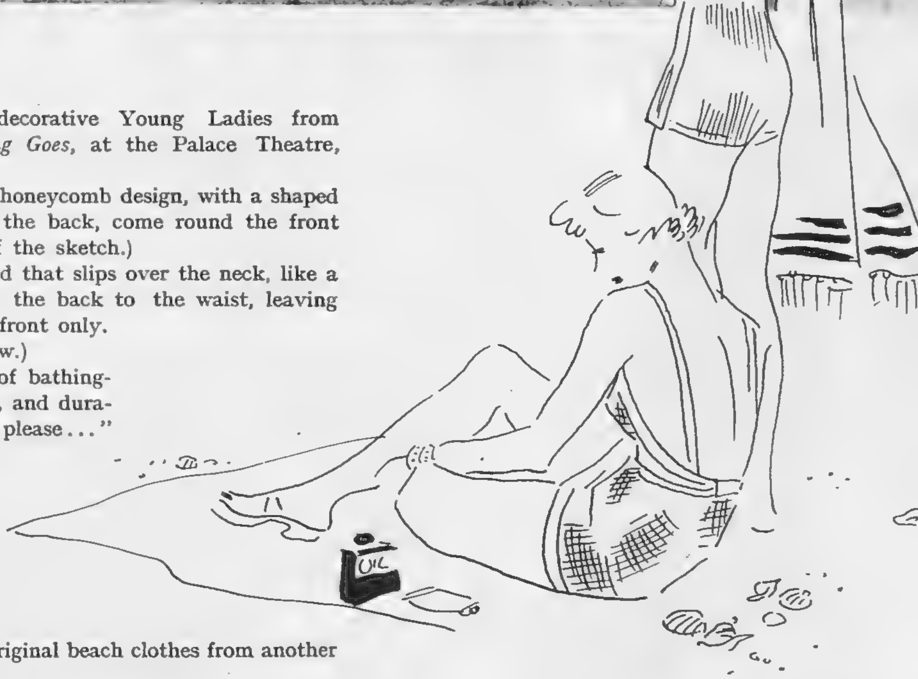


ELSIE PATTISON and Armada, two of the decorative Young Ladies from Mr. Cochran's successful musical show, *Anything Goes*, at the Palace Theatre, photographed here in their Jantzens.

Blond Miss Pattison wears a light-green swim-suit, honeycomb design, with a shaped uplift top. Narrow shoulder-straps go straight down the back, come round the front to tie there. (Back view is the small seated figure of the sketch.)

Miss Armada's suit is scarlet ribbed wool with a band that slips over the neck, like a halter, continues down under the arms, tightly round the back to the waist, leaving the entire back and shoulders free. Skirted in the front only.
(The standing figure in the sketch shows the back view.)

These are only two out of the large Jantzen range of bathing-suits, all of which have the perfect fit, comfort, quality, and durability which you expect when you say, " I want a Jantzen, please . . . "



ON the facing page, the girls are wearing smart and original beach clothes from another famous house—Jaeger of Regent Street.

The bathing-suit is soft pink ribbed wool.

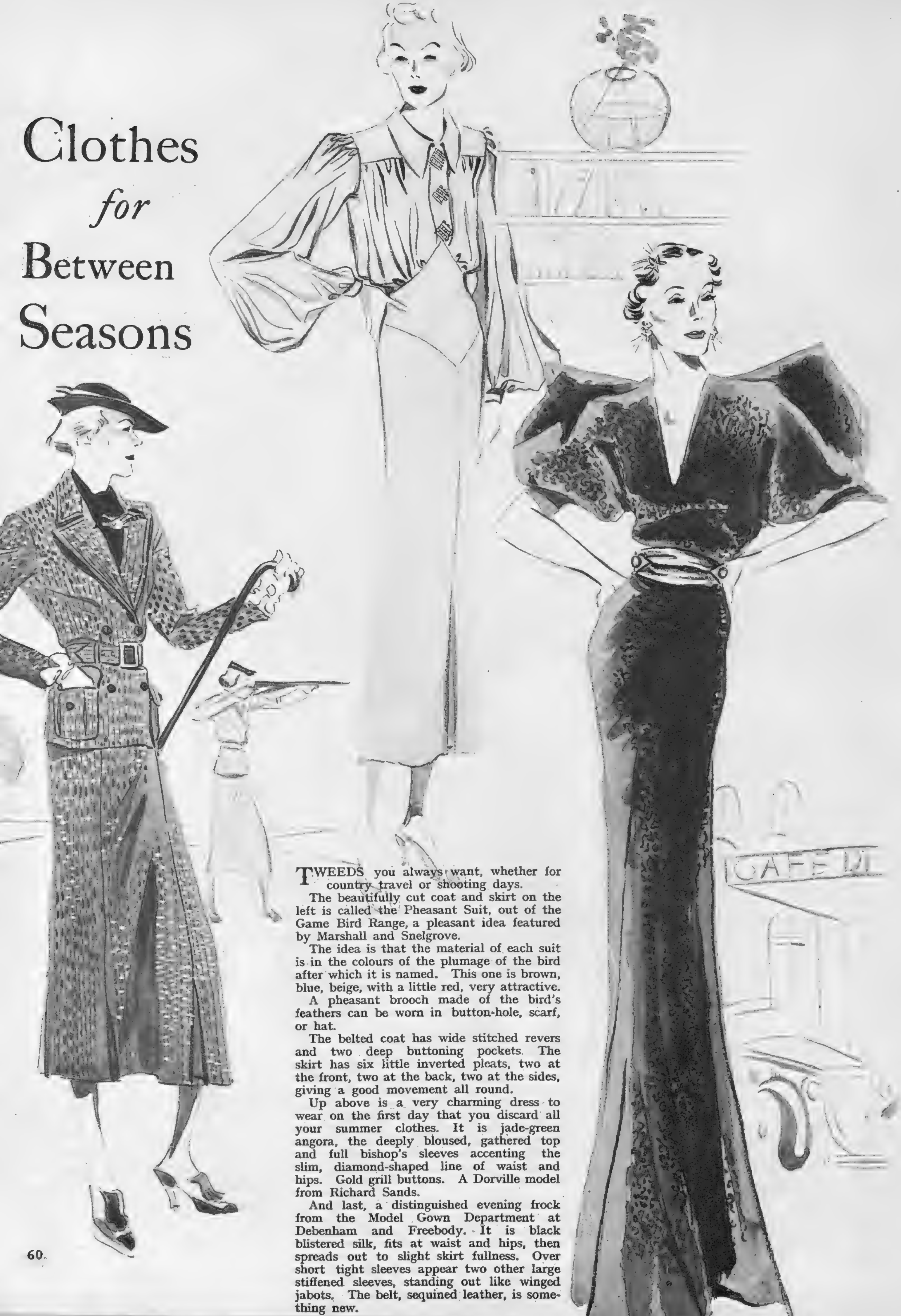
The shoulder-straps cross at the back (see small sketch of seated girl for back view) and button beneath the arms. Or you can tie them round your neck for sunning. An elastic holds the back of the waist taut and comfortable. In the hand, the suit looks as if it would just about fit a small child. On the figure it stretches exactly to fit the skin.

The elegantly cut beach robe is white towelling trimmed with what looks like scarlet rope. Knobs and loops of this fasten it at the side of the high neck and the waist. The shoes are scarlet rubber, from Lillywhite.

The Jaeger sun-bathing dress (the standing girl in the sketch) is fine woollen, in a diagonal pattern.

It can lead many lives. As it is, to meet the sun. As a pinafore dress, over a shirt. For colder days, with a sweater on top.

Clothes *for* Between Seasons



TWEEDS you always want, whether for country travel or shooting days.

The beautifully cut coat and skirt on the left is called the Pheasant Suit, out of the Game Bird Range, a pleasant idea featured by Marshall and Snelgrove.

The idea is that the material of each suit is in the colours of the plumage of the bird after which it is named. This one is brown, blue, beige, with a little red, very attractive.

A pheasant brooch made of the bird's feathers can be worn in button-hole, scarf, or hat.

The belted coat has wide stitched revers and two deep buttoning pockets. The skirt has six little inverted pleats, two at the front, two at the back, two at the sides, giving a good movement all round.

Up above is a very charming dress to wear on the first day that you discard all your summer clothes. It is jade-green angora, the deeply bloused, gathered top and full bishop's sleeves accenting the slim, diamond-shaped line of waist and hips. Gold grill buttons. A Dorville model from Richard Sands.

And last, a distinguished evening frock from the Model Gown Department at Debenham and Freebody. It is black blistered silk, fits at waist and hips, then spreads out to slight skirt fullness. Over short tight sleeves appear two other large stiffened sleeves, standing out like winged jabots. The belt, sequined leather, is something new.

Keeping Tropical FISH

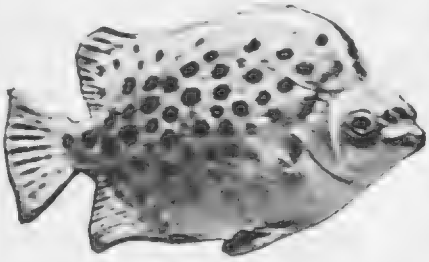
All about a hobby which is decorative and interesting, too

If aquarium tanks were not so decorative, tropical fish keeping would still be a fascinating hobby.

These lovely little creatures—perfect jewels in their way—have grown enormously popular since it was realised that they live so happily out of their natural clime.

Unlike goldfish and other cold-water species, " tropicals " can be kept in a small space. Several of them will thrive happily in a tank that would be too small for one cold-water fish. This is why they are ideal for the home aquarium.

Indoors, the effect of an illuminated tank, bejewelled with the lovely colours of the fish, is perfect. Many schemes of decoration are built about them—recessed into the wall or, as in one London house, occupying the full length of the mantel-shelf and lit from below.



Heating the tank is not difficult. The majority of tropical fish are fairly hardy little creatures, who do not object to mild variations of temperature so long as the change is not sudden.

When beginning, it is better to choose a small tank and cheap fish to gain experience. All-glass tanks are satisfactory if used with immersion heaters, but, if the tank is to be heated from below, the glass is apt to prove too fragile, and an iron framework with glass sides is preferable.

Purchase a glass panel, too, so that the tank can be divided when the occupants become antagonistic.

Gas is thought to be the best medium for heating. Get a handyman to make a simple wooden box and line it with sheet zinc on three sides. The top should be covered with a sheet of half-inch asbestos. Into this run a gas-jet, and stand the tank on top of the box. Ventilation holes should be drilled back and front of the box, and the flame kept two inches below the asbestos.

Electric immersion heaters are placed in the tank below the level of the water. These have a thermostat which automatically controls the temperature.

Have coarse sand at the bottom of the tank, and put the water in at least ten days before the fish arrive. This gives the tank time to " mature."

Aquatic plants are decorative and essential to the health of the fish. These also should be planted before the fish arrive, and the water should be at the right temperature before doing planting.

Tape Grass is the most valuable of all plants as an oxygenator. Another useful one is Mentha Sylvestris, which has the power of sweetening the water, and produces delightful little mauve flowers.

Of the fish themselves, there are many dozens of varieties.

Unlike cold-water fish, " tropicals " thrive happily in a small tank

The lovely little Rainbow Fish, silvery of body, flashed with red, mauve and blue. Moon Fish are divided into several varieties: Mottled, Blood-Red, Green-Blue, and Gold. Then there is the Molly (Mollienisia). These are about three inches long, and the underparts are silvery, with an iridescent sheen of blended colourings. The Leopard Fish, a cheeky little fellow with yellowish body, heavily spotted with black, thrives in a small aquarium.

It is best for the amateur to buy prepared food from the dealer. Fine oatmeal, crushed and baked brown bread should occasionally be fed to the fish, and a pinch of Epsom salts in the water once a week to provide the necessary mineral salts.

The temperature for the tank should be fixed at a minimum of seventy degrees Fahrenheit in winter, and eighty degrees in summer. Keep the tank out of draughts and avoid sharp variations of temperature.

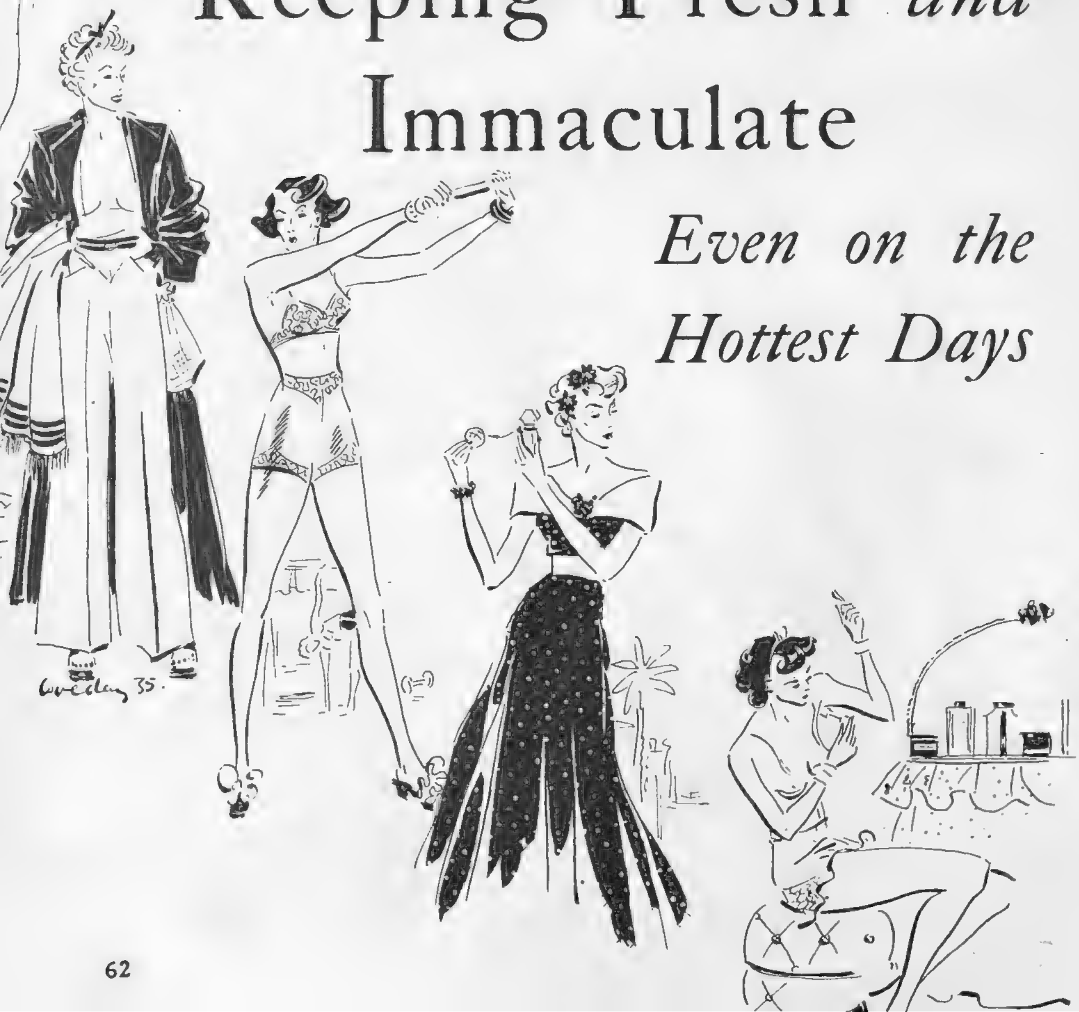
Never fill the tank to the brim. Three-parts full is sufficient in average cases.

Remove some of the plants in winter, but in the summertime let them be as plentiful as the size of the tank will allow.

Always have the tank covered with a sheet of glass and keep appliances scrupulously clean. This is the only way to keep a happy and healthy family of fish.

Keeping Fresh *and* Immaculate

Even on the Hottest Days



THERE are so many elements in a woman's beauty and charm, but surely her freshness and fragrance is one of the essentials. I do not mean that she should go about highly scented. In fact, this is suspect, since there was a time when strong perfumes were used to disguise less attractive smells. But that was in the days before bathrooms, and before personal hygiene had become a science and fastidiousness a fetish.

But even to-day with all modern conveniences at our disposal, it is just the little extra care and knowledge that ensures that in every circumstance and in the hottest weather we can be comfortable in the certainty that we are and will remain absolutely fresh, sweet and *soigné*.

Let us admit that there are such things as body odours which, in certain circumstances, are unattractive. Unless we do so, any discussion on the means to counteract them is senseless.

In those who are very healthy and whose pores act and react normally, the odour of skin excreta may be negligible, but in each and every case precautions are desirable.

TO stress the urgency of scrupulous cleanliness would doubtless provoke indignation. The daily bath or comprehensive washing is a routine with all of us, but there are points to be made about the method of bathing.

It may not be generally known that the addition of alkaline and oxygenated bath salts to the water acts as a deodorant not only immediately, but subsequently.

The salts help to open the pores, draw out secretions and impurities (which the pores should and do eliminate) and so greatly lessen the danger of any odour, in case of subsequent activity.

After the bath a brisk friction is advisable. The use of Eau-de-Cologne or lavender water in this connection greatly enhances the beneficial effect, closing the pores, stimulating circulation and leaving the skin cool and fragrant.

Any spirituous toilet water will do, but I mention these two specifically because their scent is fresh and evanescent, and one's own chemical constitution will mysteriously convert them to the familiar personal fragrance on the skin.

The bath and friction act as education exercises for the skin, and will gradually make it so self-sufficient that no unforeseen catastrophe need be feared, even under strenuous exertion or tropic heat.

After the bath a good talcum or dusting powder should be used. One excellent dusting powder helps to close the pores and absorb any subsequent moisture.

The feet should be massaged with Eau-de-Cologne, or, if desirable, a good tonic foot lotion, and then dusted with talcum powder, a little being sprinkled between the toes.

THERE are several excellent deodorants for use under the arms. One, a liquid, is dabbed on and allowed to dry. It is not only deodorant but regulates perspiration and, if used regularly, will prevent it altogether.

Another, a special powder, not long introduced into this country, has the additional advantage that it can be used even after a depilatory without causing the slightest irritation to the most delicate skins.

The greatest attention should be given to teeth and gums, and regular visits to the dentist supplemented by the use of a good antiseptic mouth-wash and frequently new tooth-brushes. And the state of the digestion must not be neglected.

Finally, it is well to shampoo the hair at least once a week, especially in hot weather and, if there is any tendency to greasiness, a good tonic lotion should be well rubbed into the scalp. A fragrant vegetable-friction after the shampoo adds to its luxury, is stimulating, and has its own allure.

It is unnecessary to mention the importance of constant changes of underclothing. If scent is used, it should be applied to the skin and not to clothes, as even the most expensive stale perfume is as unattractive as anything else that is stale.

The Middle Years can be the Best

By "Chrysis"

MEN and women who have reached a certain maturity are, or should be, better equipped mentally, more appreciative of the good things of life, better able to deal calmly and decisively with its difficulties, than ever before. Furthermore, actual bodily health and energy may be more certainly established and more peaceably enjoyed when youth has passed.

Few men attain their mental zenith *before* they are forty. According to the authorities (and many authenticated historical instances), woman is at her best when she has attained an age that adds experience, tolerance, sympathy and the technique of enchantment to her other charms.

Why, then, do we see so many middle-aged men who have palpably given up the struggle, too yellow or too rubicund of countenance, too protuberant of waistcoat ?

Why so many women approaching their most gracious years, haggardly peering in their mirrors, frenziedly rubbing in face-creams, or rushing to doctors with this or that physical or neurotic symptom ?

The answer in many cases is the *anxiety complex*, to which vanity, both in its justifiable and its frivolous forms, often contributes.

The man has discovered, or imagines, that he can no longer compete on quite equal terms with younger men.

This is a dangerous and debilitating frame of mind, and contributes a vicious circle. It may be that, to dissipate it, it will be necessary first to deal with the physical symptoms of failing powers.

WOMEN'S fears are more actual and understandable. After a certain age, every woman begins to wonder and to look for signs as to when her full woman's life will end.

She has a hateful suspicion that something vital and irreplaceable will pass ; youth finally, feminine charm, interest. There is no need to feel like this to-day.

Women not only *look* younger for their age, but they *are* younger. It is just a matter of keeping certain rules.

If after a certain age one finds that one cannot be as *strenuously* active as one was, it is foolish to attempt it.

A wise woman organises her time to allow for a rest either before or after extra exertion. A man can reduce the number of rounds or sets he plays without humiliation. But occupational interests and exercise are essential to keep mind and body young and elastic.

Without going in for strenuous gymnastics, every muscle in the body should and can be moved every day by means of stretching and breathing exercises.

Breathing exercises designed to condition the abdominal muscles are valuable in keeping the internal functions active, as well as maintaining a youthful "waist-line," and are infinitely to be preferred to dependence on medicines.

But if some internal stimulus is required, there is a pleasant, tasting, meal-like preparation which one doctor jokingly told me was robbing him of all his plethoric and liverish patients.

DIETARY is a question that must be left to personal intelligence, discretion, and self-control. Superfluous to say that men and women with rheumatic or arthritic tendencies and high blood pressure should avoid red meats, red wines, and all heating, over-stimulating, and acid foods

There is a growing (and seemingly justified) school of thought in favour of lighter meals and a preponderance of uncooked foods, while vitamins have now a literature to themselves.

If a general tonic and blood-purifier is required, there is a useful specific. Its formula is secret, but I believe its high vitaminic content is derived from vegetable essences containing natural irons and phosphates.

If there is any suspicion of endocrine gland deficiency, medical opinion should be sought, as much can be done by injections, and there are several useful preparations in tablet form.

It is said that after thirty, every man should be his own doctor and, excluding accident or organic disease, this could indeed be true if we applied as much care to the regulation of our own lives as we do to those of our pets, and then, with sane mind and body, we could all enjoy the excellence of the middle years.

ELIZABETH ARDEN, world-famous beauty specialist, photographed here in her country garden, is the perfect example of a woman who makes the very best of her middle years. She has a lovely skin, and an enviable figure (of course, she takes her own treatments and exercises). She is vital, witty, energetic. Working all hours of the day and with enough social activities to fill the life of any ordinary woman, she is wise enough to know the value of complete rest. A long day at home, a body massage, relaxation, a diet of fruit and vegetables. In exuberant moments, or with people who have sunk into middle age, she stands on her head, just to show them . . . She insists that all women can keep their bodies and minds young and active. The real secret is aliveness, fresh enthusiasms, fresh knowledge, fresh developments, living every moment of the time.

What *to do* with the DOG *in the* Holidays

By Pat Breene

If you can't take him along, ensure his comforts elsewhere. Or he'll be thinking reproachfully, "It 's a man's life"

WHAT to do with the dog during the summer holidays has been the town-dweller's problem since there have been towns.

The ideal, of course, is to take him, her, or them with you. Except in homes ruled by the kennel, this isn't always possible or desirable.

But the dog-about-town gets just as sick of it all as you do. More so, perhaps—nose to asphalt ground is worse than social grind. So if the plans you 've made simply can't cope with canine company, see that he gets a real holiday of his own.

Maybe you want to lie couched on sand, letting the waves lap worries away. What *he* wants is to smell lush grass (without any " Keep off " commands) ; to get on a good nose-some hunt ; to feel the thrill of great gusts of fresh air breathed deep down in his lungs. . . . See how his nose quivers, his body twitches with longing to get out and go places when you take him in the car. . . .

PERHAPS there are country friends he can visit (but make sure he 'll get home comforts before you pack him off). Otherwise it must be a good boarding place in the country. I 'm all against the mammoth ones. It is like you or me being put into a nice, well-run prison, with good, plain food and adequate exercise. It might not do us any harm, but we 'd certainly lose our individuality.

The best way of choosing a place is to call unexpectedly. Have a look at his fellow boarders-to-be. See where he will sleep and what 's to eat. Get the name of the veterinary surgeon who attends the kennels. . . . But don't let the kennel-owner think you are a fussy sentimentalist, or, like some school-teachers, she may be inclined to take it out of Mother's Pet when you 've gone, through a process known as " hardening him up."

If you are any judge of people—and dogs—you can usually tell whether or not a place is run with just the right blending of understanding and discipline.

Take him with you and you undertake certain responsibilities. By the sea one sees all sorts of unthinking cruelty to dogs. . . .

I 've seen a great woolly-coated Chow lying on shadeless sand apathetic with heat ; a sensitive setter being forced in to swim (never—unless of a water species—do this to your dog. You 'll only breed in him a permanent fear. Encourage him to go in after sticks or stones—a little way at first). . . . Dogs being fed on sloppy messes in high sun ; being boarded out in the hotel garage, where the fumes are enough to choke a drain-pipe—anyway, to taint his drinking-water. . . .

THE dog that has a heavy or wired-haired coat should have the dead hair stripped before he starts his holiday. To do this, give him a bath and, while his coat is still soft and pliable, comb through with a fine comb. Then give him a good stiff brushing to make sure that all the loosened hairs are brushed away. See that he gets his daily brush. Those brushes with stiff bristles on one side for the worst of it and soft ones on the other for a sleek finish are good.

Bathe his eyes with a few drops of Euphrasia in a cupful of tepid water each day if you 're staying in a sandy or dusty place. It doesn't take a minute while you 're on the groom.

You know the sort of gloomy, grouchy feeling that being in a new place sometimes gives you, before you begin to enjoy yourself. Well, even dogs get it. Give a dog a condition powder for each of the first three days, and he 'll enjoy the change. When the temperature rises, he may get a bit dry-nosed. This means his blood could do with a little cooling. About half a teaspoonful of flowers of sulphur (any chemist will provide) stirred into a saucerful of milk, given twice a week, will have him in tricky form again.

And when it is hot, give him his middle-day meal at night (I admit to half-Irish), and just a biscuit or a bone to gnaw at noon.

IF there is any beach, there 'll be tar. And if there 's tar, he is sure to walk in it. . . . A blob of vaseline well rubbed into his paws and left to soak for a few hours, then wiped off, will leave his pads clean as new shoes.

Sleeping away from home may seem a bit frightening to him, so give him an old coat—or anything of your own—for company, especially if he is boarding out.

And now, having foreseen most of the responsibilities, you 're half-way there. Think what fun it will be to have him around. Good for you, too ; that stroll before bed is just what you need. And with a dog on your conscience, you 'll be bound to take it.

Don't Pity *the* Only Child

He need not be a problem in these days when his assets far outweigh his disadvantages

By Len Chaloner

"*An extra spoon by his plate will soon be picked up, and he will copy you*"

SO many condolences have been showered upon the only child for the plight of his "onliness" that it is surely time both he and his parents were allowed to appreciate a few of his assets.

In America, where statistics, as well as only children, are numerous, a lot has been done to disprove the gloomy prospects too often held out to the parents of one-child families.

If he has his special difficulties to contend with, he has undoubtedly special advantages in education and cultural interests which the parents may be able to afford for one child but would be unable, in these days particularly, to provide for several.

The statistics show, moreover, that if he has to be guarded against the tendency to selfishness, he frequently gains in self-confidence.

Only children were found to be slightly less obedient than others, but also a trifle more inclined to become leaders. They were also reported to be rather more likely to be unpopular in a group (possibly on account of the selfish traits), but on the whole very little less social than the average child.

MOST of the problems and disadvantages that we hear so much about are perfectly preventable and may arise just as readily with any first-born child.

They are due mainly to our inexperience as parents in the job, and where other children follow, this inexperience is gradually rectified and things become balanced.

Parents of an only child should, in fairness to him, take perhaps a little extra trouble in studying the job, so that without crankiness or fuss they may know what pitfalls to avoid, and start from the beginning on the right path.

The first year or eighteen months of his life will be very much like that of any other first baby, but parents may find it useful right away to take stock of themselves and discover whether their own particular temperament leads them to over-fuss and play with the baby or leave him to "cry it out."

Neither extreme is good, but it is certainly good to become aware of your own tendencies and try to work accordingly, for this first year is most important.

FROM the early days of sitting up on a rug, the baby should be encouraged to play for a while each day on his own; not necessarily without someone in the room or garden, but without his demanding incessant attention.

For this purpose, however, you want to understand the type of entertainment suitable to his age and give him free and independent play.

A mechanical toy is useless to the two-year-old without help, but big bricks or hammer-pegs and a push-along horse or similar toys will all be welcome and made use of.

By the time he reaches nursery school age—towards the third birthday—his most important need becomes companionship of children around his own age.

This, of course, is a substitute for the brothers or sisters that he would normally play with as second or third in a family, so that it is *not* enough to provide little friends to tea now and again or take him to a babies' dancing class once a week. A good nursery school is the best if it is obtainable, but it may be comforting to the mother in the country to know that the companionship of a jolly little village child, whose social standing may not be the same as her own, can be highly successful at this age.

If a trace of village accent is picked up temporarily, the general environment of the child will prevent it lasting.

Finally you must encourage self-help in the only child, for it is an easy pitfall to do too much for him and make him dependent or rebellious as a result.

In feeding he should begin to forage for himself as soon as he shows interest in reaching after mother's or nurse's tea-cup.

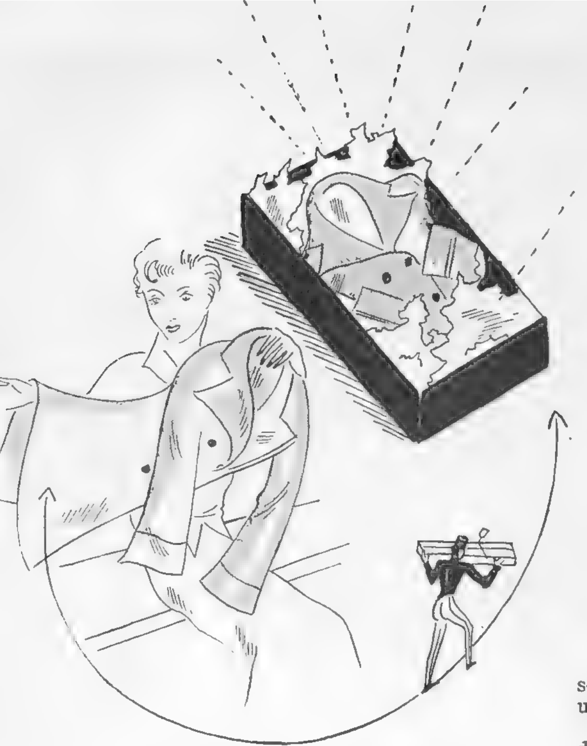
An extra spoon by his plate will soon be picked up and he will copy you, taking at first only every other spoonful himself. He will drink from an egg-cup and hold it soon after six months, but he will eat alone with a spoon at eighteen months.

SELF-HELP in toilet matters is important in the education of learning control. You should plan his clothes to this end, and complete dressing and undressing will follow by degrees.

Bearing in mind these three main points, you will be cheered to find as a result a very normal contented little child whose "onliness" will be impressed upon neither himself nor others to his disadvantage.

I'll TELL You All I Know . . .

By *Mary Young*



A place that does any kind of mending and altering and even darns your husband's socks

LOTS of us women are not jealous by nature. We are content with the looks God gave us and the station in which He has placed us. We don't care much about being rich or luxurious.

But we would like, at least some time in our lives, to wear a really beautiful, trailing, expensive tea-gown. And we would like to employ a personal maid, not so much to hook us up, make us up, or dress our hair, but to do all those monstrous, revolting little jobs which we so much hate doing for ourselves. The first desire may be a long, long way off. The second is almost within reach, of London women at least.

A young woman of society had a lady's maid for seven years. All lady's maids are not treasures. This one was.

So one day her mistress decided to share her with some of us. Three other treasures were recruited, and they all work together in a pleasant shop personal-maiding you, at your command.

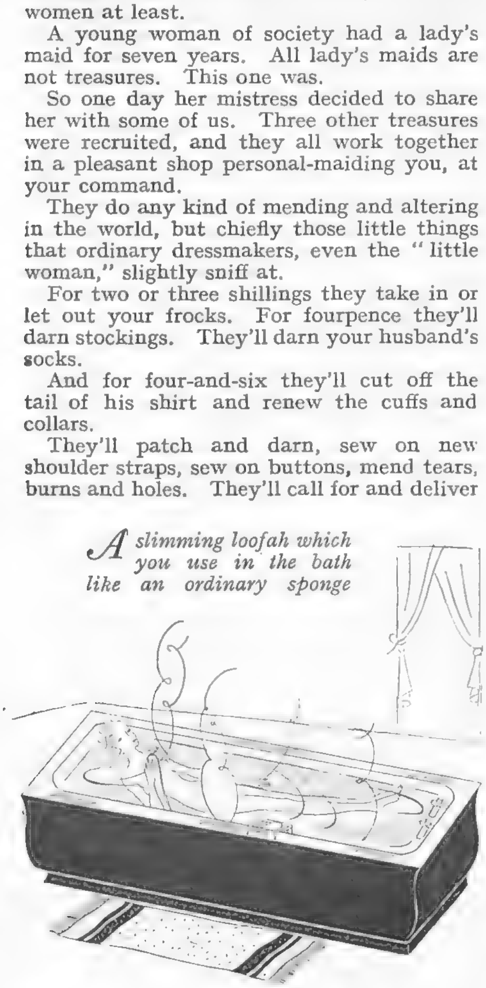
They do any kind of mending and altering in the world, but chiefly those little things that ordinary dressmakers, even the "little woman," slightly sniff at.

For two or three shillings they take in or let out your frocks. For fourpence they'll darn stockings. They'll darn your husband's socks.

And for four-and-six they'll cut off the tail of his shirt and renew the cuffs and collars.

They'll patch and darn, sew on new shoulder straps, sew on buttons, mend tears, burns and holes. They'll call for and deliver clothes. But there is an expert fitter at the shop, if you want it that way.

A slimming loofah which you use in the bath like an ordinary sponge



AT one big London shop I found three good things to tell you about. First, a slimming loofah, which you use in the bath like an ordinary sponge, but which helps to massage away all your unwanted bulges. At the same time, it cleanses and refreshes the skin. And the price is—one shilling.

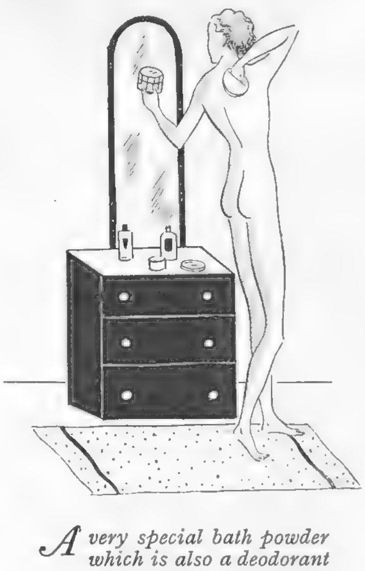
Second, a sponge rubber band to wear under your bathing-cap which really keeps your hair dry. No bathing-cap seems to be able to do this. You can also use it as a make-up band.

Third, a clever little gadget on which you dry your gloves and keep them in perfect shape after washing. A spring at the bottom adjusts it to fit any glove.

I SAID, at the beginning of this page, that we women don't care about being rich or luxurious. Perhaps I should have said we don't care—much.

Anyhow, when luxury is handed out, at no very great expense either, we're certainly first in the queue—and why not ?

I am referring to a very special sort of bath powder. Now, bath powders, as we know them, are incidentals of the morning wash and brush-up, not luxuries. But you can start to enjoy the sensation of feeling luxurious by using this special powder, made by a famed beauty specialist, for it certainly has that extra something.



A very special bath powder which is also a deodorant

Satin smooth to the skin, with a delicate perfume—jasmin in my case—reminding you of its presence all day long, keeping you *soignée* and immaculate.

Moreover, it is a deodorant—and could anything be more desirable and essential this weather ?

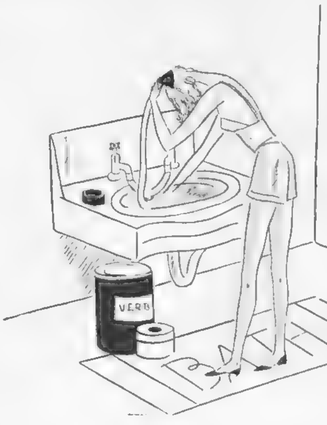
It has, in addition, a little silk-lined pocket on the puff, into which your hand slips, giving a perfect grip, and the box in which the powder comes to you is an added touch of luxury, being an ornament and decoration to any bathroom.

AND here is another bathroom luxury for all of you who shampoo your hair in the wash-basin at home.

It is a shampoo spray and water-mixer combined, very much like the sprays used by the hairdressers.

It consists of one longish rubber tube with a spray on the end, rubber rimmed to prevent it damaging the basin, and two smaller tubes which fit on to your taps. The connections will fit any shape of tap.

So you can regulate the temperature of your water just as they do at the hairdresser's, starting hot, graduating to warm, and coming finally to the really cold rinse which is an essential of every good shampoo.



A shampoo spray and water-mixer for nine and sixpence

And, for the first time in your life, when doing your hair at home, you will have rinsed your hair thoroughly. The cost is nine and sixpence.

I can see ingenious husbands and handy people about the house borrowing the spray and trying it out on the bath taps, to fix up improvised showers.

ONCE started, the luxury motif is hard to leave alone. It is such a lively melodic phrase in the (often) drab or neutral orchestration of our lives.

So here's a little more of it. Beauty Specialist No. 1, as many of her world-wide devotees call her, has thought of still another idea about cheating time.

This time it is a mask cream, which she claims to be a worker of miracles.

It goes on like cool whipped cream and dries into a thin white velvety mask. Normal skins keep it on for fifteen minutes, but if you are the very oily kind, you can keep it on all night. It firms contours, refines and freshens the skin, removes puffiness.

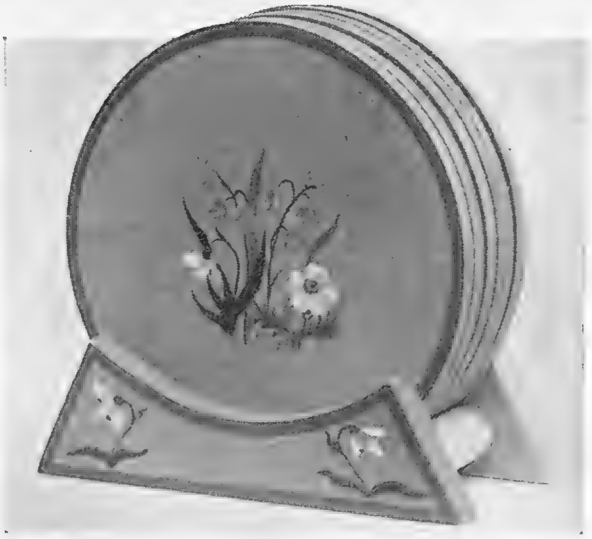
She is also sponsoring a new cuticle oil, which is one of those beautiful things that act *instantly*. One application really softens the most obstinate, adhesive, drying cuticle immediately. Its lasting results are still more important. No hangnails, no horny skin around the nail sides, perpetually soft cuticle, and the base of the nail strengthened, so that as it grows up it grows sturdily, and will not break or split.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages are the answer to your own problems, write to me, at "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped envelope.

Mary Young

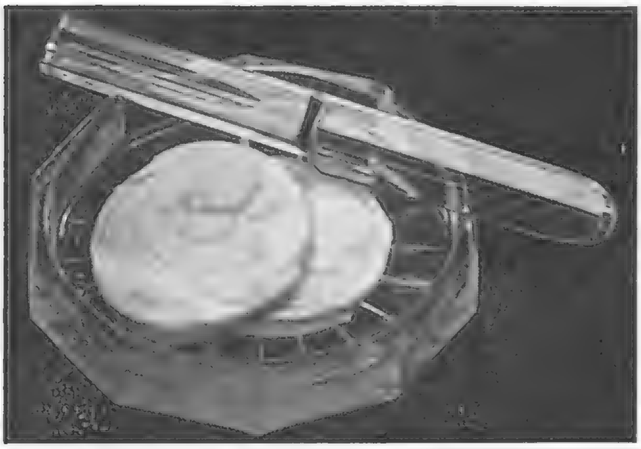
What I *have* Bought *this* Month

LET "Cottontail" decorate your dressing-table, and when you want cotton-wool for toilet purposes just pull a piece off his tail. In green, blue, natural and a mauve mixture, price 3s. 3d. (postage 6d.). A larger one at 7s. 11d. would be useful and popular in the nursery



MEDICINE time will lose much of its horror if the small patient owns this jolly miniature jug and measured medicine glass decorated with a gaily painted soldier. The set, including the tray, costs 6s. 9d. (postage 9d.)

THESE charming hand-painted washable rubber cocktail mats will look very gay and save your polished tables from drips and spilt drinks. In green or cream with an attractive design of spring flowers, they are 13s. 3d. for a set of six in stand (post free). Matching dinner sets are 42s. 9d.



WRITE to The Editor, Woman's Department, *Britannia & Eve*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped postcard for reply, for addresses from which these articles may be obtained.

If you would like us to buy for you, send an open postal order (no cheques, please) and we will fill in the name of the firm in question and see that the goods are despatched to you. Postage for England is given where possible, but postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.

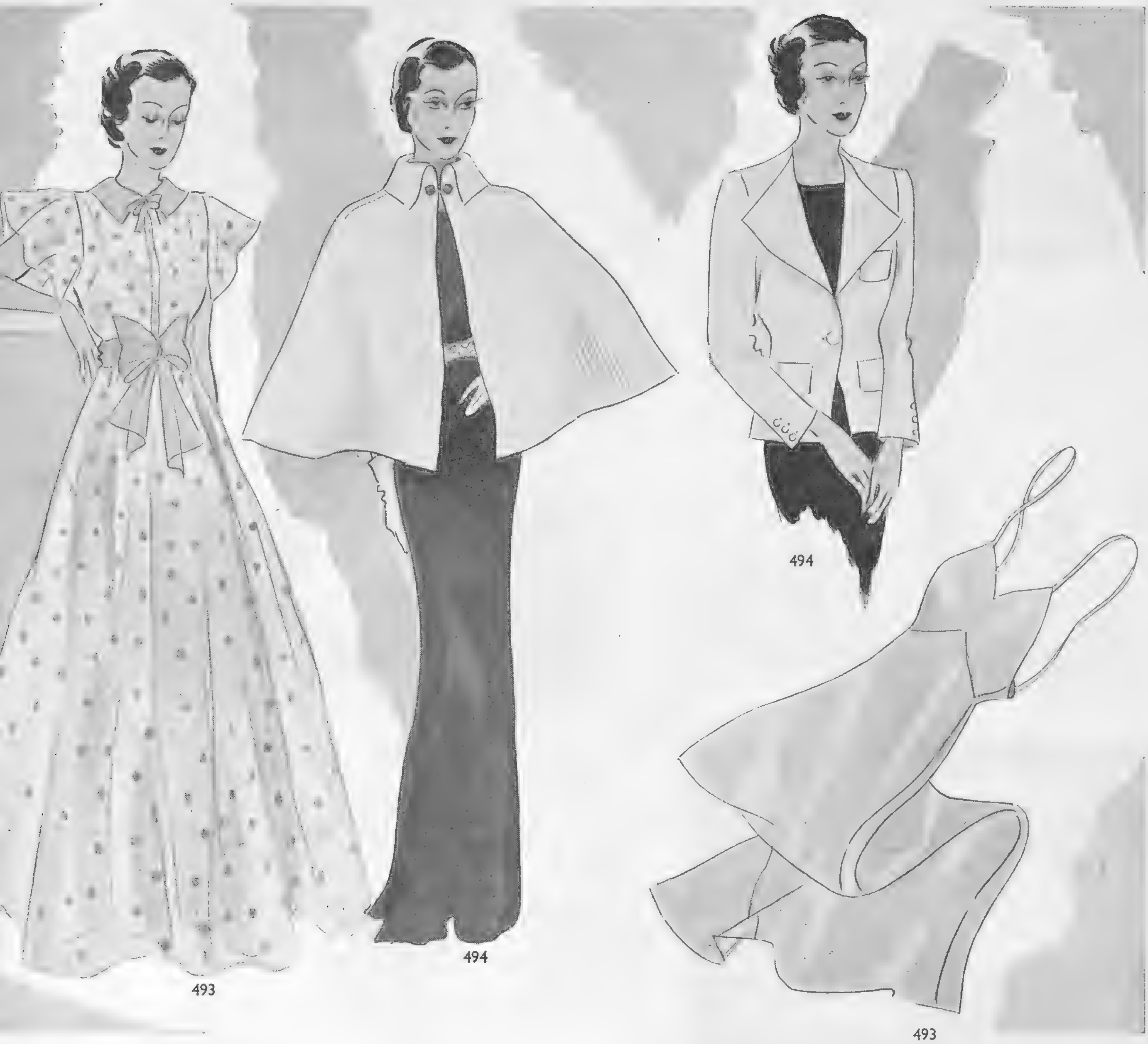
THOUGHTFUL attentions in your guest-room mean so much, and biscuits by the bedside will be most appetising in these hand-painted biscuit boxes, one of a lovely lily-leaf green shade with a magnolia design (3s. 3d.), and a larger one with a conventional floral design in the centre 4s. 6d. (postage 4d.)

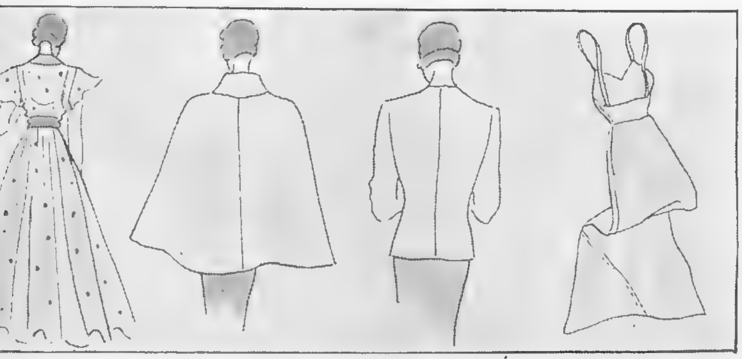
THIS glass butter-dish and glass knife are just the right size for a dainty breakfast tray. Price 2s. 6d. each (postage 6d.)

THE "Lounge" Li-Lo, a new and improved model, is ideal for campers and sunbathers. It has a quilted centre and outer rolls to give added comfort and stability. The valve stopper is anchored by a cord to the selvedge and there is a separately inflatable pillow. Price 17s. 6d. (postage 9d.). For 2s. 6d. you can buy a collapsible inflator which will inflate your "lounge" in two minutes

TRADE MARK
LI-L
LOUNGE

Simple Patterns for Some





493. An informal holiday evening frock, spot organdie over a taffeta slip. The frock takes 5¾ yards, plus a yard of plain organdie or taffeta for collar and sash. The slip is bias cut, and you get it out of three yards. Pattern 1s. 6d. for dress and slip.

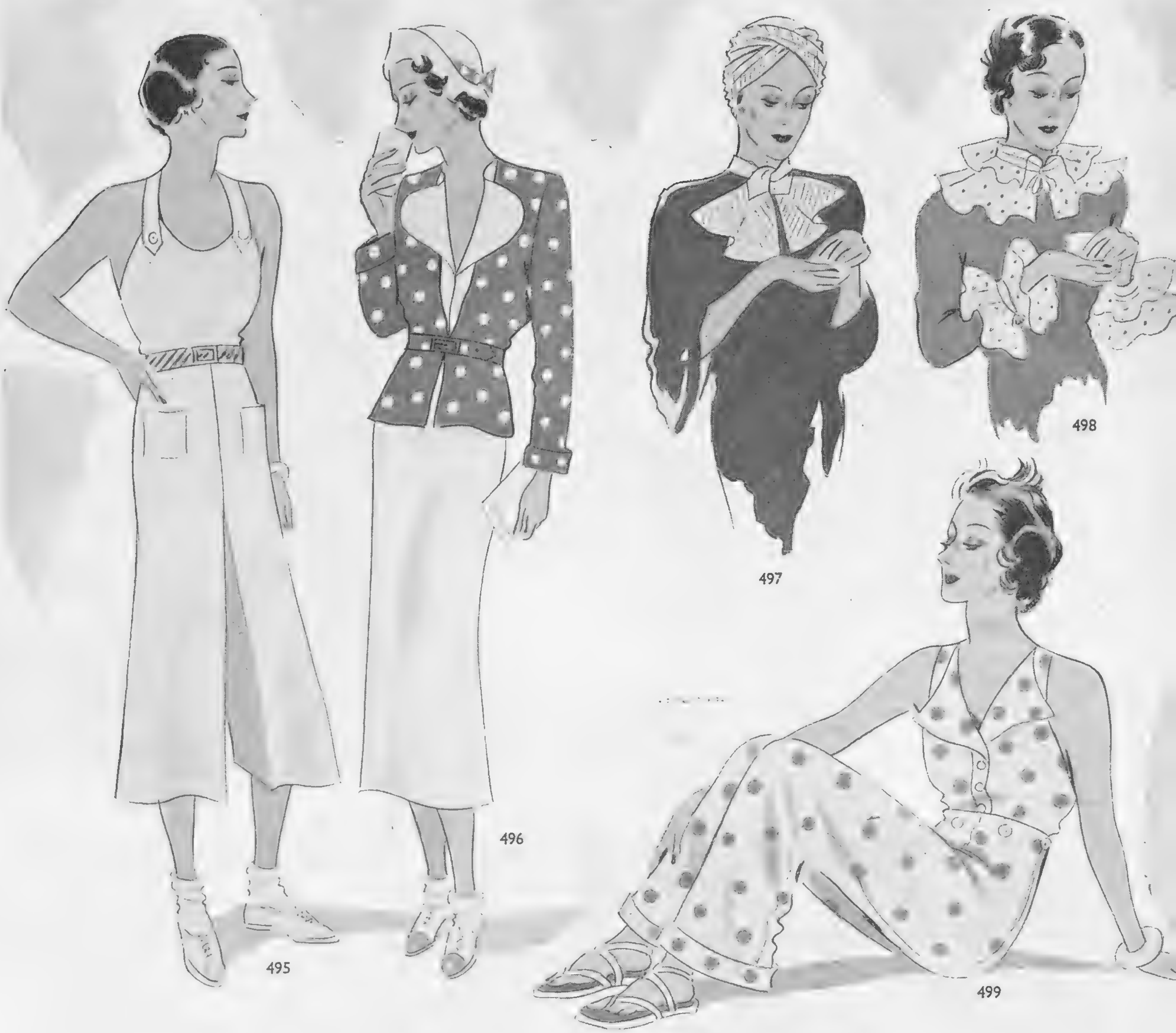
494. The pique evening cape is as elegant as it is useful (1½ yards). And the coat (taking 2⅜ yards) looks equally good on a day or evening dress. Pattern 1s. 6d. for cape and coat, or 1s. each.

On the facing page, you see how good the trouser skirt looks for sportswear. This trouser skirted dress (495) is attached to a round-necked, backless top. 4⅜ yards. Pattern 1s.

The neat, simple little dress and coat (496) suggests many pleasing colour combinations. Natural dress, green coat with natural spot; pink dress, navy coat with pink spot. And so on. Pattern 1s. 6d. dress and coat, or 1s. each.

If you are the type who can tuck your hair out of sight, and show all your forehead, a turban will suit you tremendously. No. 497 consists of a little cap fitting the head, and two ends which you pull round from the back, cross over at the front, and fasten at the back. It would look grand in stiff taffeta or cord silk with the shaped scarf (plain round the neck) to match.

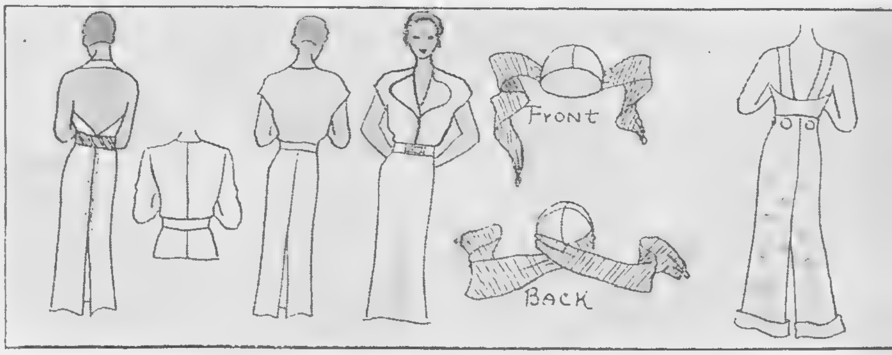
Last Minute HOLIDAY CLOTHES



It takes 1⅛ yards of patterned and three-quarters of a yard of plain material. Pattern 1s.

Number 498 is a fresh frilly organdie collar and cuff set to enliven and smarten a dark silk frock. 1⅛ yards. Pattern 1s.

The spot linen pyjamas (499) button on to a sunback top. 4½ yards. Pattern 1s.



How to Buy. The Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.: Hips 4 in. larger in each case. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post.

A Perfect Picnic Luncheon

With picnic equipment as good as it is to-day, there's no reason why you shouldn't take a proper meal along when you're out for the day

By A. H. Adair

I ALWAYS used to look forward to picnics with great misgivings. Except for the very young, they really were hideously uncomfortable affairs both to arrange and to take part in.

First of all, it seemed as if nothing suggested could possibly be taken, as there was no means of packing it, and it nearly always ended up in dull cold meat or even duller sandwiches with a piece of cheese and flattened out cake " to follow."

And when we got to the selected spot everything got more and more into a muddle. The tablecloth would fly away and someone would upset the drinks, or something even stickier, and I confess that I could never appreciate the fun of it at all.

What, I used to think, *is* the attraction of all this discomfort ? Eating out of doors, of course, and I must say that now I have changed my mind—not about eating a picnic meal in an uncomfortable position—but about the possibilities of alfresco meals.

The truth of the matter is that there are so many marvellous improvements in the way of picnic equipment that one can serve a meal almost as easily and attractively as in a dining-room.

Picnic baskets are well fitted and equipped, and collapsible tables and chairs so easy to transport and to manage, that in no time you are beautifully installed at the luncheon table miles from home and in some perfectly chosen place.

The next thing is, what are you going to eat ? Open your basket and see what you have brought. Here is what I suggest, and though you may think it a rather ambitious meal for a picnic, I don't see why you should not have a proper meal just because it is out of doors.

Menu

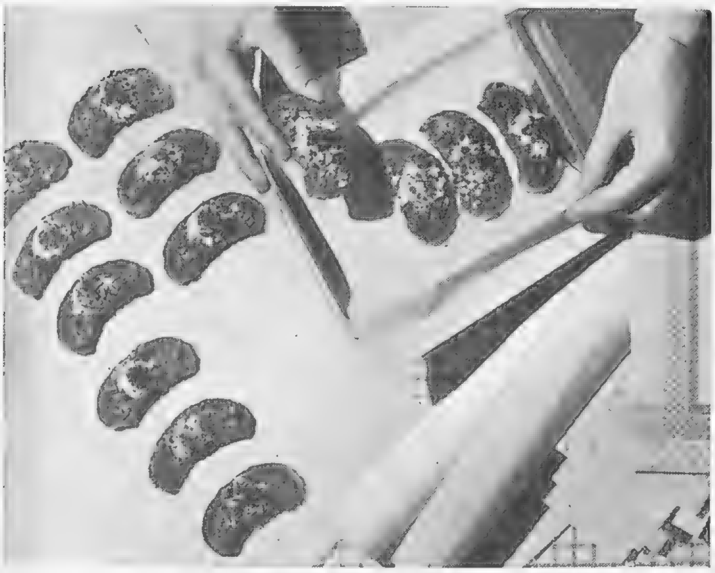
ANCHOVY CANAPÉS.

CHICKEN SALAD.
DRESSED POTATOES

TARTE AUX AMANDES

DUTCH FINGERS

Tarte aux Amandes . . . Make plenty, because they will all be asking for more of these



Anchovy Canapés, more interesting than sandwiches —just as easy to prepare

Anchovy Canapés

Have some fillets of anchovies in oil, chop them and then mash them with about the same quantity of butter and some chopped parsley.

Meanwhile prepare some little pieces of stale bread cut either into fingers or rounds or fancy shapes. Fry these until crisp and nicely browned. Drain them well and let them get cold, after which you spread them with the anchovy paste you have prepared.

Sprinkle with finely chopped yolk of hard-boiled egg and decorate if you like with one or two pieces of fillet of anchovy and pack the canapés in a cardboard picnic dish well wrapped in greaseproof paper.

Chicken Salad

Use the left-overs of a cold roast chicken, or a whole one, according to the number of people. Carve the chicken, remove the bones and cut into small pieces. Put them in a bowl and add beetroot, cut into cubes, and tomatoes, peeled, the pips removed, and cut into small pieces, allowing a quarter of a small beetroot and one tomato for each person.

Add also a little ham (half a slice per person), trimmed of fat and cut up. Season with salt and pepper and mix well.

Take separately a few leaves of lettuce well washed and wrapped while still damp in a clean cloth. These can be arranged round the salad at the last minute. I should also take a dressing in a bottle which can be shaken up and poured over the salad just before serving.

It is very easily made : Put two tablespoonfuls of vinegar into a small bowl with a coffeespoonful of mustard and one of salt. Mix until salt dissolves and add two tablespoonfuls of olive oil. Mix well and pour into the bottle.

Dressed Potatoes.

Boil your potatoes in their skins and let them get cold before peeling them. Cut them into small rounds or cubes, add chopped parsley and a little chopped

(*Continued on page* 105)

GRATINÉ of Fish makes a delicious summer dish

When you are tired of cold food, here are some warm-weather oven-cooked dishes, light, easy to prepare, requiring little attention, tempting and nourishing

WITH your ingredients and utensils ready to hand, a soufflé is quickly and easily prepared, either sweet or savoury

Done *in the* Oven

DO you realise what a time and labour saver the oven can be? Or do you just think of the oven as a means to an end—the end being "something baked"?

Nobody could appreciate a perfectly roasted joint, cooked to a turn, juicy, tender and full flavoured, more than I do, but a diet of joints, however good, is apt to become monotonous.

Meanwhile we are neglecting the other opportunities offered to us by our most faithful friend and servant. A turn of the tap, a match, and there we are, with nothing more to bother about.

A great deal also depends on the oven, and I would never recommend certain dishes in cases where there is a difficult and temperamental oven to cope with, but I suppose it is safe to assume that nearly all gas stoves are fitted with "Regulo" control, so let us see how to get the best it is capable of giving.

Take this month for example. You don't want cold food all the time, and yet you do like light dishes which are easy to prepare, which require very little watching and which must be tempting and at the same time nourishing.

This is where the "Regulo" control can play a most important rôle in the kitchen.

You prepare your dish according to recipe, put it in the oven, set the mark, and your troubles are over.

Gratiné of Fish

This recipe can be used for fillets of fish, but is much better when done with a fairly large piece of thick fish, such as turbot, cod or halibut.

Butter a baking dish and sprinkle the bottom with chopped shallots and chopped parsley. Add the juice of a lemon and bring to the boil. Now put in your fish, add a few little pieces of butter, a coffee-cupful of cold water and cover the fish with greaseproof paper. Put into the oven and bake.

If fillets, for ten to twelve minutes, allowing twenty minutes for a piece of larger fish about 2 lb. in weight, with the "Regulo" mark set to 5.

Remove from the oven, taking off the paper, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and a few tiny pieces of butter, and brown quickly under the grill.

Braised Beef

Take about 2 lb. of stewing steak, rub it well with salt and pepper and brown it on both sides in a little butter or dripping. Meanwhile have a mixture of vegetables prepared — onions, carrots, turnips, tomatoes peeled and cut into pieces—and fry these also for a few minutes.

Put the vegetables in a deep pan—earthenware, iron or thick enamel—place the beef on top and add a tumblerful of boiling water or stock, also a little more salt and pepper. Cover the pan tightly and put in the oven with the "Regulo" mark set to 2.

Braise for one hour and a half and serve the beef in a hot dish with the vegetables disposed around and the gravy poured over.

Braised Duck

Prepare and truss your duck as you would for roasting and put it in a deep baking dish or casserole with a little butter, salt and pepper. Brown it all over on top of the range and add 1 lb. of turnips cut into small pieces and ½ lb. of onions, also cut up.

Cover the casserole and put it in the oven.

Meanwhile, in a small saucepan, melt 1 oz. of butter, add a tablespoonful of flour, stirring to a smooth paste. Cook this until it browns and add salt, pepper a tablespoonful of tomato *purée* and a teaspoonful of vinegar.

Now add, little by little, a tumblerful of stock, stir until you have a smooth sauce and then add this to the duck and vegetables. Cover the casserole again and braise in the oven for one hour and a half with the "Regulo" mark set to 2.

Soufflés

Soufflés, whether sweet or savoury, are a perfect finish to (*Continued on page 100*)

Do you Know How to Make Good Coffee?

Coffee service in cream banded with green and silver—six cups, coffee pot, jug, and sugar basin. Ten and sixpence. Green heat-resisting tray. Twelve shillings. (Hamptons)

There is no Mystery about it. Simply Three Essentials...

The Cona percolator, which makes excellent coffee

Strain your coffee through a fine muslin into a warm, dry china jug or pot

As a nation we are quite pleased with the way we make tea, but coffee—oh, no. Directly coffee is mentioned someone says: "Ah, I remember that cup in the Rue de la So-and-so. It takes a Frenchwoman to make a cup of coffee . . ." And so on.

Most Englishwomen will calmly sit down and hint at mysterious means and methods by which other nations succeed where we fail!

But it's quite wrong. There are no dark secrets about coffee-making. There are just three essentials.

First, your coffee must be absolutely fresh.

The next essential is good-quality water. Soft water makes far better coffee than hard water.

The last essential in making good coffee is that the coffee itself should not be allowed to boil furiously. It should merely be infused for a few seconds in boiling water or milk and then immediately taken off the stove. If allowed to boil it will have a burnt, bitter flavour.

Going back to the first essential, if you want a really excellent coffee that *is* absolutely fresh you cannot do better than buy Maxwell House Coffee. It is made of the finest South and Central American coffee beans and is packed by a special method known as the Vita-Fresh process.

This ensures that no air can touch the coffee from the time it leaves the roasting ovens until you open the hermetically sealed tin, and that it is always of uniform strength and flavour.

Coffee as a beverage taken at the breakfast table is best made with milk and water. Use equal quantities of milk and water. Allow one heaped tablespoonful of coffee to each person and gauge that they will drink about two cupfuls.

Put the milk and water on a slow stove and add the coffee immediately with a tiny pinch of salt. Bring it up to the boil, stir well and remove it from the heat. Then strain through a muslin into a warm, dry china or glass coffee-pot.

As a stimulant, black coffee is ideal if made by the percolator method. There are many kinds of percolators on the market, from the old-fashioned earthenware French type to the modern luxurious electric percolator.

Of the latter there are two kinds, the siphon-type with electric unit, and the valve type, in which percolation begins almost as soon as heat is applied.

The idea is of course the same. The lower part of the vessel is filled with fresh, cold water and a very slow heat is applied. Coffee is put in the top part—allowing one tablespoonful per person and only a small quantity of water for black coffee.

As the water heats it expands and moves up into the coffee. When the water boils, the heat should be removed and the water will then drain down again, leaving the coffee grains at the top.

W. P.

Maxwell House Coffee comes to you in this hermetically sealed tin. The makers publish a booklet, full of much interesting information on all the types of percolators and many methods of making good coffee. They will be happy to send it, on request. Most good grocers stock Maxwell House Coffee, but if you have any difficulty in obtaining it write to "Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

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THE NEW ESSO PETROLS give you a new thrill in acceleration, more miles per gallon, and better climbing than ever. They are a revelation in anti-knock. Esso Ethyl, for example, gives knockless running in engines of the highest compression, and astonishing top-gear performance in all cars. Sold in three grades: ESSO ETHYL, ESSO BENZOL MIXTURE, ESSO HIGH TEST

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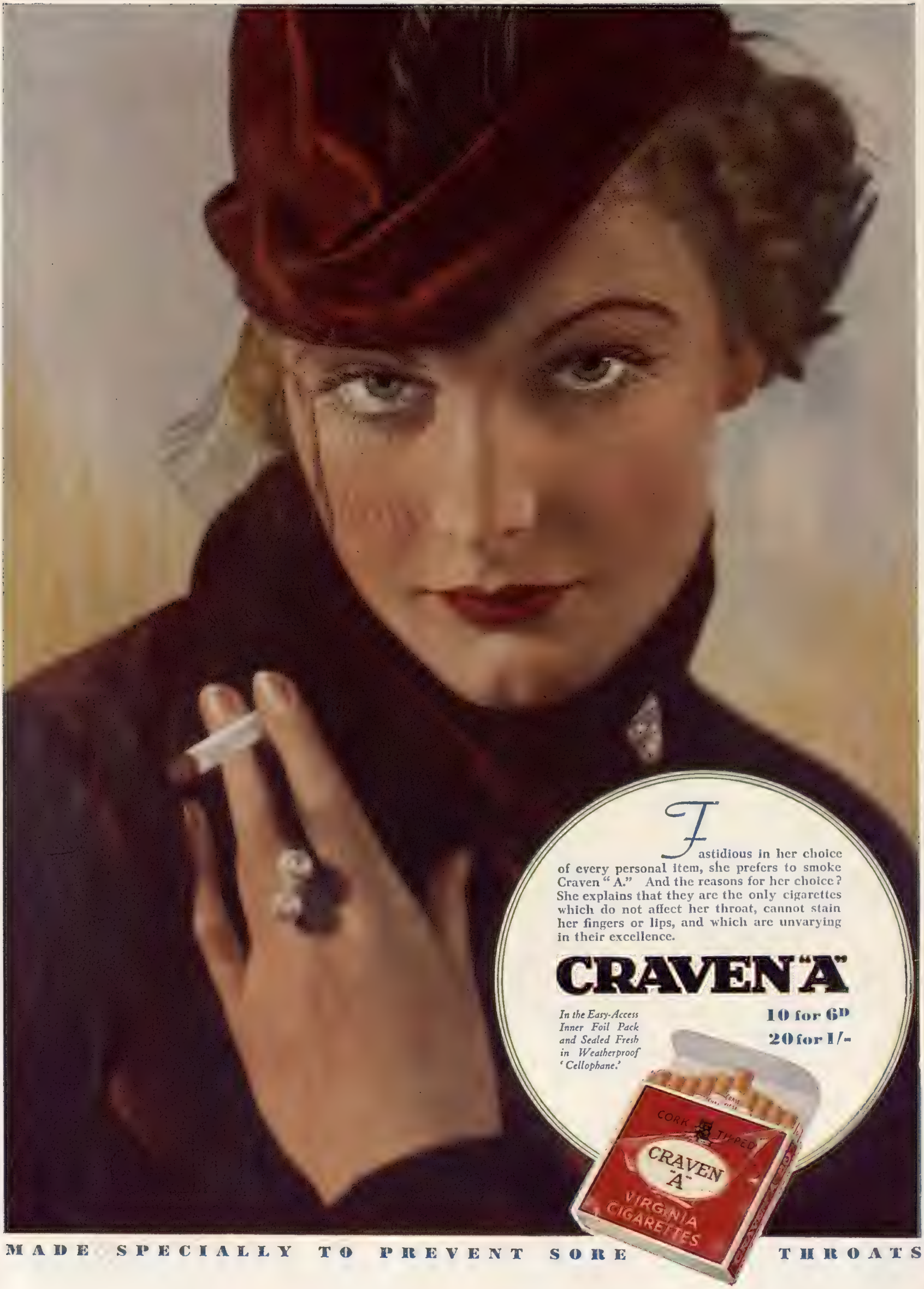

Fastidious in her choice of every personal item, she prefers to smoke Craven "A." And the reasons for her choice? She explains that they are the only cigarettes which do not affect her throat, cannot stain her fingers or lips, and which are unvarying in their excellence.

CRAVEN "A"

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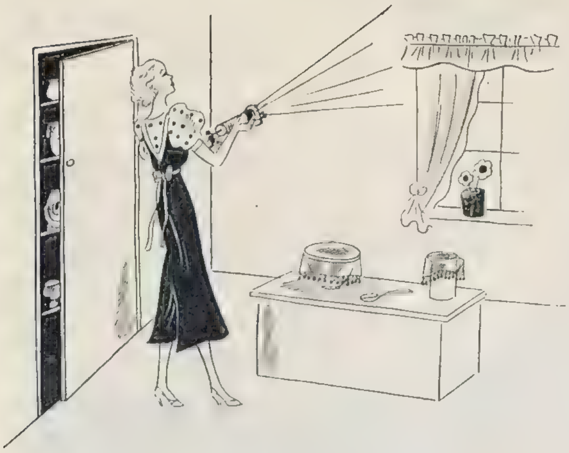


"FLIT" all your rooms before going on holiday"

A DELICIOUSLY soothing foot bath

PEOPLE who treat flies as nothing more than a mild nuisance obviously do not stop to think of the dreadful damage these pests can do. As germ carriers they can spread such ills as paratyphoid, dysentery and a hundred and one other dread diseases.

Special care should always be taken to keep flies away from food. Larders should be provided with perforated zinc-fronted food safes and wire-gauze covers, and milk should never be left uncovered.

A simple, inexpensive and safe way of killing flies is to use a Flit spray. First close the windows and doors and see that all foodstuffs are carefully covered, then spray the room thoroughly with Flit. It will not stain the furniture, walls or fabrics with which it comes in contact, and no fly can survive in a room which has been well sprayed in this manner.

Moth, another topical pest, can be summarily dealt with by means of Flit, and a weekly attack on the wardrobe with a Flit gun will keep clothes safe from the ravages of this destructive insect without damaging the garments in any way.

Beauty News

WE all know the value of cleanliness in relation to beauty and that a dirty skin can never be a beautiful one, for directly you allow pores to become clogged they cease to perform their natural breathing function and all sorts of eruptions, blackheads and skin troubles result.

A good cleansing cream which really will penetrate the pores and remove all dust and dirt is absolutely essential in the quest of beauty, and for this purpose Tangee Night Cream has been specially evolved.

It combines the qualities of a cleansing cream with those of a specific emollient and protective cream.

Those who choose the Tangee way to beauty will find a complete outfit of toilet aids and cosmetics all prepared with the same efficient laboratory equipment and with the same special attention to their absolute purity.

Tangee Day Cream, non-greasy and non-drying, forms an excellent base for the Tangee face powder, a fine quality powder of purest composition.

For Aching Feet

FEW things are so derogatory to the appearance as tired, painful and aching feet. There is a remedy for all foot troubles and an inexpensive one at that, for one packet of "Radox" at 2s. 6d. will provide a number of deliciously soothing foot baths which will draw out the pain and give instant relief.

A teaspoonful of "Radox" dissolved in a handbasin full of hot water will open the pores and draw the blackheads to the surface so that they can be easily wiped away. "Radox" baths will also greatly assist weight reduction, for the mineral salts contained therein break down fatty deposits.

Compact Perfume

OF all the fragrant perfumes from which women can now make their choice flower perfumes are really unrivalled, and now the essences of the world's loveliest flowers can be obtained in solidified form. Lilac, jasmine, lavender, violet, sweet pea, gardenia, mimosa, and lily of the valley are just a few of the delightful Aziadé perfumes which are made from highly concentrated real flower essences in a convenient handbag size at 1s. 6d.

One of their obvious advantages is that they cannot spill or evaporate, and are therefore most useful and convenient when travelling. You simply unscrew the box, rub the finger lightly over the solidified perfume and apply it behind the ears or on the hands, when you are immediately surrounded by a lovely and lasting fragrance.

Its Infinite Variety

THERE are countless uses to which eau-de-Cologne may be put. For personal freshness a little behind the ears cools the whole body, while a dab beneath the arms and behind the knees helps to check perspiration.

We all know its value in a sickroom to freshen the atmosphere and give relief in cases of headaches. A few drops in water make an excellent mouthwash, and a generous measure added to a bath, either hot or cold, is refreshing and stimulating.

After considering all its many uses it is small wonder that Coty's "Cordon Rouge" in its pretty red stoppered bottle is such a favourite—so much so that the manufacturers have now introduced a "Cordon Rouge" toilet soap at 1s., bath soap at 1s. 6d., and talc powder in a green flask with a sprinkler top at 2s.

Coty also have a wide range of very excellent face powders, one of the most popular at this time of the year being their "Ocre d'Orient." This is made specially to blend with the complexion in the early stages of sun-tan, and is also a protection against severe sunburn.

AZIADE
Essences of the world's loveliest flowers

AZIADE delightful perfumes come to you in solidified form, handy for the handbag

THE familiar Coty box contains their new shade "Ocre d'Orient," a smooth sun-tan powder. You can buy "Cordon Rouge" eau-de-Cologne from 1/6 to 21/- a bottle

THE Tangee way to beauty . . .

BRITAIN'S DEPENDABLE CAR

. . . *what* AUSTIN OWNERS *say about*

INVESTING

Report No. 565.
CAR No. ATO 368

The cars above are (left) the Seven Pearl Cabriolet, price £128 and (centre) the Twelve-Six Kempton Sports Saloon, price £305

"CARS THAT COST THE MINIMUM IN RUNNING AND REPAIRS AND GIVE THE MAXIMUM IN SERVICE"

"As one British manufacturer of quality to another—we congratulate you," writes the Sales Director of a very famous firm. "Because Time is an essential factor in our travellers' programme it is necessary to have cars that can be depended on to stand up to continuous hard running, that cost the minimum in running and repairs and give the maximum in service—that is why we have invested in Austins."

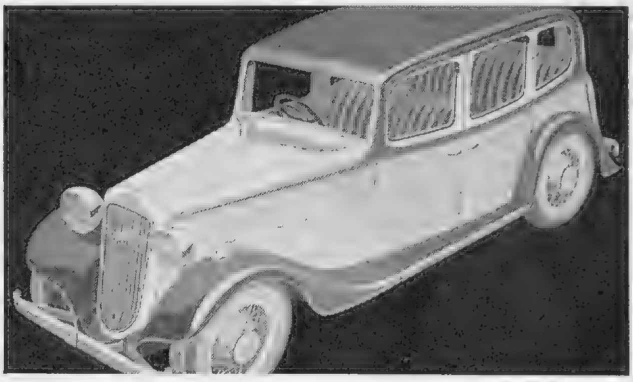
* * *

And that is why so many tens of thousands of people have not only invested, but in due course re-invested *in Austins. For the vast majority of motorists nowadays need to be sure of essentials. And what better summing-up of the rockbottom essentials of motoring than 'minimum cost and maximum service' first to last?*

The Ascot Saloon *(as illustrated below), with* 13.9 *h.p.* (*Tax* 10 *gns.*) *or with* 15.9 *h.p.* (*Tax* £12) *six-cylinder engine. Seats five people. Synchromesh on top, third and second gears. Triplex glass. Prices at works:* **£235**
LIGHT TWELVE-FOUR SALOON with 11.9 *h.p. four-cyl. engine* (*Tax* £9) **£218**

You buy a car—but you INVEST *in an*

AUSTIN



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Trouble-Free Touring

By The Earl of Cardigan

TO be sure of a hundred-per-cent. trouble-free motor tour would involve, among other things, a distinct element of good luck. There is no car which, at some time or other, may not be liable to trouble, even if only in regard to certain of its minor components and accessories. It is safe to say that the flawless motor car will never be invented.

The element of luck may work out in various ways. I remember once touring through Devonshire in a car which was notoriously unreliable. Quite early in the trip—as I discovered subsequently—a vital part fractured in the differential gear. The only immediate result was a rather peculiar and mysterious noise.

I drove on. I climbed Porlock and descended Countisbury. I turned aside on to Exmoor, and covered twenty or thirty miles of moorland side-tracks. Finally I rejoined a main road. It was only then, within 100 yards of a garage and 200 yards of an hotel, that the inevitable happened, and the differential finally disintegrated.

I have always thought this rather a notable example of blind chance working in the motorist's favour.

My point is, however, that luck—which can never be entirely excluded—should not be allowed to play more than a very small part in one's motoring calculations. Many of the wayside troubles from which cars suffer are such as can be foreseen by a thoughtful owner. It follows that, in these cases, provision can be made beforehand, either to stave off such troubles or to eliminate the cause of them.

Nowadays, for instance, one can do much to keep tyre trouble at bay during the period of a touring holiday. The modern tyre very seldom punctures, unless the tread has worn down nearly to the canvas.

THE sunshine roof of the Austin "Ten-four" provides an excellent vantage point to view the scenery

Left: CHURCHE'S Mansion, a very fine Tudor building which may be seen in Nantwich. It dates from 1577

AN up-to-date car in an Old English setting. The car is the Daimler "15" streamlined saloon

It is worth while—since on holiday one is generally disinclined to spend time in wheel-changing—to hold a tyre inspection before setting out.

Even if one decides against buying any new tubes or covers, useful work may be done by shifting the worst of the five tyres on to the spare wheel, where little or no service will be asked of it. The importance of blowing up all tyres to their correct pressure is obvious, but it is also worth while to hunt out and remove any "ingrowing" flints. Another timely job is to deal with any of the tyre valves which may be suspected of not "seating" properly.

Holiday time, or just beforehand, is likewise the occasion for being a little bit more zealous in the matter of lubrication. There are certain parts of the engine or chassis which are apt to be overlooked in the ordinary course of maintenance, but which none the less are of a certain importance. It can be very annoying if, just as one sets out on a long trip, strange and "unhealthy" noises begin to emanate from beneath the bonnet. Even if the trouble is relatively trivial, there will be anxious moments before it can be located.

For example, what about the little oil filler fitted to the dynamo? This only takes a drop or two of oil, and requires this modest dose only very rarely. Hence it may easily be forgotten altogether. The dynamo, however, is quite capable of making a shrill protest when ignored, and may even, in gross cases, cease to function.

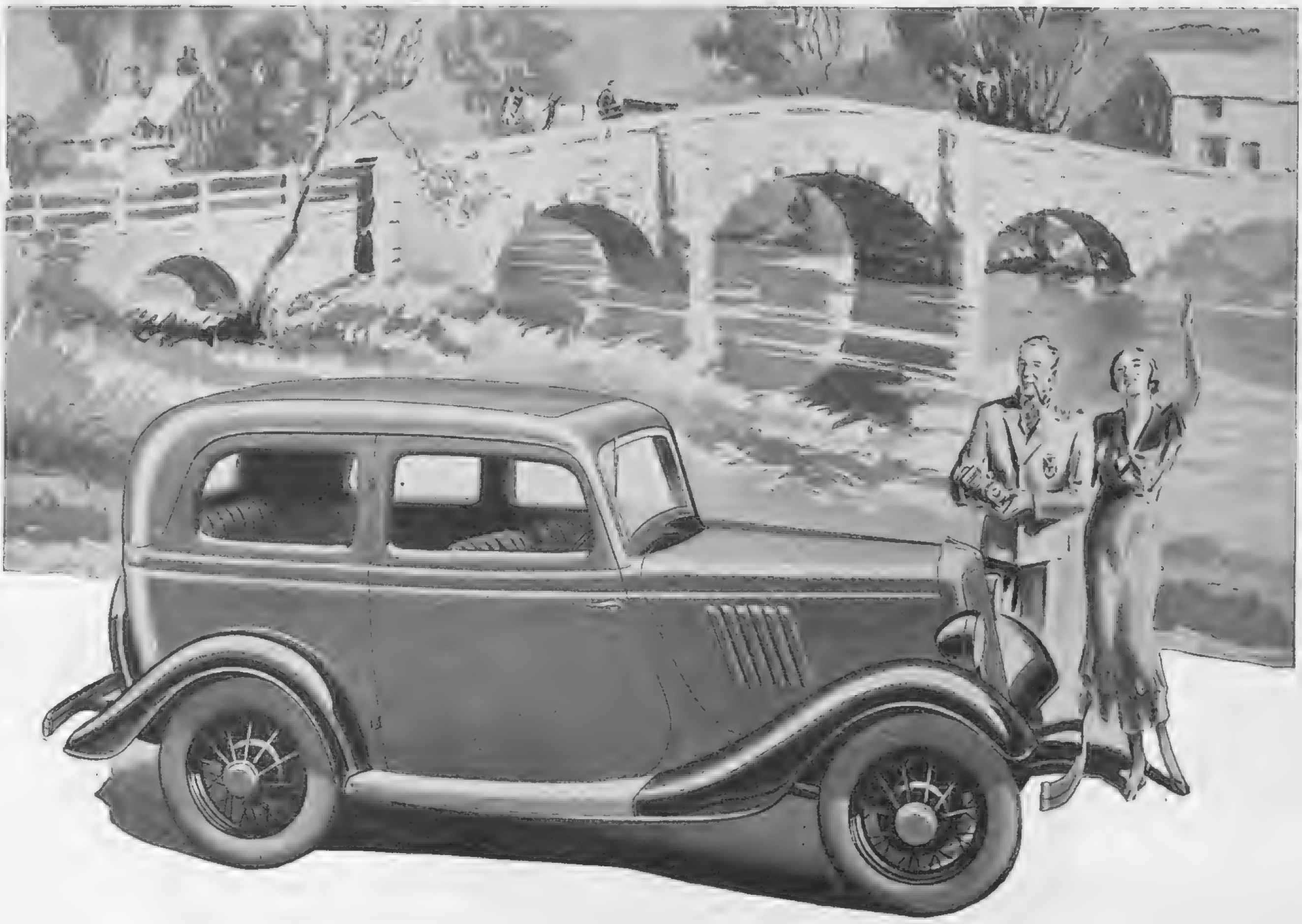
ANY sort of electrical trouble is, of course, rather disastrous when one is on tour. To diagnose and locate the fault always seems to take very much longer than in the case of any purely mechanical breakdown. Also, if the battery becomes depleted, it is inevitably a very slow business to get it properly re-charged. The quicker this latter job is done, the less satisfactory are the results.

Consequently the battery should be given especial care before a tour of any length is undertaken. In summer weather, it is more than ever necessary for it to be properly "topped up," since the loss of liquid through evaporation is more rapid. If the car is an old one, another point to look to is the state of the electric cables. If any cable has become badly frayed, it is best to replace it, or at least wrap it up carefully with insulating tape.

A frayed cable, incidentally, is quite capable of causing a fire under certain circumstances. I know of a case in which the driver of a car got out to flood the carburettor before starting the engine. Getting back into his seat, he accidentally touched the button of the electric horn. The worn electric cable "sparked" against the steering column, and the spark occurred just underneath the

(Continued on page 82)

POPULAR FORD
(£6. *Tax*)



Saloon, £115. *Double-Entrance Saloon*, £125.

For years past, August and September

have been among the best of months, throughout the British Isles, more dependable than May and June, less scorchingly hot than July.

Why not a Popular FORD (£6. Tax) for your August and September journeyings?

Amply powered for four and holiday baggage, picnic impedimenta, and the like, surprisingly roomy, yet very compact in overall measurements, for ease of parking and garage away from home, the essence of simplicity to handle over strange roads, smart but not ostentatious, with its famous weather-proof finish, and aboundingly economical to run and maintain, the Popular Ford will pay handsome dividends of service and pleasure.

Its gear-change, steering, brakes and suspension confound the sceptical, while delighting the expert. And the Popular Ford Double-Entrance Saloon is still Britain's lowest-priced saloon with four doors, remember!

The Local Ford Dealer will be glad to furnish an exhaustive demonstration, and explain Ford Facilities, everywhere, Britain's least costly service-organisation.

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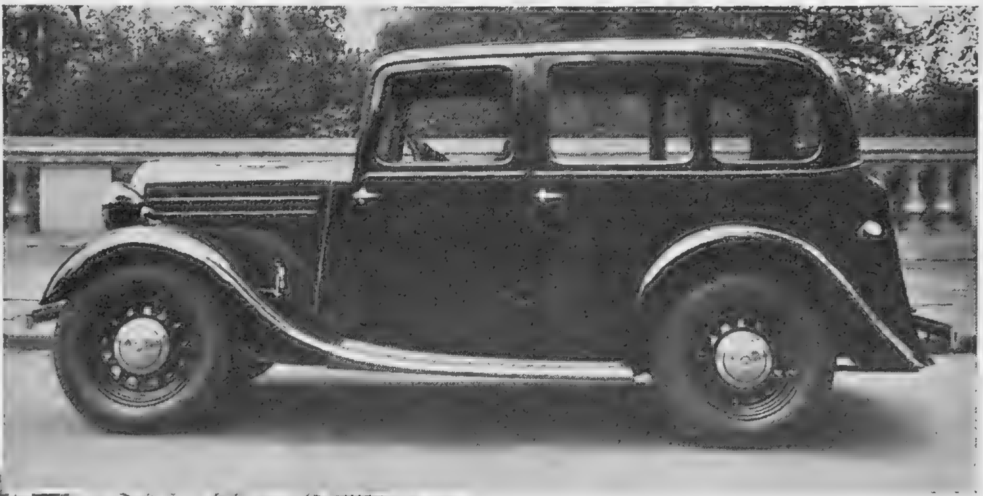
A New Wolseley Model

The 10 h.p. "Wasp"

By The Earl of Cardigan



THE new Wolseley "Wasp," although of only 10 h.p., is a good-looking car of very useful size. The unusually large tyres and new style wheels are interesting features

A NEW 10 h.p. car, costing considerably less than £200, must obviously be a source of interest to a very large number of motorists. Particularly is this the case when the car in question is built by a firm such as Wolseley Motors, Ltd., which for years has specialised in combining moderate price with genuine comfort and efficiency.

The Wolseley "Wasp" certainly perpetuates this practical combination. At £165, it is within the reach of almost every motorist who can afford to buy a new car at all. With its small four-cylinder engine, it is naturally also economical to run, and pays a tax of only £7 10s.

As to comfort, it may come as a surprise to those who have not kept touch with recent 10 h.p. developments to find how generous is the amount of coachwork space available. It is no exaggeration to say that there is ample room for four large people: it is a plain statement of fact. Those in front can push back their sliding seats and stretch their legs, while still not pressing upon the knees of those behind.

The seats are claimed to be "anatomically correct" in their contours, and in fact, I think, are so. A remarkable feature of the de luxe model is that the cushions are pneumatic, and thus adapt themselves instantly and automatically to individual requirements. This form of seating was until lately regarded as a very great luxury—and still is something to be keenly appreciated in a low-priced car.

Another point—and this is important for those who are debating whether or not to "Buy British" this time—is that the interior "finish" of this Wolseley is distinctly pleasing, with good quality upholstery, and nothing cheap or "tin-ny" in the way of fittings to mar the general effect. Without wishing to cast aspersions in any particular direction, this is a matter in which foreign cars—however excellent they may be mechanically—are apt to disappoint their English owners.

Like all modern Wolseleys, the "Wasp" has the further quality of being extremely lively in its (*Continued on page 82*)

THE engine is highly efficient, with overhead valves and camshaft. The battery is very well placed, and its accessibility should ensure that it receives proper attention

The Wolseley "Wasp" in brief

Engine: *Four cylinders, with overhead valves. 9·38 h.p.*
Gearbox: *Four speeds, third and top synchro-mesh.*
Performance: *Third gear, 45 m.p.h.; top gear, 65 m.p.h.*
Springing: *Good, semi-elliptic, assisted by oversize tyres.*
Steering: *Light, efficient.*
Brakes: *Hydraulic type, very smooth.*
Coachwork: *Unusually roomy for 10 h.p. car.*
Price: *Standard saloon, £165; de luxe, £178 10s.*

FEW light cars provide so much space for back-seat passengers. There is plenty of leg-room, and also a sensible amount of head-room. The cushions, in de luxe models, are of very comfortable pneumatic type

THE rear panel folds down, and provides a platform which will carry a considerable amount of luggage. Some of the tools—e.g. pump and jack—are stored here alongside the spare wheel

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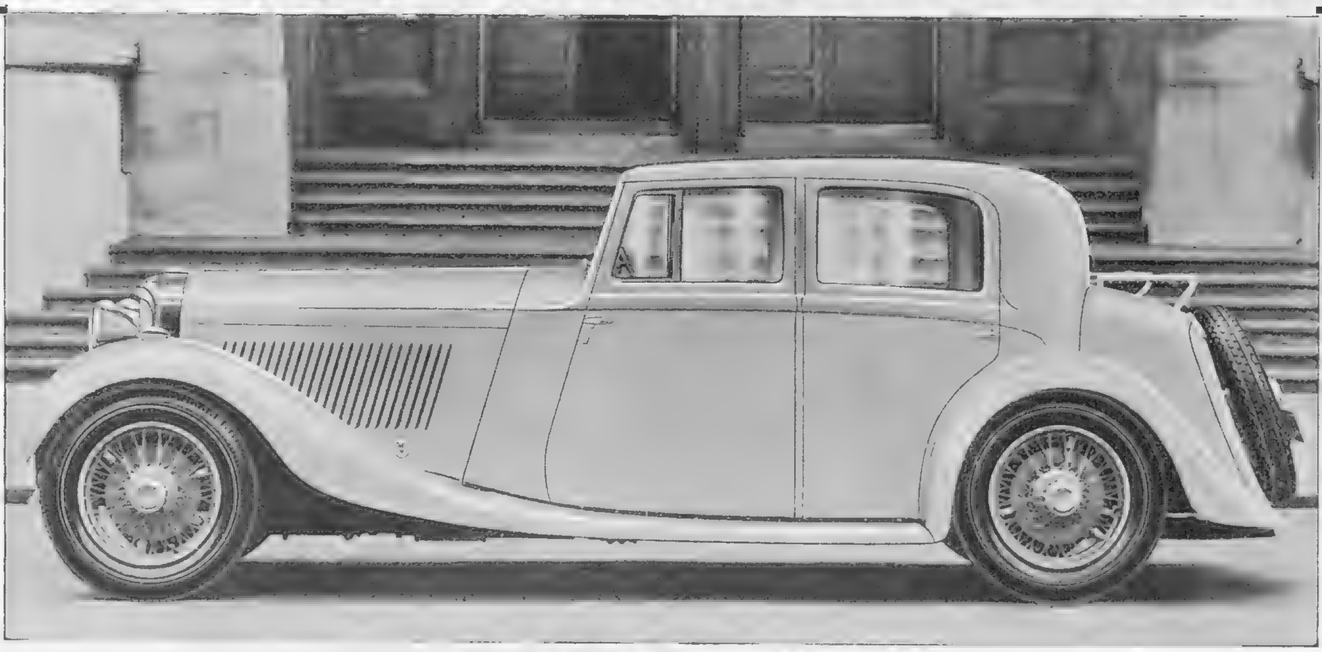

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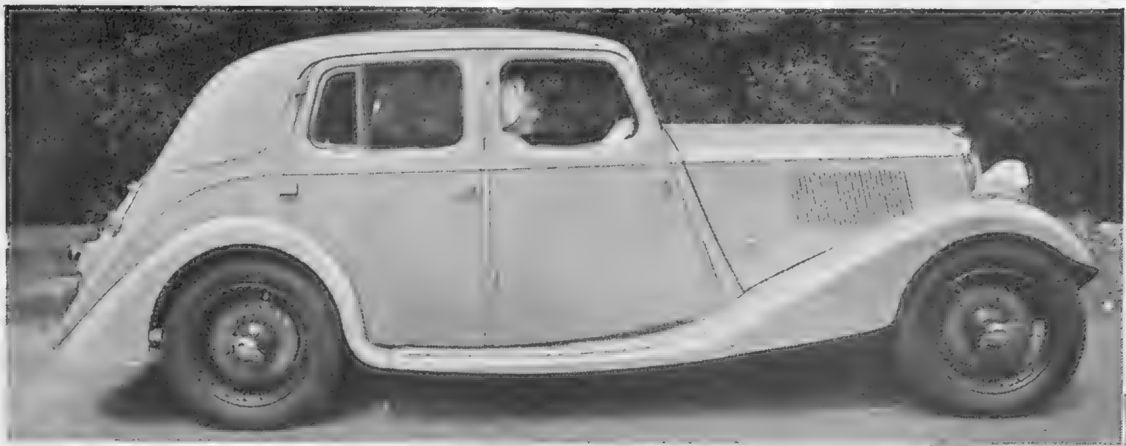


A RILEY is always a good-looking car, and the 15 h.p. "Falcon" is certainly no exception to the general rule. The price of this latest model is £365

A Remarkable *New* RILEY

The 15 h.p. "Six"

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE Riley Company seems to have a regular genius for turning out cars which, apart from the serious and solid merits which they may possess, are also exceptionally attractive both to look at and to handle. So much is this the case that, even if there was a Riley model—(shocking thought!)—with an inferior performance on the road, I verily believe that the public would buy it cheerfully on account of these very likeable features.

It is therefore hardly necessary to state, of the new 15 h.p. "Falcon," that it is a remarkably good-looking car. It would be no true Riley if it were otherwise. The coachwork is of stream-line type; but the effect is by no means aggressively modernistic. The word "sleek" gives perhaps the best "potted" description of the car's general outline.

Comfort has certainly not been sacrificed to obtain this result. The seating is luxurious, and there is plenty of head-room, even at the back. Foot wells on either side of the propeller-shaft housing are of value here. Leg-room also is ample, and the front seats can be pushed well back without cramping the rear passengers.

Enthusiasts may perhaps wonder whether, with its new "fool-proof" transmission, this latest Riley is as interesting to drive as were its predecessors. Personally, I still find it a car which can be driven with genuine pleasure. The road-holding is excellent, and one has a general sense of all the controls operating "just so." Even if mechanical skill is no longer necessary, good judgment can be exercised, and will always meet with satisfying response.

The 14·2 h.p. engine gives an excellent performance. It is a six-cylinder unit, having overhead valves operated by twin camshafts. It is at all times very smooth, and thus gives an unusually high cruising speed. It is possible to run, for instance, at a good 60 m.p.h. without feeling that the comfortable "revs" are being exceeded.

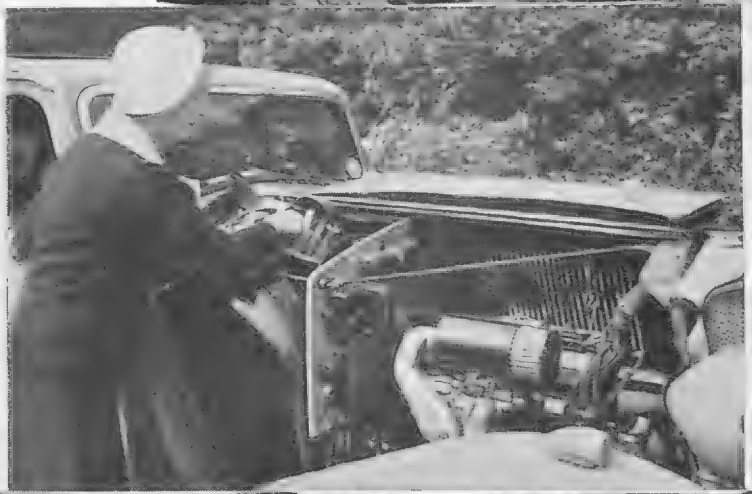
The maximum speed is in the neighbourhood of 75 m.p.h., which is certainly more than the average owner will ever require. Any reasonable gradient can be climbed in third gear, and in this ratio something over 60 m.p.h. can be reached.

The gearbox is of the pre-selective type and, of course, enables faultless changes to be made with absolute certainty. It should be remembered also that very *quick* changes are likewise (*Continued on page 82*)

The 15 h.p. RILEY in brief

Engine: Six cylinders; overhead valves, with two camshafts. 14·2 h.p. Tax £11 5s.
Transmission: Pre-selective gearbox, giving four speeds. Friction clutch, automatically controlled.
Performance: Third gear, 50 m.p.h.; top gear, 75 m.p.h.
Steering: Light, efficient.
Brakes: Mechanical type, good and smooth.
Springing: Semi-elliptic, comfortable at all speeds.
Coachwork: Of stream-line type, but plenty of space front and back.
Price: "Falcon" model £365.

THE stream-lined form of the coachwork has not prevented the designer from making the seating thoroughly comfortable. There is plenty of space and head-room. The hinged quarter-light is a good minor feature



THE engine is highly efficient, and has two camshafts to operate the overhead valves. The tool kit is stored in a very accessible position

THE pre-selective gear lever provides real "finger-tip" control. There is also an automatic clutch, so that driving problems are reduced to the bare minimum

THE rear panel opens, providing a really useful amount of luggage space. Under the floor of the luggage compartment, the battery is handy for inspection

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facilitated—so that there are real advantages for the expert driver as well as for the novice. Certain racing drivers have thought it worth while to employ gearing of precisely this same type.

The clutch mechanism is of especial interest. The method of operation is purely automatic. When the engine is accelerated, the clutch gently engages, and is disengaged again when the engine reverts to its "tick over" speed. Thus it is impossible to "stall" the engine inadvertently; a standing start can be made even in top gear, and almost anything can be done with the aid of the accelerator and brake pedals only.

It should be explained that the system involved is not hydraulic, a genuine clutch of the friction type being employed. This has the advantage that there is no "slip" when the car is running at its normal speed. On the other hand, it would be technically possible, by abuse, to "burn out" the clutch plates—although admittedly this would demand a degree of concentrated stupidity on the part of the driver which is not likely ever to be achieved. The mechanism is fool-proof, without actually being imbecile-proof.

The springing is semi-elliptic, and represents a real improvement. If my recollection serves me, some previous Rileys have been a trifle "hard" in their springing at low speeds. This new model at all times rides extremely comfortably, while the road-holding, as already mentioned, is as good as ever.

The steering is very definite, and at the same time quite light. A good point, in my opinion, is that this lightness is obtained by sheer efficiency, and not, as is all too common nowadays, by employing a very low steering gear ratio. This latter method is open to serious objection, especially when numerous sharp turns have to be negotiated.

The brakes are of great power, but do their work with a pleasantly smooth action. An interesting feature is that the chassis will take a smaller size of engine—12 h.p.—if desired. It is not likely, however, that many people will wish to take advantage of this facility, since the full-sized engine pays a tax of only £11 5s.

The price of the "Falcon" saloon model is £365, which is very reasonable when one reflects that this Riley definitely earns a place among cars of the "quality" class. Indeed, it should, in this respect, decidedly enhance its makers' already enviable reputation.

A New Wolseley Model

(*Continued from page* 79)

performance on the road. For a "Ten," it is distinctly fast, being able to reach 65 m.p.h. I did not actually record this speed myself, owing to the demonstration car loaned to me not being fully "run in," but I have it on good authority as being the genuine maximum. The equivalent figure, with the very useful third gear engaged, is around 45 m.p.h.

The gearbox has synchro-mesh third and top ratios, so that the changes most frequently made are entirely simple and fool-proof. Second gear is of ordinary type, and yet presents no real difficulty if used with reasonable intelligence. In pre-synchro-mesh days, indeed, one would have singled out this second ratio for high praise, as being exceptionally easy to deal with. Even to-day, it should earn general approval.

An interesting chassis feature is that very large tyres are fitted to wheels of unusual design. The latter should have the advantage of being very easy to keep clean, while the effect of the tyres is to make the car ride extremely comfortably over rough surfaces. Minor road shocks are absorbed; and the good work is completed by a thoroughly efficient set of semi-elliptic springs, with hydraulic shock-absorbers.

It might be thought that one disadvantage of the large tyres would be their bad effect on the steering. Most people can remember that, when "balloon" tyres—as we then called them—were first introduced, many cars suffered from steering troubles of one sort or another, ranging from slight heaviness of action to dangerous front-wheel wobble.

With this Wolseley, however, there is no trace of any unpleasantness. On the contrary, the steering is quite remarkably good. Very light and perfectly definite, it must be listed high among the attractive features of the "Wasp" chassis.

The brakes are hydraulic, and have all the virtues which their method of operation would suggest. They are perfectly progressive in their action; that is, the braking effect has always a direct relation to the amount of pressure on the pedal. They give plenty of power, and have a natural tendency to keep their adjustment for long periods without attention.

Thus the "Wasp" not only does all that can be asked of it, but does it in a smooth and efficient manner which the driver can hardly fail to appreciate. Reverting for a moment to the coachwork, the rear panel can be lowered to form a useful luggage platform, while at other times neatly housing the spare wheel. It is difficult to see how Lord Nuffield, and the Wolseley organisation generally, could have packed better value into a 10 h.p. model, within the price limits of £165 for the standard, and £178 for the de luxe saloon.

Trouble-Free Touring

(*Continued from page* 77)

dripping carburettor. A beautiful blaze, fortunately localised, was the immediate result!

To fill the sump with clean oil is always worth while, as most motorists now realise. Less generally known is the fact that, while on tour, one should *not* replenish the supply with an oil or oils of different brand. A mixture of oils, even the best oils, in the sump is never so satisfactory as a consistent supply of the one original lubricant. This has been proved, in the case of aero engines at any rate, by means of actual test running and examination.

In general, the week or so immediately prior to a tour should, for the motorist, be a time of "do it now" activity. If there is ever an occasion when the car deserves a little pampering and attention to its less obvious needs, it is surely now, when consistent, trouble-free running will contribute so largely towards the summer holiday's success.

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"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and the month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

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SANDWICH

is always

SATISFYING
and
NOURISHING

C.F.H.98

Ill Wind

(*Continued from page* 13)

There was a moment's breathless silence. He almost felt the Brahmin furiously thinking. He expected a trick, and when it came he knew it was one; but it was too subtle to be seen through in a moment.

"It is then your request that you shall see Miss Gilbert?"

"Yes. At once. And take her out of here."

"I have authority to grant whatever possible favour your honour chooses. Follow me, then."

A shadow, but it was solid and made a footfall, slid between John Lyons and the ruins on his right hand. Someone had overheard the conversation. That might portend anything. And in spite of himself he had asked a favour. They would grant it literally. Then what? Suddenly the Brahmin faced him in an echoing passage that plunged into cavernous darkness.

"The very holy one commanded 'any *possible* request.' You have made a request. Its possibility resides in silence. To be heard or seen by those who should not hear or see——"

"I will be guided by events. Lead on." He knew he had been heard and seen by someone who hurried away with the news.

The Brahmin's flashlight cast a thin ray forward—downward. The stairway turned twice. There were fifty steps, then a smooth-walled passage and a modern door of rare wood strongly made, well polished, fitted between ancient posts of black teak. Without ceremony he snatched the Brahmin's light and examined the place.

He was in a four-square chamber hewn from the rock. It resembled a dungeon except that there were monstrous faces carved deeply on the wall at one end. Light streamed through four of the eyes—dimly through two, strongly through two others. The Brahmin put his ear to a dimly lighted eye, and looked through the eye through which a stronger light came. Following suit, John Lyons discovered he could hear and see through an enormously thick wall into a chamber beyond. He looked straight into the eyes of Ann Gilbert.

She was seated at a plain teak table, frightened, evidently facing men whose backs were too close to the wall for him to see them. From the movements of her eyes he deduced that there were two men, or perhaps three. Ann's fingers pressed the table. She was speaking with restraint, but her voice came through the wall clear, dynamic:

"In the garden you said one thing. Now you propose something else."

A voice answered: "Perhaps you did not understand."

"I understood perfectly. You said I saved the high priest's life, and his religion obliges him to pay the debt at once or else be beholden to me in future lives, which he is unwilling to be. And I would not like him even to feel beholden to me. So I accepted your offer to come with you and make a request of my own choosing. I have made it. I ask for the return of the documents that were stolen from the drawer of Mr. Lyons's desk in his office."

"But they are not yours. You have never seen them. How could you identify them?"

"Mr. Lyons will identify them. Keep your promise."

"Did you not ask to see these ruins, which are forbidden to all but Brahmins? None but Brahmins' eyes have ever seen them. You shall be shown the lower crypt, where are kept greater marvels than you have ever heard of."

"I ask for those stolen papers. I said so in the garden when you made your offer."

"Is that loyal to your archæological associates, whose paid secretary you are? Was it not they who through you made a written application to inspect these caverns?"

"I suppose you mean your high priest hasn't as much influence as he pretends," Ann answered. "If you mean you can't recover those papers, why not say so? Keep your promise or let me go home."

Someone clucked irritably and then blew his nose. A different voice spoke:

"You expect to get out of here on your terms? Are you not afraid to speak thus insolently?"

Ann made no reply.

"An ill wind," said a voice near the wall, "blows on whomsoever asks too much but yields too little. A higher Law than any known to you compels our very holy one to grant whatever favour you demand. But take the consequences!"

Ann answered firmly: "Is that a threat? Very well. I will face the consequences. Keep your promise. Unless your bo[illegible]l influence is bluff, get me those papers."

Three Brahmins solemnly, in single file, passed out through a door at Ann's left hand. She sat still, drumming her fingers on the table. The Brahmin's right hand touched John Lyons's lips, commanding silence; he was about to shout to Ann nevertheless when astonishment gripped his throat. The door opened again and in walked Nava Bala. His eyes betrayed horror. He tried to retreat. The door shut with a thud behind him, almost catching his fingers. Then he braced himself, hesitated for a moment, and strode forward to the table. There was something bulky beneath his tunic that he held in place by pressure of his left arm.

Ann spoke. "I am very glad indeed to see you. But what does it mean?" Her voice shook. Nava Bala's terror had increased hers. He was trembling. Saying nothing, he unbuttoned his tunic and laid a bulky envelope on the table. Ann picked it up and examined the seals.

"Where did you get this, Nava Bala? You should have taken it to Mr. Lyons, shouldn't you?"

No answer. He seemed tongue-tied. He had probably been told he would find his sahib in there. Now he knew he was trapped—probably guessed he would be accused of the theft.

But what quick-thinking devils! Nava Bala must have scared the man he was shadowing, so they trapped him too—probably told him where to go to get something his sahib had lost. And so now the trick was obvious. An obligation had been literally paid. The high priest would incur, according to his view of it, no spiritual blame for the death of the three trespassers into a secret crypt held secret from profane eyes. No Brahmin would do the murdering. And the stolen memoranda—already studied, copied, perhaps photographed—would be "found" and returned with a smile to their embarrassed owners.

Action! John Lyons heard the Brahmin beside him slip off his sandals and start for the door barefooted. He stuffed the empty automatic into his pocket, overtook him and cracked his head against the door.

"Open!"

While the Brahmin fumbled for a secret latch, he shouted, hoping Ann could hear him:

"You and Nava Bala try to find your way out! I'm coming. I'll meet you. But get a move on."

The door opened. He discovered a bolt on the outside, slammed the door shut in the Brahmin's face and shot the bolt home. Then he turned and raced up the dark steps with his heart in his throat, breathless, his ears singing and his temples bursting with the effort.

Gasping at the summit of the steps, he charged into the moonlight. At the first turn of the steps he remembered having put the Brahmin's flashlight in his pocket. He fumbled for it and flashed it full in Ann's face. Nava Bala was behind her.

"Here," she said, "take this," and thrust a package in his hands. He was too breathless for speech until they reached the footgate in the high wall. There he shot one word at Nava Bala:

"Weapon?"

"Yes, sahib." He produced an automatic.

John Lyons opened the gate and led the way out into amber moonlight that cast impenetrable shadows. The shadows moved in the wind, but no man showed himself until they reached the road. The wheel-tracks had been smoothed out; there were no longer even footsteps in the dust. Suddenly two shots spat from a clump of bushes. One knocked the package from Lyons's hand; a third shot missed him as he stooped to pick up the package. Nava Bala answered with six shots from his automatic, slipped in a new clip of shells and stood waiting.

A horn honked nearby. Headlights glared through a cloud of dust and nodded along the dirt road. Ann shouted. A Ford touring car, with two Americans on the front seat, bucked to a standstill in a dust-cloud.

"Ann, is that you? What the hell have you been doing? Oh, is that you, Lyons? What's the trouble? Get in, won't you?"

John Lyons waited for Nava Bala, calling to him. Three more shots spat out of ambush. Nava Bala answered them with six, and John Lyons walked toward him, touched him on the shoulder.

"Come away," he commanded.

"Sahib——"

"Come, I told you."

He obeyed, and John Lyons shoved him into the back seat. The car whirled away and no one spoke. John Lyons used the little flashlight to examine the seals of the envelope, until at last he said, "My office first, if you don't mind." After that, silence again until they passed the sentry at the outer gate. Then he said: "Would you fellows mind waiting in your car while I attend to official business?" He glanced at Nava Bala in the corner seat beside him and gave Ann the key of his office door. "Go in and wait for me, will you?"

Nava Bala sat still.

"Very well, lean on me," said Lyons. A night watchman came on the run, but he dismissed him. He had to pull Nava Bala out and help him up the three steps to the porch and the office door. In darkness he found a long chair for Nava Bala and then himself turned on the light. Ann made an exclamation and started forward, but John Lyons stopped her.

"Temper the ill wind," he said in a low voice. "It's a case for mercy." Then he 'phoned for the doctor, asking him to come in a hurry. After that he held the heavy envelope toward the light. It had been slit by a bullet, but the seals were unbroken.

"How many years' service?" he demanded.

Nava Bala stared dumbly, then swallowed and spoke:

"Twenty. And so little pension, sahib."

John Lyons threw the envelope into the desk drawer. He left the drawer open.

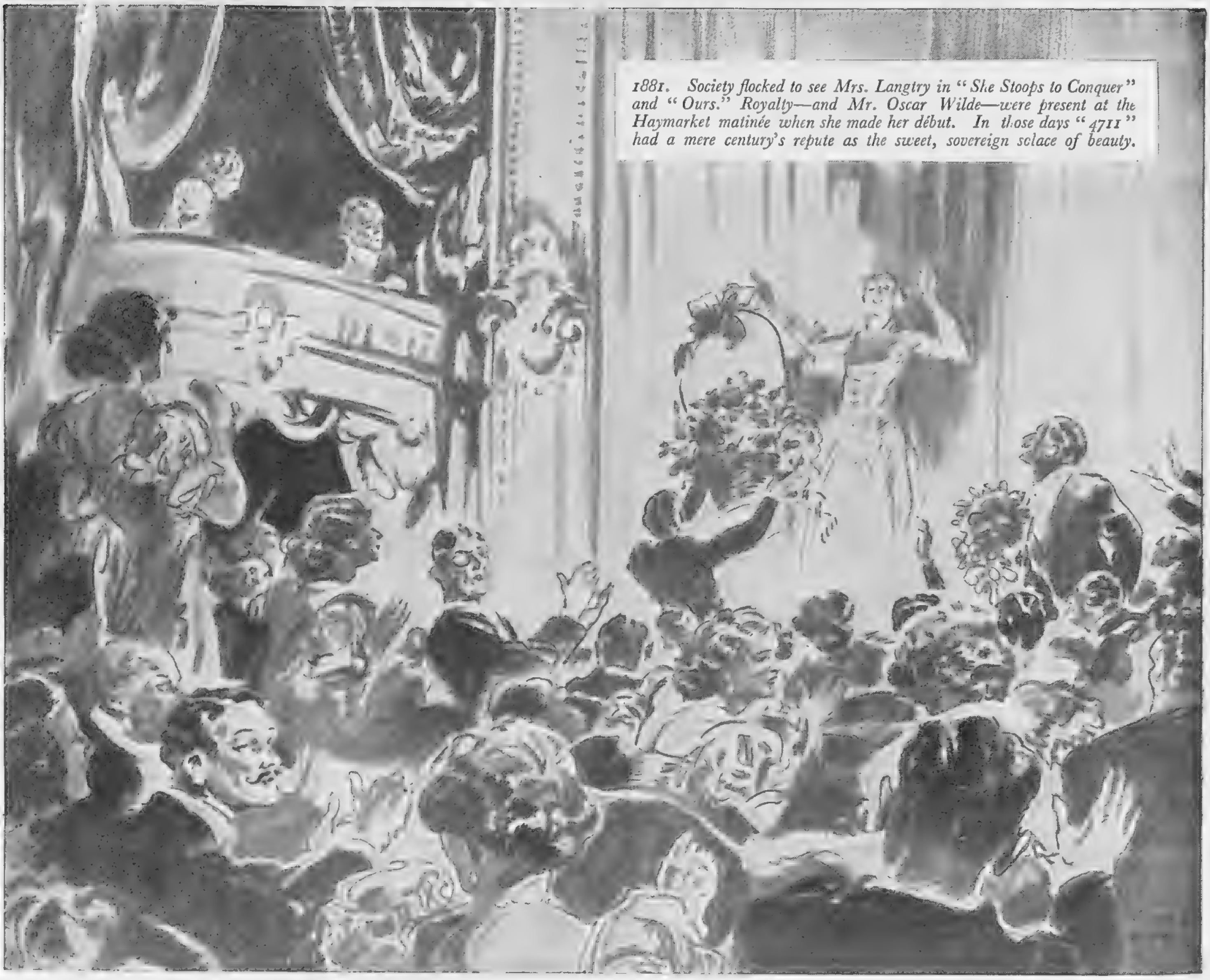
"Well?" he said. "Go on. Tell me.." There was blood on his hand, but it was not his own. "That bullet that hit you was meant for me. That makes the fourth time you've saved my life. I'm going to save your honour. But why did you betray mine?"

"Sahib"—he could hardly speak above a whisper—"it was told to me, that in that envelope are names—of men—most honourable—charged with——" He drooped, then summoned all his remaining strength for the last word: ". . . treason."

"So it seemed like honest money you were offered? Well, old fellow—thank you for having saved my life so often. You shall go on record as wounded while doing your duty."

He carried Nava Bala to his bedroom—summoned servants—gave what first aid he could. Then, presently, he returned to the office, took his resignation from the drawer and gave it to Ann, lighting a match while she read it.

End



1881. Society flocked to see Mrs. Langtry in "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Ours." Royalty—and Mr. Oscar Wilde—were present at the Haymarket matinée when she made her début. In those days "4711" had a mere century's repute as the sweet, sovereign solace of beauty.

WE THINK we are devils to-day, with our cocktails, night-clubs and cabarets. But the private parties they threw in the 'eighties made pretty public scandals, made our playing at pleasure seem paltry. If champagne flowed like water, they never counted the cost. And if opinions varied as to Mrs. Langtry's talent, there was agreement on "*4711*." Its virtues to-day are the same as yesterday—it has still the same cooling touch, dispelling headaches, defeating dullness. Locked in each pure drop of "*4711*" Genuine Eau de Cologne there is more fragrance than in a spoonful of its countless counterfeits. The fragrance of "*4711*" never stales, never changes, and only slowly fades. In that you will know "*4711*" Genuine Eau de Cologne from imitations of the common, cheaper sort.

PERFUMER
TO
H.R.H THE PRINCE OF WALES
BY APPOINTMENT

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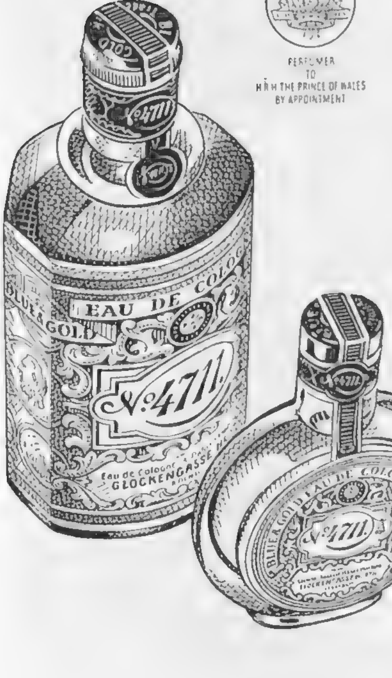

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covered bottles from
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Shape of Armageddon

(Continued from page 15)

Then I had a fleeting glimpse of a warrior and weapons of yesterday: myself, an 18-year-old in France, afraid in the night of the improvised jampot bombs hung around his waist, getting rid of them very quickly over the bays; driving over the Bovington moors a Heath Robinson tank whose plates cracked under machine-gun fire and whose tracks had a habit of getting disconnected from the gears, so that the thing once ran out of control downhill and nearly finished its crew; dining with airmen who cursed their slow machines; proud of the crack tank at Solingen after the war, a Mark V-star which with governors tied back actually touched 12 m.p.h., thereby creating a sensation at A. of O. sports. . . .

"You're lucky," I said to this boy who was more professionally serious about war before he knew it than I was after four years of it plus a year with an army of occupation. "Your war ought to be a highly efficient war—if you have a war."

"Do you think there'll be war?"

"The interval between the First and Second Punic Wars was twenty-four years," said I, eruditely but evasively. "That gives you seven years to go, if you believe that history repeats itself—which it seldom does. But it will wait for you. The French haven't finished their Chinese wall from Dunkirk to Toulon yet. Singapore won't be finished till 1940. Gas drill has only just started among the populations. Britain won't have her new air fleet ready till the spring of '37; and it will take the Germans even longer to build their land striking force of half a million. It will take Japan time to consolidate in Manchuria. The Yankee war staff has only got to the blue-print stage of its plan for conscripting three million men to fight overseas. Mussolini will need time to wage his East African campaign and clean up there; he doesn't expect a Nazi march down the Danube valley to the Brenner for another four years, I know. Battleships can't be hurried—the big navies won't be built to full strength, even as limited by the Washington Treaty, till near 1940. Besides, we're all broke. We all need time to accumulate war chests again."

But he wasn't listening any more. A Vickers-Vildebeeste torpedo bomber is one of the beautiful sights of our world.

WILL there be war again? Not, it seems, if our old friend, Franklin D. Roosevelt, is right in his philosophy. He thinks the way to stop war is to show the other fellow a club so big that the latter won't start anything for fear of what will happen if that club hits him.

It was headline news everywhere when President Hoover announced that the annual world bill for armaments had reached £1,000,000,000. Shocking! But the arms race had really only just started then. In May last I asked an official statistician at what he calculated current world expenditure. He coolly doubled the Hoover figure of three years ago. His calculations would fill half of this magazine. "Only approximate," he explained. "I can only use official figures and estimates, and they don't tell the whole story."

I saw what he meant. Most national expenditures are on record. But there are gaps and enigmas. Mussolini admits to £10,000,000 spent so far on his Abyssinian adventure; but the whole bill is more than that. The Ethiopian emperor is reported to have accumulated a war chest of £7,000,000 gold. One can only guess what actual annual expenditure in that African empire now amounts to. Not all Kemal Pasha's new defence works and artillery orders show in the official figures; and some of Riza Khan's air force programme must be sought away from that specific item in the national accounts. We know that Japan has a £67,000,000 naval building programme, but some of her war machine costs are camouflaged in Manchukuo state finances. As for Russia, experts can roughly estimate what her new air fleets, the new Vladivostok bases, that standing army of 940,000, and the other items of her war preparations must cost; but probably not more than a dozen men in Stalin's empire know the actual figures.

Germany, of course, is one gigantic war factory. One does not have to ferret about Germany's forests and lonely moors for secret factories and hidden hangars to get a glimpse of things. Look around Berlin. In the heart of the administrative quarter a gigantic new building is rising: the new Reichswehr ministry, headquarters of the war staff. At Schoeneweide, on the outskirts, an enormous new factory sucks in another 7,000 shift in serried ranks when the ordinary day shift flows out: that is the new airplane plant. On the lake shore at Muertizsee, on the northern outskirts, a line of new hangars and workshops, wired in, guarded: that's the new experimental station.

Every big German city that has not its own air-port is getting one now, and will have its own air squadron when Goering has his programme completed. Tens of thousands of the jobless are at work making broad new roads: all purely strategic. Recruiting is on a war scale. Special population groups are getting intensified training.

The drive to make the Teuton tribal lands self-sustaining is costing fabulous sums. The oil-from-coal plants have been enlarged and multiplied until to-day one-third of national fuel requirements are filled by the synthetic fuel from these giant distilleries fed from Germany's limitless brown coal deposits. Large laboratories have been created for the manufacture of synthetic rubber out of coal, acetylene, soya beans, and waste vegetable matter. At high expense the Nazis have brought Germany close to what they call "food freedom," otherwise agricultural self-sufficiency.

It would puzzle an actuary to disentangle armament from non-armament expenditure, even if he had all the figures; and those are not open to inspection. But one can fill the gap with the calculated comment that if armament work were to stop the Reich national economy would collapse.

The United States is still a democracy, and costs there should be clear at a glance. Yet for a trifle of £50,000,000 one has to refer to the innocent-looking public works fund, President Roosevelt having off his own bat diverted that sum from the Congress-voted fund to launch his tremendous 68-ships naval building programme. For sheer weight of money, America is probably the high-light of the world arms picture.

New expenditure on war preparations has passed the £200,000,000 mark. Land, sea, and air services are being expanded enormously.

THEY have decided that America's first defence line, or, if one prefers, advanced base for attack, lies 2,000 miles out in the Pacific, along the American-owned island chain stretching from Alaska to the Panama Canal zone. The preparation of that island chain for war is going to cost hundreds of millions before it is done.

The army got a boost of £10,000,000 last year, and is getting a boost of £20,000,000 this year, making a total army bill of £80,000,000. The navy's allowance was notched up last year by £38,000,000 to a total of £100,000,000. On top of that there is a special building allotment of £78,000,000. Sidelines are an army modernisation programme to cost £81,000,000,, and plans for expanding the mercantile marine (to serve the navy and maintain supplies in wartime) by 8,000,000 tons, to equalise Britain's 20,000,000 tons of merchant shipping.

The general war preparation bill will soar even higher if the war staffs have their way, and short-passage communication between Atlantic and Pacific for America's fleet and transports is ensured by the construction of a 172-mile-long canal through Nicaragua at a cost of £175,500,000. This projected canal would give America a waterway to take the place of the Panama Canal if Japanese submarines or seaplanes put that strategic canal out of action, obliging the Americans to send ships and supplies right round the toe of South America to the Pacific.

The war games to test plans and ideas for the great sea struggle between the American and the Japanese empires, if and when it comes, must cost many millions. America's game lasted six weeks of May and June, and took 134 warships, 450 warplanes, and 50,000 warriors 3,000 miles into the Pacific. The Japanese game this month is on an equally grand scale, and takes the bulk of the Japanese fleet into the same strategic area.

On the eastern edge of the north Atlantic the imperial British, controllers of an empire containing a fourth of the earth's inhabitants, and needing for its preservation the freedom of 80,000 miles of seaways and the integrity of the mother isle and its 50,000 000 people, watch, worry, and dig reluctantly into their deep pockets for money for bigger and better armaments in a dangerous world.

American insistence on huge battleships capable of steaming across the Pacific has obliged the British to build floating gun platforms 10,000 tons bigger than the maximum-size ones they wanted; and now Japanese and American building has forced them to start building up to the full Washington Treaty strength allowed them—15 battleships, 15 8-inch gun cruisers, 192,000 tons of 6-inch gun cruisers, 150,000 tons of destroyers, and 52,700 tons of submarines (the sky is the limit for war craft in other categories, including aircraft carriers, which can cost £10,000,000 apiece). They would rather build aircraft, which cost only from £5,000 to £50,000 apiece, with a "loading charge" of anything from £50,000 to £250,000, for preliminary research work intervening between blue print and production.

Britain's naval bases control the narrow seas through which Japan must pass to the Antipodes, to the Indies, and to Europe; but Singapore is the big brother of them all and the key to the system. To get beyond Singapore a hostile navy would first have to break through a great fleet of the biggest and most up-to-date hell-divers and torpedo bombers. It would then encounter the blast of the world's largest guns, mounted on the islet of Pulau. Finally, battered, it would come up against the third line, the British navy, steaming out to do battle from its impregnable base.

"Expensive, but worth it"—as the Frenchman observed to the German, as they stood looking at the new Hackenburg fortress barring the way to Metz, the show-piece of the great £100,000,000 steel-and-concrete bulwark the Gaul has built from Dunkirk to the Mediterranean to contain the aspiring Teuton.

If my sixteen-year-old embryo warrior had been six years younger, he might have asked, with some reason, just what it is all about, and why. As it is, I fancy he knows enough—having a passion for histories and maps. He realises that the first world war was inconclusive, that it seems only to have cleared the ground for the closer, more intimate clash of the great empires. He would be aware of what the average citizen often forgets, the militarists always remember, and governments dare not lose sight of: that ten imperialist nations have grabbed two-thirds of the world's lands, and brought a thousand million human beings under their sway; that these great empires have an economic basis which is imperilled in a machine civilisation where productive power increases while free markets contract; that any of these empires, stripped of colonies and possessions, would fall to minor rank among the nations, and might disappear; and that the modern world, for all its achievements in science and machine technique and organisation, remains a treasure house open to the looter once the armed guards are withdrawn or overpowered.

END

SUMMER DAYS

. . . are salad days!

There's nothing in the world that will do you so much good as salad. A nice crisp salad is good for the teeth. It's good for the blood, and the complexion. It builds bone in young children. It suits everyone's digestion. And there are hundreds of ways of making salads. Every day you can try a different recipe. If only you make salads a constant part of your food, you'll be a fitter, livelier person all the summer. The most important part is the dressing. A good dressing simply *makes* a salad. And in Heinz Salad Cream — made by a firm which is content with nothing but the best — you have a dressing superbly made, with a delicious flavour. Any salad is better for Heinz Salad Cream. Not only because of the flavour. There's the fine food value in Heinz Salad Cream which makes a scientifically balanced meal of any salad dish. Use Heinz Salad Cream generously. It's good for the salad. It's good for you.

If you happen to have plenty of new laid eggs, plenty of rich cream, plenty of pure olive oil — plus a certain cunning knack — you *mcy* be able to make something like Heinz Salad Cream yourself. But it's quicker and safer and cheaper and much more satisfactory to *buy* Heinz Salad Cream—the highest standard of purity and excellence, the orig'nal and best. *In three sizes 6d. 10d. and 1/1½d.*

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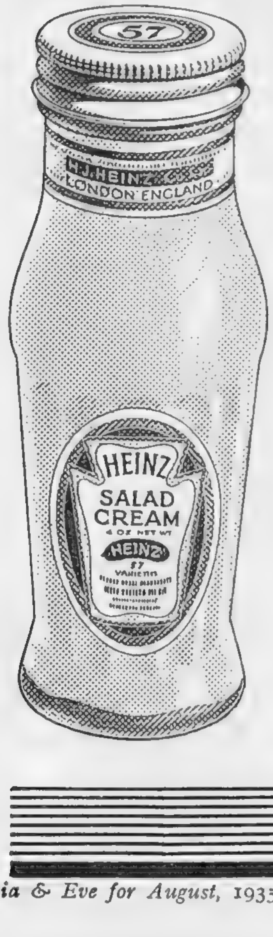

HEINZ

Salad Cream

57

Write more Letters

"Some write, confin'd by physic;
Some by debt.
Some, for 'tis Sunday;
Some because 'tis wet."

YOUNG—EPISTLES TO MR. POPE

But for whatever reason you write a letter—it is always a good deed. It brings you a good conscience, and gives pleasure to the recipient. Call at your stationer today and ask to see some Basildon Stationery, and if that doesn't tempt you to answer all those letters you've put off answering for such a long time—nothing will! It is really very inexpensive.

BASILDON

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Why be content with less than perfect health in the mouth? You *must* use *some* dentifrice; use the one that dental science endorses, fashion approves and comfort dictates. Use . . .

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TOOTH PASTE

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COUPON. *Send me a trial tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste.*

Name....................

Address....................

To Euthymol, (Dept. 33/85), 50 Beak Street, London, W.1.

East End Prince

(Continued from page 35)

—and never, never come down again . . . Oh, why can't Fairyland be true? Why isn't there really a Prince Charming? There are so many Cinderellas down our way!"

Now, you and I know—don't we?—that "Cinderella" is just the bunk. An insipid girl sits by a fire and stares into it, and everyone shouts "Cinders" to her. Then there is a nasty-looking boy called Buttons, who says he loves her, but who seems much more interested in making a fool of himself.

And there is a terrible bore called the Baron, who owes everyone money. And then the Prince comes along and, although everyone knows he is really a girl dressed up, no one shouts out "It's a girl!" but everyone pretends no one else knows. And then there is a pumpkin, a sort of thing never seen in England except at flower shows.

Oh, you know what nonsense it all is, except that you dare not say so. Nor dare anybody say so. . . .

But then, you did not see Polly Pearson as Cinderella, nor the kindly Vicar as the Baron, nor the curate as the taller of the Ugly Sisters. Nor did you go down to the East End that night and lose sight, for two hours and more, of the murkiness outside, and hear the laughter of the kiddies. Nor did you hear Polly sing "Two Little Girls in Blue," and join in with the kids.

It was an old song, and it was never a very good one.

But everyone knew it, anyway, and so the Vicar had said, "Let's put it in, because the audience will know it."

Polly was in a dream that third night, a long waking dream. She sang her three solos and her two duets with Prince Charming as though she were in a trance. She reproved Buttons, and she accepted the comfort of Buttons in her misery, after the two Ugly Sisters had gone to the ball, as though she had taken hashish.

And then, when the Fairy Queen came—no, it was not Betty Summers, the grocer's daughter, but a real Fairy Queen, she thought—one who really was turning all the woes of her wretched little life into one long blessedness

And then a crash came. It was the final curtain.

And Cinderella was not Cinderella. She was merely Polly Pearson. There was no Prince's ball, any longer, and no Fairy Prince.

In the wings there was the pumpkin on the floor. Someone had pushed the magic coach away. To Polly it was a symbol.

Life would always be pumpkins, henceforward. No more fairies. No more lights. No more crowds of children singing. And no more "Two Little Girls in Blue."

Steps to clean, "errands" to run, breakfasts to get, children to dress for school, children to take to school, children to bring home again. And nagging, and noise, and late night rows and Saturday evening brawls. No Fairyland, but just the East End, grim and pitiless.

"Don't cry, Polly," said the kindly Vicar. "Everything comes to an end, one day, my child. There's the Christmas tree, next week—and it won't be long before the summer treat."

He stood in the middle of a Fairyland that was disappearing. Around him the little ones were taking off their fairy clothes, becoming fairies no longer, but plain Maggies and Cissies and Janes.

Beside him still stood Cinderella in all the glory of a princess. On her head a coronet rested, not much of a one, perhaps, judged from Drury Lane standards. It would have looked pathetic in the Jewel Room of the Tower, but in the parish hall it cast little flashes of light on the walls and ceiling.

"Vicar, I want to ask you something," said Polly. And then she uttered a fervent wish.

Could she go home in the Princess's clothes? It was for "Three Nights Only," and she wanted the third to last as long as possible.

So back through the streets went Polly. People stared, but Polly rather liked that. They said things as she walked proudly through the streets. But Polly was used to the "Ohs" and the "Ahs" that had come from the children seated on the forms of the crowded hall.

Indeed, to make it last, Polly walked a long way round, a princess right to the glorious end of three nights of triumph. And then, going upstairs to her tiny room, where two younger children were fast asleep, Polly laid herself down on the bed, still a princess, amid all the drabness and the poverty, and cried herself to sleep.

"Wake up, Cinders!"

Her mother's voice, making a joke of her daughter's stage achievements, called her from the door.

"Come and get the kids off to school."

Polly opened her eyes. She saw first, as she always did when she woke up, the dirty ceiling. Then she saw the hideous wallpaper, stained and dirty. Then she saw the window, with its torn curtain and its blind all askew. And then, on the bed, she saw her princess's robes and the glass slippers on her feet.

"Hurry up, Cinders!" came the insistent voice from the staircase.

So Polly dragged herself from the bed, took off her royal robes. Cinderella was plain Cinders again. There was no palace, but just the kitchen. There was no dancing and music, just grim poverty, debts, work, slavish toil. . . .

Polly, with an infinite self-pity, threw her royal robes in the corner and went down to work. There was the breakfast to get ready, and the children to take to school, and then there was the eternal step to clean.

And then, when she was scrubbing, she heard a voice beside her.

"Good morning, Cinderella," said the voice. "I am Prince Charming."

Polly looked round and saw, not a fairy prince but a youngish Jew.

"I saw your show last night," he said. "A friend told me how good you were. So I looked in. Would you like to go on the stage?"

Polly did not say anything, for she did not know what to say. So, instead, she dropped the scrubbing brush.

"You've got a very good voice, Cinderella," said the young Jew. "I can give you £2 if you would come and sing for a week in my cinema. And then we might be able to have your voice trained."

Polly could not say anything. She was staring at the steps. And on the steps she saw, not the dirt stains or the soap, but a new sort of Fairyland. She saw a great, vast, gigantic theatre and thousands and thousands of people applauding and then listening—oh, so intently!—and then cheering again. And on the stage she saw herself—a real artist, singing, dancing.

Polly, on the doorstep, saw something which came true.

You all know her name now. It is not Polly Pearson. It is a very romantic name. I will not give away her secret.

But it has been seen in large letters on great posters right across Britain, and right across the United States, and in South Africa and Australia.

It is not the name with which Polly Pearson was born. Nor is it her real name, for that is a Jewish one.

The little Jew, you see, turned out to be Prince Charming after all. He was not very much to look at when she saw him first, and since then he has grown quite podgy—some people would say fat.

But he brought Fairyland, anyway, into Polly's life and kept it there. He raised her from the gutter and he made her famous. He gave her a vast multitude of subjects, a great multitude of hearts over which to reign. And what more could a Prince Charming have done had he been the son of a real king?

Don't sneer at "Cinderella" too much when next you see it. Sometimes, you see, it's true.

END

"... and since that day in Paris I'VE ALWAYS USED POND'S"

LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM

"WHEN I was seventeen I was at finishing school in Paris. In those days to go to the Opera was the biggest thrill in life. You can imagine my delight, therefore, when some friends of mother's who were staying in Paris, asked me to share their box for *La Bohème*.

"As soon as I had received the Principal's permission to go, I rushed to my bedroom to try on my best white taffeta evening frock—although the date fixed was still a week ahead. There disillusion met me! The frock was lovely, but my face was a sight. The cold weather we'd been having had made my skin horribly rough, while my hands looked as red and chapped as a flower-girl's.

"My friends were very sympathetic and one insisted that I used her Pond's. 'Rub the Cold Cream on at night and the Vanishing Cream during the day. You'll soon be all right,' she said. I looked at her own smooth skin and took heart. All that week I used Pond's Creams regularly and on the night of the Opera everyone said they'd never seen my skin look so nice . . . From that day to this I've always used Pond's."

Here is Lady Helena Fitzwilliam's beauty care — very simple, very inexpensive. Follow it yourself and have a skin as lovely as hers!

"Before going to bed — and any time when I make-up afresh — I cold-cream my face very thoroughly with Pond's, working it into the skin with an upward movement. When my face feels soft and relaxed, I wipe off the cream with Pond's Cleansing Tissues. The amount of grime Pond's removes from the skin is simply amazing. It seems to get it from the very depths of your pores.

"I never cease to be thankful for Pond's Vanishing Cream. I always use it on my face and neck and hands before powdering. Otherwise, I'd soon get dry skin and nasty little lines from exposure to the weather. You see, I hunt all the season and am always out-of-doors. In the evening, I like to use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a foundation for powder. It gives you that beautiful matt look and makes your powder cling twice as long."

Trial jars or tubes of Pond's Creams are only 6d.

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____

The French Spilsbury

(*Continued from page 17*)

after a difficult postmortem. Earlier on, he used to pass more or less out. You see, he is so dead keen that he won't take the usual measures because they might interfere with the exactitude of his calculations. He seldom uses a deodorizer, for that reason. Or even rubber gloves. Some people lose the sense of touch with gloves, and he is one of them. He will take the grave risk of bare fingers, if it is imperative that he should do so, rather than risk a miscalculation."

Sir Bernard shuns the limelight as almost alone the true scientist continues to do to-day. Did he commit murder, assuredly it would be of a reporter or a gossip-writer. Dr. Paul, on the other hand, has no use for the withdrawn life. A good "mixer," I have seen him seated heartily on the café terraces of Montparnasse, yarning away in boisterous Rabelaisian, centre of his little court. Nor is he so terribly averse to "the boys" (Press) or the news-reel. It is even related that on one occasion he deigned to officiate in front of them, when the autopsy was on a woman named Dervaux who had been cut in pieces by her husband. The seed of a grape, found in the stomach, meant much . . . and Dr. Paul showed how that seed should be treated.

It was nearing noon, and the Doctor was still talking about his Presidency of the French Spaniel Club ("I go to England several times a year to exhibit. The cocker is the clown of dogs—but also the best for the chase!"), when the conversation was successfully switched:

"Monsieur le Docteur, the medico-scientific influence in crime is assuming ever greater proportions—some think too great. In England a fear prevails that the proper workings of the law may be impinged upon by an exaggerated reliance on expert evidence. There was the case some time ago of the Brighton . . ."

"*Voilà!* The expert in pathology becomes the expert in observation who becomes the relater of facts revealed by medical science. Is it not so? Of course our job has grown and is growing parallel to advance in the minuteness of our work. There is no discussion on that head in France. The general opinion, and mine, is the following: while one cannot lean exclusively on expert opinion, particularly on that of a *médecin-légiste*, in declaring an accused person guilty, such evidence is a powerful contribution to the procession of irrefutable proof upon which judgment is based. One finds an individual dead. A knife lies near. The criminal will be traced by (*a*) expert autopsy: when, how and as result of what did individual die; (*b*) scientific enquiry: examination of weapon, of any traces, marks left; (*c*) police action: search for any who may have been interested in death of victim: where was knife acquired. A combination of (*b*) and (*c*) led to Landru's undoing. Tiny pieces of burnt bone were found among ashes at his villa in the country. He said he had hanged and incinerated the dogs of the last woman to stay with him. But the particles were found under the microscope to be human. My greatest cases . . . ?"

Dr. Paul made gesture as if to say, "What a question!" In point of fact, he has been in every famous case. He was in one recently when the condemnation of two men and a woman for the murder of a cashier rested on a flaw in the stitching of a handkerchief that had been placed over the victim's face. Search at the accused's home revealed other handkerchiefs with exactly the same peculiarity. And so it goes on, the medico-scientific aspect playing an ever more wonderful part in crime detection. In Paris, and under Professor Locard, at Lyons, are new laboratories wherein the spectograph and ultra-violet ray loom largely. This is the system of analysing substances by the minutest means yet revealed to man. All forms of commercial dusts and fibres, of animal hairs and soil and grass have been mounted on microscopic slides. The next advance hoped for concerns human bloodstains. This is another of Professor Locard's special subjects, and he feels that it is essential to be able to tell male from female blood, also to identify or the reverse blood-stains found and duly "sparked" or "spectrofied," with the blood-stream of an accused person.

Dr. Paul's method of work differs from Sir Bernard's on account of the absence of the inquest in France, circumstance by which greater responsibility devolves upon the Frenchman. On the discovery of a crime meriting expert intervention, Paul is forthwith summoned to the scene: he is usually among the first to arrive. Having made his calculations on the spot, he next receives the body for autopsy at the Medico-Legal Institute, where he arrives every day at 1 p.m.

"*Tiens!*" he interrupted the talk! "You can visit me there. Until this afternoon." (And he was gone to lunch.)

The new Morgue is a swell affair compared with the old. Situate between the Gare de Lyon and the Seine, it recalls the rose-brick college of the American small town. The air is rent by the gleeful shoutings of an adjacent juvenile school. Scriveners are not encouraged, but if you say you are looking for somebody, and deposit a hundred francs, the doors will open. A vestibule with saws on the walls. A corridor flanked by apposite statues. Everything very white and spotless. Ether in the air, botheringly so. You cross a *patio*, in garden form; read the device "By Science Is Humanity Instructed"; and you enter the *salle de reconnaissance*. This big, long chamber is divided up the centre by a glass partition. You go one side; the body is wheeled in on the other. It is coffined, and you look hard at it. About 2,000 come in a year. Prior to the autopsy, they are put in cells at freezing point. Afterwards, for three months while awaiting identification, they are transferred to cells at 5 degrees below zero (centigrade). Well, that was that. See everything once.

Dr. Paul works next door. Assistants execute the routine and commonplace autopsies, the Doctor having only to affix his signature—in which connection Paris tells one of her mischievous tales.

Dr. Paul (entering examining magistrate's office): "Well. It's a suicide!"

E. M.: "But you are certain? The criminal has just made a complete confession!"

Actually, Paul enjoys the public confidence in an exceptional degree since he took so firm a stand over the Prince case. The judge, it may be remembered, was found drugged and roped down to the main P.L.M. line near Dijon. He was pretty well cut up, but the police insisted that there was sufficient evidence to warrant a suicide conclusion. This was coming about, when the outraged widow demanded a second examination of the remains by the six best-known pathologists. Dr. Paul, though a police official, absolutely refused to side with the suicide nonsense. "Those who still hold that view," he delivered himself, "are either idiots or of bad faith."

Having sent his report to the examining magistrate, the Doctor may have to attend at the reconstruction of a crime, when it is he who takes the leading rôle. With the accused looking on, he demonstrates his version of exactly how the crime was committed. English law, of course, knows no such performance. Finally, there comes "the French Spilsbury's" appearance at the trial, and here we come upon a marked resemblance to Sir Bernard. The Frenchman carries himself in every bit as *certain* a manner. It may get the lawyers' backs up, and often does, but there you are. It seems to be the scientific way. I remember Paul at Landru's trial 14 years ago, at Versailles. Amazing case. It lasted 23 days, with a new murder every second day, and we correspondents used to have a special train out from Paris. And how our tickets were sought after! Among my guests were C. B. Cochran, Mistinguett, Orpen and Maurice Chevalier.

"Doctor Paul, 52 years old, 52 rue de Varenne." The words are always shot out, with a bow, as he comes to the bar to testify. The judge smiles greeting; there is an unmistakable stir in court; prisoners have even been heard to call: "Sit down! I want to see him!" Paul expels his findings in staccato tones. He may have to face counsel, on which occasions he shows himself the artist in courteous suavity.

"*Mon cher Maître. . . .*"

He never argues with the defence, always seeks to appear entirely detached and fully open to fresh conviction no matter whence the argument should come. Nevertheless, as in Sir Bernard's case, so here: one derives the very definite "What-I-have-said-I-have said" keynote.

And after the case is over Paul is discussed by *Tout Paris* as if he were a Chaliapine or a Robeson. "*Ah! si vous aviez vu Paul à la Cour d'assises! Quel virtuose!*"

Very few of his admirers see him in the last act. That is when he claims the bodies of all the guillotined in order to study their brains and other things.

Away go the beheaded remains in a galloping horse-drawn van. Followed by Dr. Paul, his car dimly visible in the first gleamings of dawn.

At Landru's execution, we could hardly see a thing through the February mist: just some object in a white shirt being thrust quick-step forward at an acute angle. I counted five on the fingers of my right hand from my first view of Henri-Désiré until the guillotine fell. I had expected to go on counting with the left hand, but it wasn't necessary. Five seconds. And men and women had stayed up all night, hundreds of them, at windows adjoining.

Hollywood Re-discovered

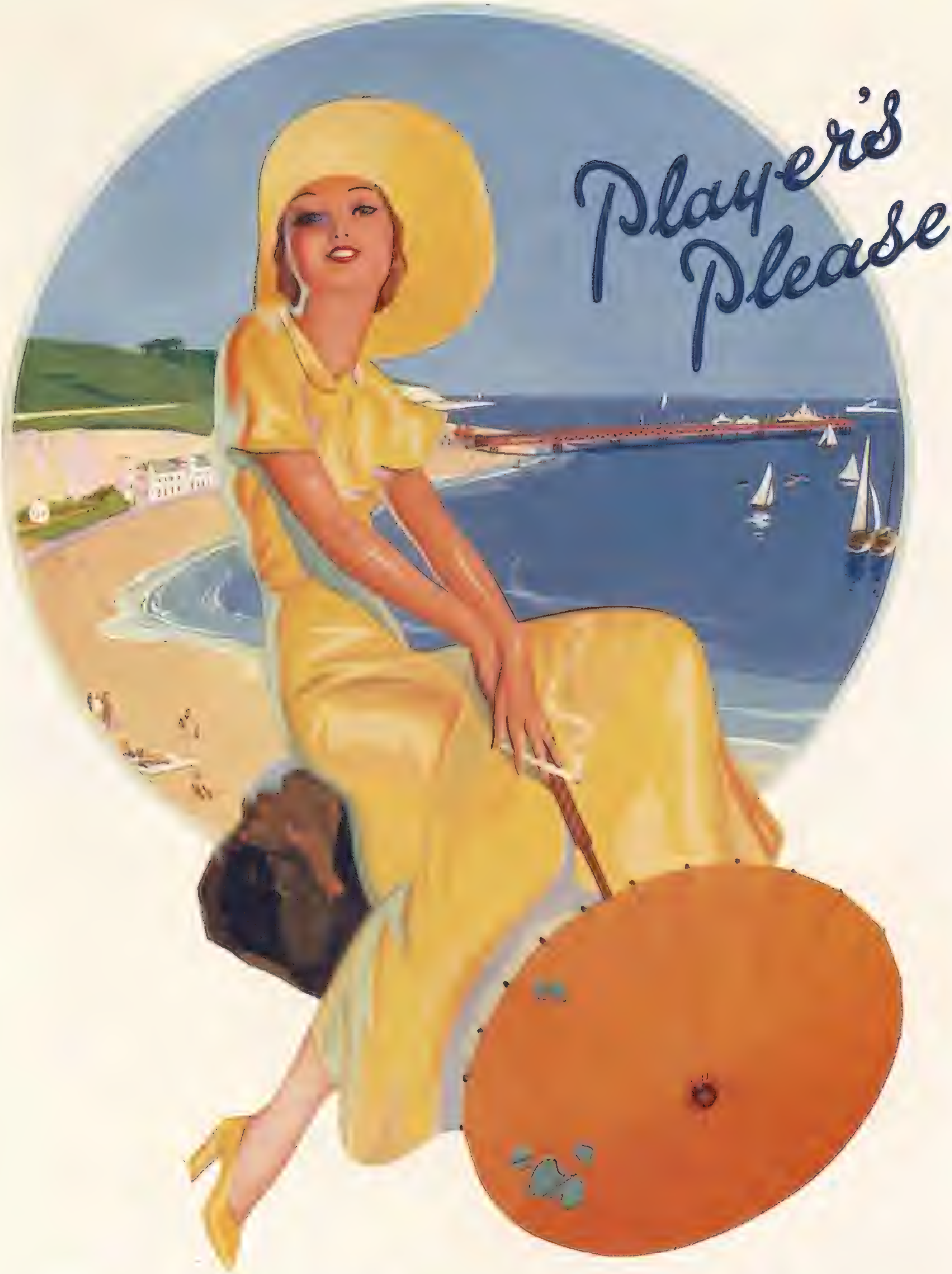
(*Continued from page 23*)

sheltering under gaudy umbrellas designed to intensify the rays of the sun, and looking like a field of multi-coloured mushrooms. To myself I thought: "I have never been to this place before." Already the snaky-hipped pipes that were to pour several hundred tons of oil into the ship's tanks were being fixed in position. Away on the hill to the left rows of neat grey pillboxes proclaimed the presence of oil, all ready to fulfil its purpose in life.

The customs shed was busy. Cars were driving away already. The foolish ones who had rashly inserted an odd bottle or two of liqueur brandy into their baggage—"So cheap, my dear; I simply *must* take some on shore with me. Nobody will *ever* say a word!"—were being led firmly to the hut where the chief customs officer would shortly part them from some of their money, or remove the brandy. "How long does it take to drive to Hollywood?" About an hour, one was informed, with good going. Quite a trip.

So into the waiting car, and away. Making a detour, we went north through Long Beach, where most of the buildings are twelve storeys high, earthquakes or no earthquakes, and where there is a new pavilion, in excellent grounds, built on a concrete floor right out over the ocean.

(*Continued on page 93*)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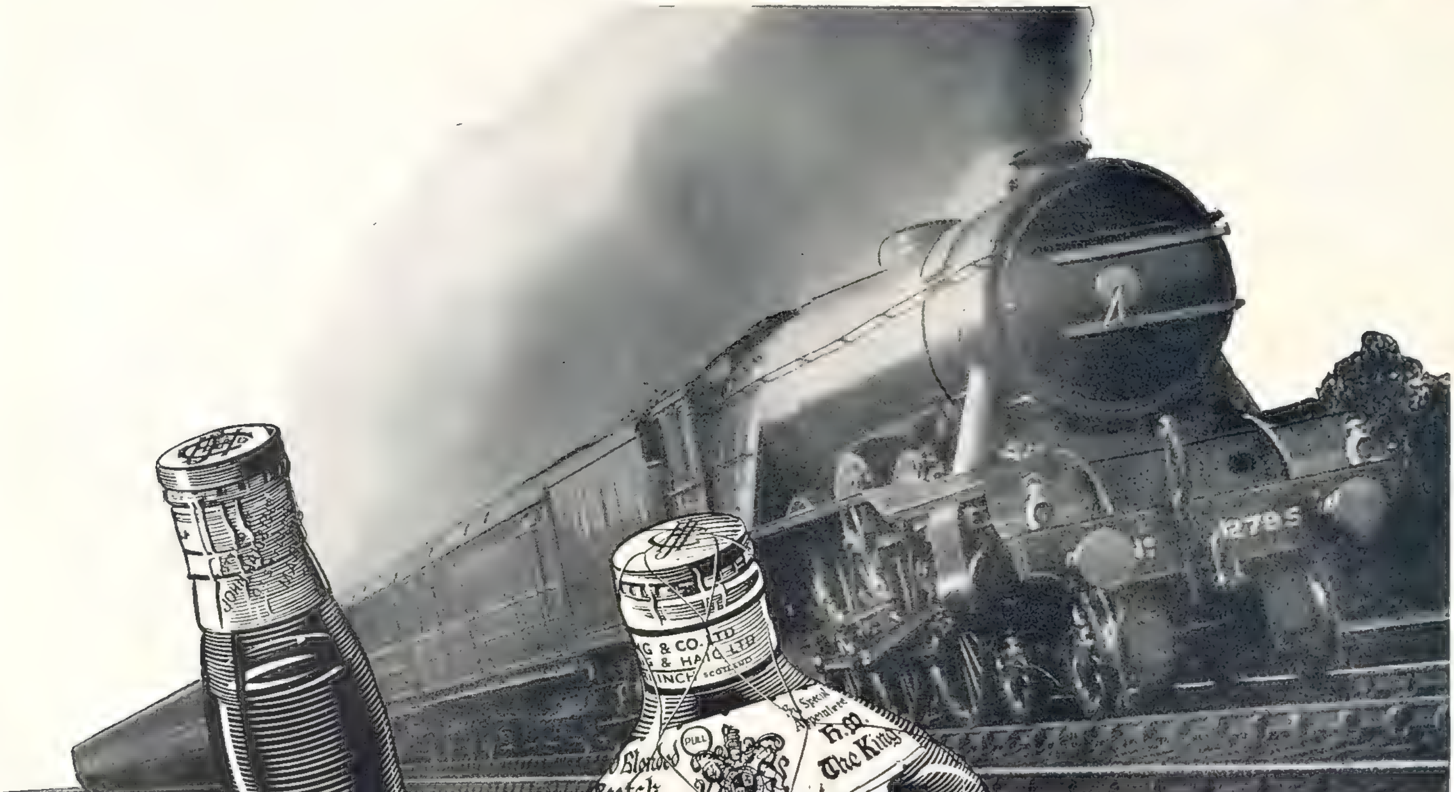

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ON THE TRAIN

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

Oil fields lie between the sea and Hollywood. Signal Hill, with a forest of derricks pointing to the sky, is a landmark for miles. It was peaceful, as we went along, with only the chugging of busy engines in each derrick to indicate that some vital work was going forward.

On the hillside a new apartment building announced itself as Montecito. On a streamer crossing Hollywood Boulevard from the courtyard of the Chinese Theatre, "David Copperfield" was advertised in electric-light letters. But the feeling persisted that the place was new, that there were many things to see which had not found a part in Hollywood on other visits. A single lunch party put me wise about one of those things, for everyone was talking about just one place—Santa Anita.

"Have you been to Santa Anita yet? . . . You *must* come with us to Santa Anita. . . . Don't you think Santa Anita is quite the most fascinating place in this part of the world?" Having ascertained that Santa Anita was a racecourse, and not a mission or a mammoth hotel, I knew that this was something nobody in Hollywood could afford to miss.

I went to Santa Anita. In the car of Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson I was driven the thirty-odd miles that separate Hollywood from its new play-spot. We went, for my benefit, through many miles of orange groves. By good luck, it was the time of year when blossom and fruit may be viewed simultaneously on the trees, and the perfume of that blossom creates, on petrol-spattered roads, an illusion of Paradise.

The racecourse lies close to the foothills. It is very well planned, with a fine club house, a cocktail bar in which every fitting is de luxe—and that goes for the prices, too. The betting is on the pari-mutuel plan.

Hal Roach, who makes film comedies and gave the world Messrs. Laurel and Hardy, not forgetting Our Gang, is one of the chief spirits behind this racecourse. On the boxes are such names as Robert Montgomery, Clark Gable, Bing Crosby, Constance Bennett; inside the boxes these celebrities, with bunches of friends, sit in tense excitement, thrilled over a win of a few dollars. Some of them own racehorses themselves. Connie Bennett became the proud possessor of a horse called Rattlebrain; it disgraced itself, on one occasion, by failing to "show" in any sense. Later, I was told that Rattlebrain pulled itself together and romped home at a good price.

Clark Gable owns Beverly Hills—the horse, not the village. Beverly Hills, so the word went, showed considerable reluctance to reach the winning-post ahead of its companions. It *liked* being in the centre of a crowd, unlike its master, who had enough of crowds on his last Personal Appearance Tour to last him for the rest of time.

We lunched in the open air, on a terrace, under a gorgeous orange-and-blue umbrella. We purchased scores of two-dollar tickets, and threw most of them away after each race. By the time the eighth race was being run there was the last glow of a Californian sunset away in the west, and the most silver of moons was rising slowly behind the snow-capped mountains while a breeze sent the perfume of millions of sprays of orange blossom floating across the grandstand. . . .

The Rose Bowl, in Pasadena, does not hold flowers, unless imagination turns a mob of many thousands of humans into bunches of animated blooms. This Rose Bowl is an immense stadium. They use it for football, baseball and the annual Rose Day performance. No matter what the occasion, that place is packed. On Rose Day a procession about two miles long winds its way through lovely Pasadena, inhabited mainly by millionaires, and ends up in the Rose Bowl, cheered by thousands. It is done on the same lines as the Battle of Flowers in Nice.

After watching a Sunday afternoon baseball match in this magnificent Bowl, I was driven through and round the hills, past Glendale, so on to San Fernando (there is a beautiful old mission just outside the little town), and then to Bakersfield, where Hoot Gibson has a ranch which is the setting for many exciting rodeos. From Bakersfield it is not far into the desert; it was considered important that I should see the yucca trees (or is it plants?) in full bloom. I'm glad I saw them. Such feathery white loveliness seems not of this earth.

Joshua trees decorate the desert, too. Many people like them. I find them horrible, with their twisted limbs, grotesque and stunted, in the midst of so much beauty. And the things that grow at the end of each contorted branch look for all the world like crazy hedgehogs.

An octagonal contraption, with a revolving sign on its roof, marks Mr. Carpenter's restaurants. There are no windows, no doors. Only a high counter, some diddler machines, draught beer, and a cute collection of menus, slung above each of the eight sections of these eateries. The fact that they "*grind their own Hamburger*," chez Carpenter, is a definite inducement to pull up the car and sit'n eat.

Later, we met the Round House, complete with signal, and half a perfectly realistic railway engine protruding from the red wall of the building. We went in, mainly because I *had* to know if the rest of the engine was sitting inside. It was not. But the chicken and ham sandwiches were good. You may "Eat in the Hat" in Hollywood, if you feel inclined. After the hat-eating that goes on between film stars, who are constantly promising to "eat their hats" if So-and-so does not turn out a colossal flop, it must be quite a relief to eat *in* the hat. The Brown Derby is the place where this is made possible. It was the first of three existing restaurants of the same name.

I have always liked the Chinese Theatre, especially on film first nights, when mobs line the courtyard and roadway, bawling insults at the defenceless film celebrities, as they dive from their cars into the theatre. Now I have met the Greek Theatre, out towards Pasadena. It is dignified and has seating accommodation for over two thousand visitors. Another open-air entertainment centre, in this climate that is simply *made* for picnics—"Don't hesitate to fix the day weeks ahead, dear; it won't rain"—is the Hollywood Bowl.

Twenty-five thousand people go there every Easter Sunday. In the darkness they move silently to their places. Dawn begins to break behind the quiet hills. A patch of whiteness on the hillside behind the shell that covers the platform gradually forms itself into the sign of the Cross. It is the choir. Dawn arrives in silence. The faint rosy pinkness that heralds the sun tints the topmost ridge of hills. From far away, it seems, comes a long-drawn-out trumpet call; thrilling, chilling, it sounds as though it is really calling the dead from their graves.

As it fades away the sun appears above the hills; the world is bathed in golden light; and twenty-five thousand people rise to their feet, as one entity, singing a hymn of praise.

Half an hour away, down in the heart of Old Los Angeles, stands the Plaza, which marks the central point of the city. Once, all that was Los Angeles was just this simple square, with its Mission and a few old adobe houses. It was there the pilgrims who wandered from South to North of California, founding missions and starting cities as they went, made their resting-place. To-day, the Plaza is the centre of the Mexican section of the town.

One of the most interesting sights in that part of the world is the old Spanish street that has its beginning on one side of the Plaza. It is known as Olvera Street. It has a cobbled roadway, and there is a roughly-hewn grey stone cross where the street starts. America, and things American, are far away. Stalls, gay with colour, line the roadway; the goods they offer for sale come from Mexico and Spain.

Women in the picturesque costumes of old Mexico stand at little stoves cooking *tortillas, enchilladas, chili con carne*. There are many attractive shops in the old-world houses that line the street. One, in particular, is the Shop of the Candle-Maker. It is in a basement, entered down a flight of stone steps scattered with candle-grease of every colour.

Nearly next door is the Puppet Show, which attracts visitors from all over the world. Film stars go there, sometimes, to see themselves in the form of puppets dancing on strings, instead of obeying the commands of a director and a cameraman. There are two good restaurants, with music and dancing and spicy food. And there is the old Adobe House, oldest building in Los Angeles, with a tattered flag swaying above its doorway. It has been turned into a museum, full of curios. One shops in Olvera Street while bands of musicians in Mexican costume wander up and down.

All the world has heard about Beverly Hills. It is a place to be seen and—possibly—believed. Driving along the roads that wind high into the hills, with the palaces of celluloid millionaires dotted about the landscape, it is hard to convince one's self that all this elegance is real. It looks so much like a scene out of a play, or a slice hacked from some exhibition. The houses are so ornate, the palms so sweeping, the avenues stand in such proud grandeur, with four-figure cars scooting along their smooth roads.

But do not be misled about Beverly Hills. This place is not *all* hilly by any means. Actually the townlet of Beverly Hills, with its tiny station, lies in the valley. Wilshire Boulevard to the south, and Santa Monica Boulevard to the north, mark the extent of the town that is called Beverly Hills. From there, the Avenues start to climb, and although some of the film stars have their homes in the valley, the majority prefer the seclusion of the hills.

Two of Hollywood's proudest possessions are Mount Wilson Observatory and the new Griffith Planetarium, on the hills just above Hollywood Boulevard. Mount Wilson is the other side of Pasadena, but Hollywood regards it as its own, none the less. Several times I have tried to get to the observatory, perched on this mountain; each time the road has been open to *down* traffic only, and it has been impossible to wait until the single permitted line of vehicles would receive permission to travel upwards. But I've seen the pictures—and I know that in this observatory is the largest telescope in the world.

As for the Planetarium, it looks like a Moorish building, and has three rounded roofs, bright golden in colour. They are mounted on white turreted walls, and the sun's rays shoot from those roofs in dazzling style. The building was not quite finished when I had to turn towards home; I hope to go over it next time. A trip from Hollywood to Los Angeles reveals several cat and dog hospitals, which abound in that part of the globe. There may be seen, also, Gay's Lion Farm, the only one of its kind in existence. Studios in need of cultured lions, guaranteed to behave with complete decorum even when lashed by the sarcastic tongues of infuriated directors, apply to Mr. Gay and he delivers the lions in a neat covered van.

Our Serpentine-Lido has a rival out in California, for at Griffith Park there is a very large, very blue-tiled open-air swimming bath, where thousands of sun-scorched city slaves take a daily plunge. It has a sun terrace, and some neat bathing houses, all over the whitest walls and the reddest of Spanish-tiled roofs.

Then comes Los Angeles, with its surging streets, so horribly like trenches seen in a nightmare. On Main Street, so I found, there are twenty-four-hour film theatres, which have never closed their doors, day or night, for years. The price of admission is 5 cents (2½d.). Your nickel buys a spot in which to sleep, for as long as sleep will be wooed; and though the atmosphere would yield to treatment with a pair of scissors, there *are* human beings who can, and do, sleep in these palaces of amusement. More than one film star whose name glitters in lights all over that tempestuous town has known what it means to pay 2½d. a night for bed—minus breakfast.

Odyssey of Sport

(*Continued from page 51*)

"Fives," challenged Noah, and sure enough he had Swarbreck stitched.

"Well, knock if tha canna go," chided Bill Entwistle, who, rebuked by the referee, told that worthy to "Go to hell." Swarbreck, finding no inspiration or help in his pipe, rapped his knuckles, bit a willowy moustache and drew greedily upon his philosophy, what time he kept a gimlet eye upon an excusably chortling Noah, who, unworthy of his reputation, miscalculated by bringing up 3's, which to the squat immobile Swarbreck was as manna from heaven: he made it 6-5, throwing a wink as if to say "He's out of 5's and that 6 of mine is t' last."

"Canna go," admitted Noah.

"Nor me neither," replied Swarbreck. "Come on, let's count up."

"I will that," came the quick answer. "Three . . . 2-1 and a double-blank. What's tha gettun?"

"Six . . . t' double-three."

"And serve him reet: he should have got rid o' it when he had t' chance instead of playing Owdham"—so it was voted by all and competent critics. And with this rider: "A fellow who canna see further than his nose asks for trouble and ten to one he gets a load o' it."

In the second game, however, Noah gave the enemy such a prodigious Roland for his Oliver that he romped home. But in his ecstasy, I suspected that a third pint was his undoing: he lost the rubber, saw the stakes paid over and silently suffered to be told that he had played without a "napper."

"What really happened in that last game?" I inquired of Noah, who, having by the aid of several "I dunna mind if I do" recovered speech, explained "It were like this here. I reckoned as how I'd stitch him and leave him t' double-6, but somehow in t' excitement I had forgotten that he'd played it. I weren't fuddled. I were just a bit too much on edge, sort of took things for granted."

"That's all mi eye and Peggy Martin," broke in Harry Worth. "Tha were beaten all ends up; and instead of scriking, match thi sen against Swarbreck again, and just to show thi there's no ill-feeling I'll back thi for as much as I've got."

Thereafter until "Time" a score or more of the best, if the queerest, sportsmen in the world sat and stood around to further dissect the knights of the ivories with unexampled thoroughness, and this discovery did I make: the loudest shouter carried most conviction. There was no agreement to differ. "I tell thi tha knows nowt abowt it," however, was not intended, as might be supposed, to be sheer provocation to an "up and downer": merely that an opinion was to be betted on. Thus: Joe Crankshaw, having declared that he had "t' best pigeon over a straight mile in Lancashire," was told by Bill Pendlebury not to "talk daft," with the result that he gambled a level pound that "I've got one to beat thine."

"Has tha?" questioned Joe.

"I have an' all," replied Bill.

If I could but recapture that night at the Dun Cow and live again the days I spent in the Lancashire of which I write and know so well!

END.

Books

(*Continued from page 55*)

and outward sophistication a proof of inward ingenuousness, let us pass on to the works of more decorative novelists. *A War Without a Hero*, by G. E. Trevelyan (Secker, 7s. 6d.) tells, in a well-educated but slightly monotonous voice, the story of a jaded lady from London who settled among the lonely fisherfolk of a Channel Island. Miss Trevelyan is a clever writer, but her book is not very easy to read or to recommend. Its jerky style produces a fatigue which its lack of enthusiasm does not help one to forget, and in the end one lays aside the volume with respect but no very lively regrets.

When the reader is aware of the author's literary ambitions, it usually means that the author misapprehends his goal. Mr. Thomas Washington Metcalfe's *Port of Heaven* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.) is an exciting romance of old Scotland, treasure islands and pirates, and the seaboard of the Pacific, but it would have been improved by a less choice and more rapid style. In other words, Mr. Metcalfe would write a good deal better if he didn't write quite so well.

Purveyors of thrillers are not often set up as model stylists, but the efficient narrative prose of an author like Mrs. Agatha Christie seems to me to be a more desirable medium than the laboured language of certain novelists who, possibly, despise her. Indeed, after reading *Death in the Clouds* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), I am impressed once again by the common sense, good humour, and astonishing ingenuity possessed by Mrs. Christie and one or two—but only one or two—of her rivals in the invention and detection of crime. Her new book is full of traps, especially for the careful reader who is fond of congratulating himself too early on the little clue that no one else will have noticed. At the same time, she plays the game with scrupulous fairness. To the wholesale devourer of detective stories, the quality of the meal hardly matters, I suppose. My own digestion, in this respect, is rather weak, and I appreciate Mrs. Christie's light and tasty meal.

Other new novels deserving attention are *Blood Relations* (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.), a very long story by Sir Philip Gibbs, told in his customary pleasant manner and maintaining its interest remarkably well for nearly 500 pages; *They Lived* (John Murray, 7s. 6d.), a notable, if not entirely satisfactory, attempt by Mr. E. Thornton Cook to tell, in the form of fiction, the story of the Brontë family, and the first six volumes in Mr. Secker's new series, "Half-Crown Fiction," which reissues successful novels in a highly attractive form. Mr. Ivor Brown's *Years of Plenty* is No. 1, Mrs. Viola Meynell's *Second Marriage* is No. 2, and Mrs. Willa Muir's *Imagined Corners* is No. 4.

All authors know that the short story is once more fashionable; whether readers have heard the news is not so certain. Several volumes of short stories have made an appearance of late, and they at least show that publishers can no longer be reproached for discouraging a beautiful and important branch of the art of fiction. I have been particularly interested in Mr. Neil Bell's *Mixed Pickles* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), not only because the stories are entertaining, but because they reassure me about the writer. Mr. Bell's more recent novels have seemed to me to typify the danger of writing at great length. His volume of short stories shows that he can still make his points and get his effects neatly and quickly, and I dare to express the hope that he will make it a new starting place and write another excellent novel while still firm in the belief that 200 words are generally worse, and not better, than 100. There are twenty-two stories in *Mixed Pickles*, as well as a longish preface which is the best tale in the book.

The other volume of short stories is *Stained Angels*, by Felton Elkins (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), a collection of sixteen highly sophisticated tales of fashionable people against romantic backgrounds. Mr. Elkins writes with a good deal of skill, but with exasperating regularity sets himself to do the kind of things which are not worth doing. The chief of these is to write like Mr. Michael Arlen—an ambition abandoned nowadays by even Mr. Arlen himself.

END

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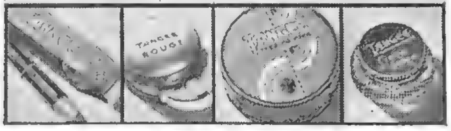

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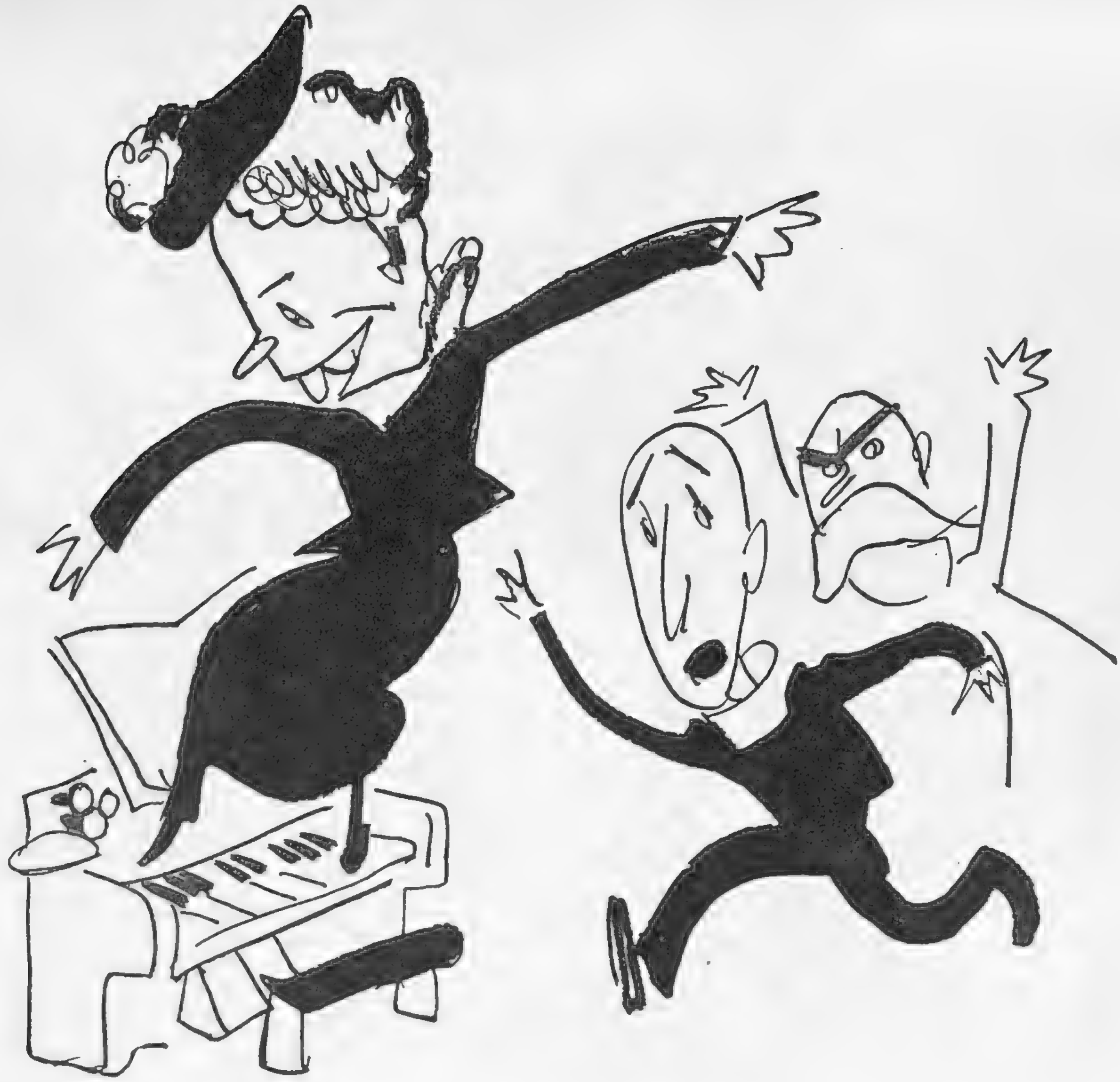


A harmonium player of Leicester,
When the zest of Schweppes Tonic posseicester,
    Used to stand up and beat
    On the keys with her feet
Till the Vicar and Sidesmen suppreicester.

Schweppes
TONIC WATER

- does you Good

What is India?

(Continued from page 29

bone. They'll ake it in any case. If, as he thinks, he can't follow their minds, they know perfectly well they can see into his—they know he won't take sides. So they'll be satisfied—even the side he's wronged."

"That's the value of aloofness, that is!"

"ABDUL, when did you buy this melon?"

"To-morrow, Sahib."

"Very well, then—when you buy one yesterday see that it has no spots."

Abdul was my servant, my pride, my protector—and my chief trouble in India. He lived with his family, *nine of them,* in one room in Bombay. And one of the first things I learned from Abdul was that about 97 per cent. of the working-class population of Bombay *did* live in one room—and from six to nine in one room at that! Abdul did not supply the statistics. He merely took me for a prowl around the mill district and showed me the thing itself. It was both puzzling and terrible. Puzzling because, when I asked an Indian politician about this, he blamed it all on the British. I told him that was interesting because I had just had dinner with the man who owned some of the biggest of those mills—he was a Parsee millionaire living up on Malabar Hill.

It was a staggering dinner. Sir C., who I am sure looks more like Adolph Menjou than any man who ever lived, had also spent most of his recent years trying to pry India loose from the British. His spare time was spent wintering on the Riviera. He was not particularly interested in my questions on the Indian labour problem. Was it true, for instance, that there was a 54-hour week in most mills? or that there was a system of mortgaging the labour of children? I could understand the first politician, because he was interested in the shipping business, and he was vitally interested in what could be done by the Indian financiers themselves once Lord Inchcape was gone. But neither of these Indian politicians could, or in fact even seemed to want to, satisfy my curiosity as to what would happen to the Indian working classes—after the English had gone.

It's a long jump from Monte Carlo to Malabar Hill. Sir C.'s dinner-jacket was lost against a background of carved teak and brass. Near us were the Towers of Silence with the vultures sitting humped-up on their rims waiting to eat the Parsee dead. The sweet, sickening smell from the *gold mohur* trees around the Fire Temple was heavy in our throats. I did not crack the joke about the vulture flying over and dropping a bone in the soup. But one person did venture to ask Sir C. if he didn't look forward with dread to the day when he would be pushed out on those iron gratings to become vulture-food.

Sir C. drowned his rudeness in a hurried request to his turbaned butler for more champagne.

I suppose that was what did it. For after a while Sir C. began to open out. Did I know, he asked, that the club which had put me up would not allow him even to come inside? Yes, I knew it. Lady C. cut in here to say that the Indians had a club where the English couldn't go.

Sir C. laughed like Adolph Menjou and looked up to see if there were any vultures about.

I MUST say it always made me feel a little uneasy to see this inferiority complex coming out. Especially in distinguished Indians. Abdul, of course, was never worried by things like that. He sat on his hunkers all day long outside my room in the club chambers. He could come and go as he pleased. Any Indian could enter that club as long as he came as a servant, and usually in his bare feet. But when I wanted to talk to a certain Indian statesman, a man whom I would be delighted to name (merely to establish the fact that I know him) I had to go across and meet him in the lounge of the Taj Mahal Hotel. That is, until he came to London and invited me to lunch in one of its most exclusive clubs.

I could understand the Englishman's point of view out in India. He wants to get away from his job. In his rest hours sometimes he doesn't want to see an Indian, much less have to talk to one. And this also has its value of aloofness, as evidenced by my friend in the Punjab at the beginning of this article.

BUT it was interesting to see the way Abdul had the same line himself. He was a Mohammedan. He was hard on Hindus. Down in the Gujerat Abdul always kept half the tips. He took the money I gave him to pay a *gharrie-wallah,* or porter, and always kept half for himself. When one of them complained Abdul had a nasty little habit of cracking them on the forehead with a snapped finger-tip. It delighted me to see the way Abdul did not try this up at Peshawar. He collected nothing but his straight pay from me up there, except, of course, the commission he had decided to give himself when buying provisions.

But up in Simla Abdul broke out all over again. He treated people like scum. Everybody, until a man walked along with his beard tied to his ears. Then Abdul folded up.

"Tell me, Abdul," I asked, "aren't the Sikhs really Hindus of a sort?"

"No," said Abdul, they had "refined" themselves out of it.

"But the Rajputs are Hindus."

Abdul nodded.

"So are the Maharattis."

Another nod.

"You wouldn't be so free and easy hitting Rajputs and Maharattis?"

Abdul sat silent. He knew what I was alluding to: those bare-shanked, yellow-turbaned Maharatti policemen trotting across Bombay Maidan to *lathi* the Congress-wallahs. They seemed to love the job.

No, said Abdul, he would not hit a Maharatti—unless he meant to fight him about something.

"Then why the poor Gujerati?"

Abdul smiled. An alarming sight, for he had only two teeth, and these were always blood-red with betel nut. "Ah, Sahib!" he grinned, as if to say: "Stop, you're making fun of me."

BUT as a matter of fact it was this thing that interested me most. The Indians' attitude toward themselves. The subject of the ramifications and grades of degradation of Hinduism has been worn threadbare. If there is anything more to say about the Untouchables, I don't know what it is. Whatever is said doesn't seem to change things much anyway. But the fact that they do exist establishes without any argument the incredible *selfishness* of Indian life. It is best illustrated by a lunch in Bombay.

It was, of all things, a Rotary luncheon. But F. L. Brayne was speaking. He is the Indian Civil Servant who has made such a gallant effort to "wake up" village life. As I listened to him I kept saying over and over to myself: "This is wonderful." I had never heard such profound sense about Indian life. Surely, I told myself, I must be a dunce never to have heard of this man! Then as Brayne finished another Indian Civil Service official arose. He was an Indian himself.

"Tell me, Mr. Brayne," he said, with a little note of hauteur. "These villages that you were talking about—what happened to them after you left?"

"They fell back, I'm sorry to say."

"Ah! I thought so."

Brayne, as I remember, did not answer him. But the man whose guest I was did say something that I shan't forget. "Fool!" he hissed, looking at Brayne. After the lunch I asked him what on earth he could have meant.

"Why," grated this Indian, "he's trying to change the customs of thousands of years!"

THE customs that Brayne was fighting against were such things as the way Hindus treat childbirth, something so unclean that no one but one of the very lowest class of Untouchables can act as midwife—the wife of the village sweeper, a Chumar, usually associated with dung. A grown-up caste Hindu would throw away his food if an Untouchable's shadow fell across it. He would go home and plunge himself into cold water if an Untouchable touched *him.* Yet the first woman to touch his son would be an Untouchable. How did the Hindus reconcile that? It wasn't the question of Untouchability that worried Brayne so much: it was the question of the dung.

Dung, according to Brayne, played a very sinister part in Indian village life.

MY host was furious with Brayne for fighting against child marriage, and the way a Hindu villager will go into debt to the moneylender for the rest of his life to have a wedding done right, and how Hindu moneylenders charge him anywhere from 75 to 150 per cent. interest a year, and how, to make him pay it, they will even impress the service of his family as well.

In the Punjab, of which Brayne was speaking, the farmers are Moslems, but the moneylenders are Hindus. A law had to be passed to stop the Hindus from grabbing land. Over two-thirds of the industrial workers of India are in debt for the greater part of their lives. The great majority owe over three months' wages, and 75 per cent. is a common rate of interest.

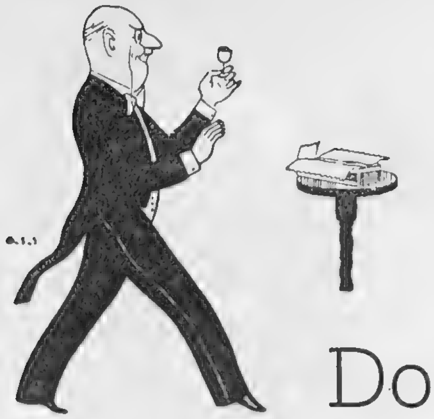
Moneylending in the Punjab is a half-and-half affair; side by side with the ordinary village *bania* (a sort of all-in pawnbroker who advances money to agriculturists) is the Moslem Pathan who forgets his religion in his interest in interest. The *bania* is a Hindu. As a result of this combination (and interest from 75 per cent. upwards) the average Punjab peasant is a year's earnings in debt for practically the whole of his adult life. The Pathan is necessary in the Punjab moneylending business, because the Punjab peasant is a sturdy Moslem—and it often needs a fighting man to collect anything. In the United Provinces the Pathans run practically the whole moneylending business for the same reason. In Calcutta, the *Merwari,* who is a fighting Rajput from Bikaneer State. In Bombay it is usually the clever Parsee.

MARRIAGE and death customs dating from antiquity are responsible for most of the villager's sorrow over always being in debt. It is interesting to note that 80 per cent. of the wealth of India is held in the hands of 6,000 people. The average income of an Indian peasant is under £7 a year, contrasted with £60 for England and £3 for the Chinaman. More often than not, when a marriage takes place the bridegroom's father will spend £50 or more on the ceremonies. The brides mortgage everything to provide the traditional dowry. A Hindu child will have a feast for its betrothal, a feast at its marriage, and a feast at the consummation. As a result the Hindu husband, usually at the age of about twelve, has mortgaged himself for life. And as the "joint-family" is the basis of the Hindu system, it is not a case of individuals, it is a case of all relations being in pawn.

It has been calculated that a 5 per cent. tax on all money spent on such customs in India would bring in at least a sum equal to the total Indian income tax.

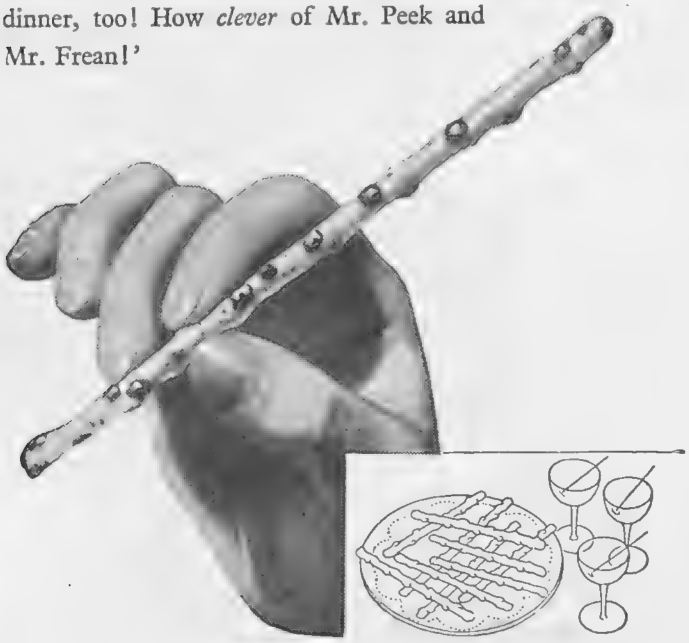
It was customs such as these that the enlightened Mr. Brayne, an Englishman, was trying to abolish. And it was customs such as these that my host, a "patriotic" Indian, did not wish interfered with. He was the director of an insurance company.

Afterwards he was one of the leading Indian delegates to the Round Table Conference. I saw him in St. James's. I listened to him. And I was vastly relieved when, with Dominion status almost within their grasp (and it was for a moment at the first Round Table Conference), the Hindus and Moslems fell out over *two seats in the proposed Punjab legislature*—and India thereby remained "as you were" under British rule.



Do you 'TWIGLET'?

The only steps to learn are these. Hold your cocktail glass in the left hand, place each foot alternately in front of the other, and go on alternating in as straight a line as you can manage until you come to the occasional table or what-not. With your unoccupied hand remove several Twiglets from the plate at once and quickly bite the end off each (this will prevent anybody disputing your claim). As you nibble, close your eyes and recite: 'What a *marvellous* find! I've never tasted anything quite so *titillating!* They'd go down well at dinner, too! How *clever* of Mr. Peek and Mr. Frean!'



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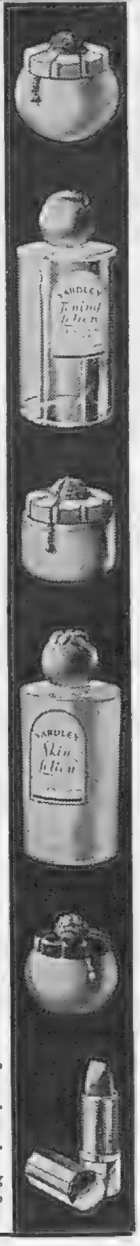

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Mother of Invention

(Continued from page 21)

finely tucked in the case of the linen model, plain in the other two; plus a complete collar, artfully secured by studs at the sides. But it had no back, no sleeves! It was, in fact, half a shirt: the lower front held in place, as Miss Petlove was careful to point out, by a broad band of tape, which fastened behind with a buckle.

The first instinct of the head buyer was to burst out laughing.

"Loose cuffs can be supplied to match," said Miss Petlove calmly. "They are made with a tab, to button on the inside of the sleeve.

"I do not suggest," said Miss Petlove, "that the day models will create an immediate demand, although it does not need much imagination to see what a boon they will be in hot weather. 'Wear a half-shirt and be a gentleman in your office!' I'm told that in some offices shirt-sleeves aren't allowed, but it's simply inhuman to make the poor things work in their coats during a heatwave!

"My own faith is pinned to the evening model. Only very rich people," said Miss Petlove firmly, "can afford enough dress shirts. And at dances—lots of people change their collars, but it's easy enough to have an accident with wine, or something, which ruins one's appearance for the rest of the evening. Why worry—with a spare half-shirt in the background?"

BY the time Miss Petlove had concluded her carefully rehearsed speech (which, being Miss Petlove, she was allowed to deliver without interruption) the head buyer's inclination to laughter was gone. He did not believe in the half-shirt, any more than he believed in the freak gadgets he was shown from time to time by optimistic inventors; he did not think he could sell it, and he was therefore determined not to buy it. But he could not help thinking that the idea was a very practical one indeed.

"I may say the invention is fully patented," concluded Miss Petlove briskly. "I don't mean to sell it outright, but if your firm cares to take it up on generous lines, I would give you an agreement not to offer it elsewhere for—say, six months."

The head buyer wagged his head, with genuine regret, because he hated to quench Miss Petlove's ardour.

"I suppose you haven't thought," he said very kindly, "that, in the most unlikely event of this prepos—this—er—garment selling, it would seriously undercut the shirt trade?"

"I suppose something's got to be undercut," said Miss Petlove unhappily, for she disliked the idea of undercutting anybody. "After all, lots of people—I know a man myself—simply can't afford to buy shirts at all. But they'd all be able to buy the half-shirt, which only cuts into about a third of the material——"

"It wouldn't do to market them too cheaply," interrupted the head buyer incautiously. "The only chance, with a new idea, is to make people *pay* for it. If you can persuade them, at the same time, that they're saving money—well, you've done it!"

"Do you mean"—Miss Petlove's voice was breathless, her eyelashes fluttered so rapidly for a moment that the head buyer felt dizzy—"do you really mean—you're going to *take* it?"

The head buyer was indubitably flustered. He recognised that he had, for once, committed the unpardonable crime, in business, of allowing his heart to rule his head. And although he might be almighty in his own department, there were others, more mighty, to whom he was answerable for his actions! He began to hedge at once.

"Of course, you know that your invention isn't, precisely, original? One might call it a development of a thing called the dickey, which, I'm told, isn't yet extinct in a certain class of society."

"I thought a dickey was a sort of funny little seat behind a car," said Miss Petlove innocently.

"That's another sort of dickey," said the head buyer, who by now was, unfortunately for himself, very nearly in love with Miss Petlove. He cleared his throat, and said more loudly, as though to convince himself, rather than Miss Petlove, of his justice and commonsense combined. "There's simply no question of our placing an order!—But I'll tell you what I could do," he added, to prevent Miss Petlove's pretty mouth drooping any further. "I could arrange to have these models of yours shown, in strict confidence, to one or two of our regular customers. Just to see how they strike, don't you know. Then if you could call—say, in a week?"

Miss Petlove gasped. She simply hated the idea of leaving her precious models behind. Then she remembered the patent, and realising, with an instinctive grasp of psychology one would have never suspected lay concealed beneath Miss Petlove's incorrigibly frivolous hats, that it might be better to get out before the head buyer changed his mind, she flashed one smile upon him, and, merely breathing the words "Thank you very much!" was through the door and in the lift almost before she had recovered her breath.

Where, as it happened, she ran slap into Mr. Orchard.

"What on earth are you doing in Gordon Rush's?" he asked, astonished. "You weren't buying me a present, were you?"

"Well—no; why—it's not your birthday—or anything—is it?" gasped Miss Petlove.

"No, but it's something nearly as jolly—and we're going to celebrate it in the Apéritif Grill," shouted Mr. Orchard.

"We can't possibly afford——" began Miss Petlove, remembering, as she was always the first to do, that, about five weeks ago, they had made a solemn covenant to forswear eating in such places until Mr. Orchard's finances had established themselves upon a better working basis.

"Oh, yes, we can! I've got a job."

"*Brian!* What sort of a job?"

And at that, if you please, Mr. Orchard shut up like an oyster. It was his job, he said, and nobody's business but his own.

"And mine," pointed out Miss Petlove.

"It shall be yours, my peach blossom," rejoined Mr. Orchard, "when we go hand in hand to the progenitor to touch him for the three hundred p.a. he's promised me when I get married: which, with my salary, will make a very handy little nucleus for the housekeeping. By the way, what *were* you doing in Gordon Rush's?"

"Brian," said Miss Petlove hastily, "have you ever heard of a thing called a dickey?"

"Now, look here, my girl," said Mr. Orchard, on a sterner note than he was in the habit of employing to Miss Petlove. "I may, and will, for the sake of our future, sever my connection with the firm which has had the honour of building the Orchard shirts for the last five years: but no living power shall force me into a dickey. No, my dear Miss Petlove. I may in future buy my shirts off the peg, but dash it, they *shall* be shirts!"

That settled it for Miss Petlove. Tremblingly she decided that, for the present at any rate, Mr. Orchard must know nothing about the half-shirt.

FOR all her optimism, it was a very nervous young woman who returned, at the end of a week, to the emporium of Gordon Rush. The head buyer, who had by now got himself in hand, kept his eyes away from the too dangerously alluring figure of Miss Petlove, and dealt with the situation briskly.

"As we expected, there hasn't been sufficient response to justify our placing a contract," he announced. "On the other hand, if you care to book a small order—say, four dozen of the dress model—we might clear them. Of course, this leaves you free to offer them elsewhere."

Miss Petlove shut her eyes tightly for a moment. This was the thin end of the wedge!

"I'll book the order," said Miss Petlove softly, adding to herself, "and I won't offer them anywhere else for a bit!"

"Delivery on Thursday?" said the head buyer carelessly. It was Monday afternoon; Miss Petlove gasped, and recovered herself.

"Delivery on Thursday," she said firmly and flew in a taxi from Gordon Rush's door to the little room in the Euston Road where the three models had first seen the light of day.

"Four dozen! *Can* it be done, Miss Tiller?"

DURING the following fortnight Miss Petlove had barely time to mourn the absence of Mr. Orchard (lost to her, save in the evenings, at his mysterious job) or to be anything but glad she had all her time to herself. The first four dozen were hardly delivered before a telephone order came through for twelve dozen more. Miss Petlove found herself, for the first time in her life, an employer of labour on a large scale. Gordon Rush was clamouring for immediate delivery, in order to arrange a large window display—the whole thing was going with a bang!

It was rather a wan and weary Miss Petlove who met Mr. Orchard in the evening; for no small part of her worries consisted in the difficulty of keeping her activities quiet from the multitude of friends which gathers, inevitably, about so pleasing a personality as Miss Petlove's.

Weary as was Miss Petlove, it did not escape her notice that Mr. Orchard was wearier. They exchanged rather wan smiles, as they lay back in Mrs. Petlove's drawing-room chairs, with the cocktail table between them.

"'Ad a 'ard day at the orfice, dearie?" inquired Miss Petlove, accepting a White Lady from her lover's hand. For once, Mr. Orchard failed to come back with an appropriate reply. To the discomfiture of Miss Petlove, a real anxiety seemed to have settled upon his brow, a sobriety so at variance with Mr. Orchard's volatile character that the maternal element in Miss Petlove's nature overflowed in a caress.

"I don't know—I'm an awful ass, I expect, really," said Mr. Orchard dolefully. "I mean—look here, Verena. You couldn't really be happy with me—could you—if we'd only got about four hundred a year to live on?"

Miss Petlove adored Mr. Orchard, but the girl had her head screwed on rightly. They had talked this matter over many times, and since living, for both of them, meant living in Mayfair, or as near as possible, simply because they had never known any other kind of living, the result of the discussions was usually a cold, sad feeling that marriage was a very long way away. Even if Sir Peter Orchard allowed Brian his three hundred, the utmost Mrs. Petlove could do for her daughter in the way of a dowry was eighty pounds a year, and a few frocks thrown in. That, at least, was how the matter had stood at their last discussion. Miss Petlove bit her lip.

"But I thought there'd be your salary too, dearest," she ventured softly.

"There's that," admitted Mr. Orchard, "but, as things are working out, one has to look for it with a magnifying glass. It comes down to this: that though I'm willing to sweep crossings to provide you with a home, I am, for some reason or other, one of those hopeless drips whom no one wants to employ in anything but a job that a certified lunatic could certainly do as well as I do it."

We have not mentioned, I fancy, that Mr. Orchard was a very personable-looking fellow. Allowing fifty per cent. for Miss Petlove's partiality, one might safely say that a stroll round Mayfair

(Continued on page 100)

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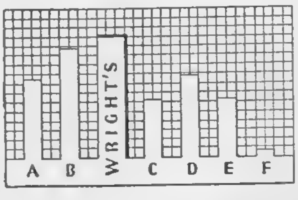

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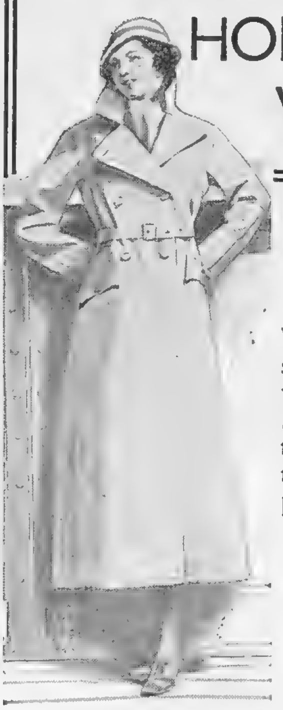

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at any hour between dawn and dark would be unlikely to yield a more pleasing study than Mr. Orchard's tall, easily moving figure and good-natured blonde face. It was really not his fault that no one took seriously his need to earn money. Everyone liked him, but no one took him seriously; and as Mr. Orchard, knowing his own intellectual shortcomings, was quite incapable of taking himself seriously, he found it impossible to impress people with his own worth—such as it was. It was Mr. Orchard's bad luck that all his father's interests lay among the scientific fraternity, who had, naturally, no use for him, so that he could not claim paternal influence where, on occasion, it might have been useful. But over this matter of getting a job he had done his best, and it was disheartening to the last degree to find out what a poor best it was.

"You'd better chuck me," growled Mr. Orchard. "The very idea of a girl like you hanging about after a waster like me is an outrage on humanity."

Miss Petlove's reply to this need not be recorded. It was only when Mr. Orchard rose to make his adieux that his own emotion conquered for a brief moment his filial obligations.

"I would just like," he said, showing Miss Petlove a clenched fist, "to put that under the male parent's middle button. Of all the cheese-paring, bloodless old scoundrels! What do you suppose he did the other day? He went to Gordon Rush's and ordered a dozen of a disgusting thing called the Albany Half-Shirt because they were about two-thirds the price of the shirts he's been buying! No back to them, if you please—like that thing we were talking about the other day: like a dickey!"

Miss Petlove grew very pale, but set her teeth.

"This time next year," she said grimly, "we'll be married."

"And spend our honeymoon in the bankruptcy court. All right, darling," said Mr. Orchard, on which cheerful note they parted.

ORDERS for the Albany Half-Shirt were pouring in. Miss Petlove, who dealt with them all herself, found it necessary to establish an office and to engage a stenographer. Not only Gordon Rush, but other firms as well, were inquiring for the Half-Shirt, and Miss Petlove felt that she had been very wise in giving Gordon Rush only a six months' agreement. If they wanted to renew it, it would have to be at her price, and she thought it unlikely that this would be accepted. A special cheap line could be planned, for City firms, she was thinking, as she slit another envelope. She drew out a long, shiny folder, to which was clipped a typewritten sheet.

"Dear Miss Petlove," she read, with a slight frown, "I thought you might care to see the folder we are issuing in connection with the Albany Half-Shirt. Our publicity department seemed to think that this line is worth a special advertising effort. Congratulations!—Yours truly, S. Levis.

"P.S.—I have just bought two tickets for the first night of *Joie de Vivre*: do you happen to be free on Tuesday?"

Dropping this in the wastepaper basket, Miss Petlove took up the folder. And her eyes nearly fell out of her head.

The Albany Half-Shirt was "featured" in three photographic studies of a young gentleman who, in Number 1, had his back to the camera, in the act of fastening the waist buckle. In Number 2 the same young gentleman, this time in trousers, faced the camera, and, save for the sleeves, appeared to be completely clad, as to his upper portion, in an immaculate shirt. In Number 3, complete with cigarette and wristwatch, he faced a future which, as suggested by his garb, included dinner, the opera and a ball. Handsome, debonair, at ease, the wearer looked out of the picture with a slightly ironic smile: the smile of Mr. Brian Orchard.

Not being a Victorian, Miss Petlove did not faint; but she was obliged, for a moment, to hold on to her chair with both hands. The eyes of Mr. Orchard continued to smile at her, but their character seemed to change. The irony deepened into bitterness.

THE sacrifice of a man's personal pride to his duty and devotion spoke (to Miss Petlove) in every line of those noble lineaments.

The next moment the telephone was in her hand.

"Is that Gordon Rush?—Put me through to the publicity department. I want the head of the publicity. Is that Mr. Brinklebaum? Those folders—those advertisements of the Albany Half-Shirt—have they been issued yet? No? Thank heaven. They've got to be withdrawn—yes, I said withdrawn! Every one of them. I don't care what it costs—you can stop the cost of them out of the buying department! I'm Miss Petlove—Miss Verena Petlove—the inventor! I can't explain on the telephone—I'll come round. But all those folders have got to be stopped——"

To cut a long story short, Mr. Brian Orchard and Miss Verena Petlove were married in the late autumn of that same year. Albany Half-Shirts were made into a limited company, with Mr. Orchard on the board of directors and Mrs. Orchard and Mrs. Petlove as chief shareholders. Lady Grimme, who had always been a little peevish about Verena's manner towards her, was quite bewildered by the amount of attention paid to her at the wedding by the bride. And, to put the lid on it, Sir Peter Orchard was so tickled that his nitwit of a son should succeed in capturing so clever a young woman as the author of an invention which had halved his shirt bills that he settled a thousand a year on Brian. And the young couple, who had reckoned on a mews in Mayfair, started off in Bruton Street. Which, as Mrs. Orchard remarked, is the way things happen: when you're pretty well off people throw money at you with both hands.

And, as everybody knows, the Albany Half-Shirt is now worn from Smithfield Market to the Ritz, Piccadilly, and has had particular success north of the Tweed. Possibly the only man in town who has never made use of its amenities is that prince among dandies, the present Sir Brian Orchard.

END

Done in the Oven

(*Continued from page 71*)

summer meals and are very quickly and easily prepared.

The foundation is nearly always the same.

Take one pudding-spoonful of ground rice (or flour), add 1 oz. of butter and cook together over the fire. Now add hot milk little by little, beating well until you have a smooth sauce. Add salt and pepper if making a savoury or sugar if a sweet.

Now put in the yolks of two eggs, mix well and add your flavouring—grated cheese, fruit pulp, coffee essence, chocolate, etc. Let this mixture cool.

Meanwhile beat the whites of three eggs to a very stiff froth and fold them into the mixture, which you then pour into a buttered *soufflé* dish. Bake in the oven for ten to twelve minutes with the "Regulo" mark set to 8.

May I say here that I have often wondered who started the idea of "steamed" *soufflé*, which is quite wrong. A *soufflé* is always baked, and however good these steamed things may be they are definitely not *soufflés*.

Dictator

(*Continued from page 27*)

to smash capitalism; nationalise the banks, railways, shipping, all heavy industries. There was to be no private trading—anyone found doing that would be shot—and food was to be rationed in the cities.

There were cheers and acclamations when he finished, and he had sat back in his chair with a contemptuous smile on his lips.

But he had known a setback that evening, for when he had returned to his new headquarters, and entered Marie Xenia's drawing-room, he found the room strangely different. For a second he had stood stock still wondering, then realised what had happened. She had had every flower removed. Nothing was left but the bare furniture.

Without them the room seemed desolate. He turned sharply.

"Zarahov!"

"Sir?" His new secretary had stepped forward quickly. A lean man with a jaundiced complexion and a cringing manner—but an excellent secretary.

"What has happened to this?" His gesture indicated the bare room.

The secretary had looked surprised. "I'll find out, sir."

While he was away the Dictator stood in the centre of the room, his fingers plucking restlessly at the heavy velvet of the divan.

Presently Zarahov returned. "They're packed, sir. It's Marie Xenia—she is leaving to-night——"

"To go where?" the Dictator interrupted sharply.

"To the Palace."

There had been a silence. Then the Dictator had made up his mind.

"Inform Marie Xenia that if she steps outside this house she will be under arrest."

Zarahov had bowed. At the door the Dictator called him back.

"Tell her, also, I expect the honour of her presence at dinner to-night," he had said. A faint sardonic smile had curved the corners of his mouth as he turned on his heels and went up the stairs.

Lying back in a bath, he stared through the steam at his thick-set ugly body, and passed one hand up and down his strong thighs. No fat there, nothing but taut, firm muscles and solid flesh. The body of a worker. His mind went to the King—a weakling compared to him, he had thought.

Later, in his dressing-room, he contemplated the various uniforms laid out on the bed for him. It was hard to choose; and, surprisingly, he found he wished to appear his best.

Finished, he looked at himself in the mirror. Ironically, he saluted his reflection. That massive head with iron-grey hair, that obstinate jaw and firm, thin lips, that thick bull-like neck—that other man in the mirror saluted him in return.

There was a small intimate sitting-room on the ground floor, and it was there that he ordered dinner. He had stood long before the window waiting for her, and breathing in the cool night air.

Behind him, a servant silently laid the table and arranged the flowers, and—accustomed to the feeling of someone behind him—he did not notice when Marie Xenia entered.

Then she said: "Am I to understand that I am your prisoner?"

He swung around at once. A slow smile had spread across his face. She was wearing black that time. And even now, a year later, he could remember how it showed up her fair beauty to advantage. He had bowed. "My companion, madame, shall we say——"

Her expression had changed. "Ah!" Then her head was lifted proudly. She flashed out: "The King will hear of this!"

He said coldly: "The King, madame, will do as I say."

She shrank back. "You . . . beast!"

His glance flickered. He drew a chair back. "Won't you sit down, and we will dine now."

She sank into the chair. The Dictator sat opposite her.

(*Continued on page 102*)

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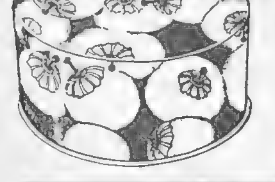

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"It is the first time," he remarked pleasantly, "that I have dined with a beautiful woman."

She stared at him scornfully and in silence.

Unruffled, he went on: "The caviare is excellent. I see you haven't tasted yours."

Her lips moved. "I am not hungry."

Her slim fingers lying on the lace tablecloth clenched slowly at the insolence in his voice. She half rose—desperately she cried out: "Must you torture me like this?"

Not by a flicker of an eyelid did he show that he had heard.

"Perhaps your appetite will come back," he said. "Prima Ballerina, I believe they told me. At the Opera House."

"Yes—yes. But why do you . . . ." Her voice was strained.

"You started young, then?"

She made a supreme effort. "Quite young. My parents were against it. I ran away." Then, suddenly she could bear it no longer.

"Oh, for God's sake tell me . . . ."

But he interrupted her quickly. "Are your relatives alive?"

She shook her head. "No," she told him, "only a brother. He is alive."

"How interesting!" He stood up. "Shall we go out on the terrace?"

In silence she passed in front of him and out into the coolness of the dusky garden.

The Dictator pushed forward a chair. "Won't you sit down?" He felt her make a tremendous effort to control herself. "Thank you," she said formally.

As he lit her cigarette, the flame of the match spurted up and illuminated her face. He gave a sharp exclamation.

"Your eyes . . . ."

Startled, she explained. "One brown, one blue. Yes, it is rare. A family characteristic." Darkness had encircled her again.

Then, suddenly, she had arisen. With the courage that desperation had given her, she had faced him again.

"I must know. For humanity's sake, let me know why I am to be a prisoner here? Let me join the King—he needs me."

"The King!" he cried furiously. "The King!—it's always the King! You're staying here because I want you. For years I have hated the King—why should I think of him now?"

"What harm has he done you?" she asked steadily.

Savagely he replied: "He stood in my way—he has always been in my way. I hate him because he has had all the things I've ever wanted—education, money, position! I hate him because he's proud—that weakling proud!"

"He is a gentleman." Her voice came firmly out of the dimness.

"Gentleman!" he sneered. Then he added darkly, "I'll break that pride of his."

In the days that followed he had done his best. There was no humiliation that he spared the King. With Marie Xenia, he tried other tactics. She was to be wooed by kindness. She was to come to him . . . he had no stomach for an unwilling victim.

He persevered doggedly. Rome, he thought, was not built in a day.

Then, at last, one night he knew his patience was at an end. His whole body afire, he tossed from side to side of the great bed.

Softly he arose, flung on his dressing-gown, and crept along the corridor to her room.

She was writing at her desk as the door opened. Like an animal at bay, she faced him.

"You!" Then, "How dare you?"

He spoke thickly: "Marie . . ."

He advanced purposefully across the room. But with a swift movement she snatched a revolver from a drawer.

"Stay where you are!" Her voice rang out confidently. He stopped.

"Where did you get that?"

She laughed. "The King sent it to me to-day—for just such an occasion as this. . . ." He made a movement, but she said sharply: "Don't move!"

"The King!" He grew scarlet with rage. "Yes—and my husband." Then, as he smiled, she had added:

"But it's true! The King and I are married. I'm telling you that because in just one minute I'm going to put a bullet through that altogether too clever brain of yours. With you dead, the revolution will cease. I know that—the people are tired already of your oppression. . . ."

Sheer stark hatred showed for a second in her eyes. Then she pressed the trigger. But, in that one second, he had flung a book at her arm. The bullet went wide and was embedded in the ceiling.

Two seconds later, Zarahov, awakened by the sound of the shot, burst into the room. He found the Dictator standing in the centre of the room, his face ashen-white.

"Oh, sir." The secretary was appalled. "You're not hurt?"

The Dictator shook his head. He said, without moving, "Take her away, get her out of my sight."

"Where, sir?"

The Dictator's mouth had twisted into a dreadful smile.

"To the Salt Mines."

Then, ignoring his secretary's involuntary cry of horror, he had left the room without a glance in her direction.

That was a year ago.

HE stirred.

She had been right in saying the people had been tired of his rule. From every side just lately there had been rumours of growing unrest.

Even the army had shown signs of the new fever. There had been noticeably fewer shouts of "Long live the Dictator!" during his periodical reviewing of the troops.

And they had not forgotten Marie Xenia. He had not realised her popularity at the time. That had been a mistake. . . . .

A door opened behind him. It was the woman secretary.

"Well?"

"The review—the troops will be entering the square in a moment. The Chancellor and the Secretary of State are already waiting for you in the balcony——"

"Tell them I'm coming."

"Very good, sir." She went out.

For a second the Dictator looked up at the large portrait of Marie Xenia which hung on the wall opposite his desk. Those clear calm eyes—one blue, one brown—stared back at him.

The square was lined with people. He watched them contemptuously. "Fools," he thought. "Fools!" Sharply his right hand came up to the salute as the first troops marched past. Drilled to within an inch of their life, disciplined to be automatons, they marched by in perfect unbroken lines. For a moment, the Dictator's expression softened. Yes, he could be proud of his handiwork.

Yet it was the army that destroyed him in the end. For at just that moment when the huge square was packed with troops, came the dreaded cry:

"God save the King!"

It came from the ranks—a single cry that in one second was caught up and echoed from all sides where the people were lined up.

It was all done so swiftly—in such an organised manner that the Dictator had only time to recoil back in fear, before a single soldier ran forward, bent on one knee, and fired a shot at the balcony.

The Dictator sagged. With a cry of horror the Chancellor, Miskry, caught hold of him. Then, as the others rushed forward and carried the wounded man in through the window, the Chancellor shouted, "Arrest that man!"

At the sound of his voice raised in authority there was a pause in the chaos that reigned in the square below. The people who had been throwing stones and shouting, shaking their fists at the balcony, stopped abruptly. It was only a matter of a few minutes before the troops cleared the streets and restored order.

(Continued on page 104)

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THEY placed the Dictator on the great bed in his room. And through the haze of morphia he was dimly aware that people were moving around him.

Then there came the hour when he gave a great sigh and opened his eyes. There was someone bending over him. Someone with a thin, sallow face. The Dictator's eyes widened with recognition.

"Zarahov!" How faint was his voice It startled him.

"What happened?"

"An assassin shot at you."

There was a silence. His eyes closed, as though they were too heavy to keep open.

He said abruptly: "Fetch my clothes—I'm getting up."

Zarahov protested. "You can't, sir. . . . The doctor's orders. . . The bullet is still in your head. . . . They're going to operate soon."

"Why didn't they try at once?"

Then, as he did not answer, the Dictator said testily: "Why don't you answer, man? I'm not squeamish. Is it dangerous?"

"Yes."

"Who is operating."

"A surgeon from Rumania."

The Dictator's eyes flew open. Angrily he muttered: "I'll have none of these foreign doctors!"

But Zarahov interrupted him.

"He is not a foreign doctor, sir. He's one of us. Lived abroad lately. He offered his services. . . . Strange chap. Brilliant—so I've been told. He is here already. All the doctors are having a consultation."

For a long time the Dictator lay very still, his eyes closed. Pain enclosed him, tortured his head. He suffered it in silence.

Suddenly he remembered something.

"The city—how is it? What of the people—the army?"

Zarahov bent over him. Even in the dislike he felt towards the great man, there was a faint feeling of admiration. So he was fighting still!

"The people are quiet," he said. "We have them well in hand—since we have issued a bulletin of your health. The Chancellor has placed troops everywhere, so there is no danger of a rebellion."

The Dictator thought swiftly: "Unless I die——"

No, by God! He would not die. He would beat them yet—make them crawl to him. He would win back what he had lost in popularity over that affair of Marie Xenia. She and the King—that fool!—had done more to damage his power than anything else.

Spies, his spies—he had them everywhere—had informed him that Marie Xenia was in secret communication with the King, and that even at the Salt Mines they were powerless to stop the other political prisoners from doing all they could to help her. In the bitterness of his hatred towards them both, he liked to think of her working under armed guards in that horrible place.

His eyes flew open. And Zarahov, sitting by his bedside, was appalled at the light of malignant hatred in their depths.

There were a hundred ways to get rid of the King. . . . Quiet subtle ways—ways that would leave himself free from the fear of the people's accusations.

Yes, the King must be got rid of!

The door opened. Someone announced the doctors. He was placed on a stretcher and carried through to the next room. They had emptied it of everything but the essentials for an operation.

There was a faint, sweet smell of anæsthetic and floor polish, mingled with a stronger odour of disinfectant, that brought back memories of a hospital during the war.

Two men, wearing white overalls and gauze masks over their noses and mouths, lifted his stocky body without any effort on to the operating table. And another two deftly took off his bandages and washed his wound with an antiseptic.

The Dictator watched them moving around him without fear—just a curious disinterestedness.

At the far side of the room, the surgeon was preparing himself, delicately drawing on rubber gloves over his strong fingers. As the surgeon came towards the operating table, the Dictator opened his mouth to say something, but he never uttered a word—for at just that moment his glance fell on those eyes above the gauze mask, and the words strangled in his throat.

Bright, purposeful eyes, they were, and unusual—one eye was blue, and the other brown!

In a flash it had come to him. Marie Xenia's brother!

He heard himself scream, his hands came up and clawed the air frantically. With a quick, but scarcely perceptible motion, the surgeon signalled to the anæsthetists, and the ether-covered mask was pressed over the Dictator's head.

Fighting for his breath under the mask, he thought: "This is the end. . . ."

The rest was unconsciousness.

IT was a month later, dining at the Royal Palace with the King and his frail but still lovely wife, that the surgeon was asked: "How did the Dictator die?"

The surgeon put down his glass. He looked perplexed.

"It was a strange thing—I've yet to find out why. The man must have had some terrific shock. The heart was weakened—and this fear, whatever it was, must have been too much for it. But he *did* die—and no one regrets it. He had a lust for power—the country is well rid of such men."

"He served his purpose," the King said. His proud sensitive face flushed. "I had tried to rule this country like my forefathers. . . . I was hidebound with traditions . . . Nowadays it can't be done. *He* taught me that."

"He was a fanatic."

"Perhaps." The King looked thoughtful, then added: "He went too far. But men of that sort are the best advocates for moderation."

The surgeon lifted his glass again.

"The people seem happy once more, Sire. I know their only wish is also mine: 'God save the King!'"

And Marie Xenia, with a tender expression on her lovely face, echoed his words: "God save the King!"

END

A Perfect Picnic Luncheon

(*Continued from page* 70)

onion. Dress with either mayonnaise or Heinz salad cream or a plain oil and vinegar dressing.

Tarte aux Amandes

The pastry should be of the short kind, and you can make either one large open tart or several small tartlets. Anyway, having made the paste, put it in one of several greased tins, weight it with rice or dried beans and put it in the oven until half cooked. Meanwhile, prepare the filling.

A quarter of a pound of ground rice, one ounce of powdered almonds and three ounces of soft sugar. Mix well and moisten with a little milk. Add two eggs and beat until the mixture is quite smooth. Fill the pastry with the mixture and bake in a moderate oven for about twelve minutes.

Dutch Fingers

I have mentioned this little savoury before in these pages, but as it is a particularly attractive and easy way of serving cheese I have dug it up again.

Make a paste of Roquefort cheese and butter in equal proportions and make it into sandwiches with stale brown bread (crusts removed). Put all the sandwiches on top of each other, press them down and then with a sharp knife cut down the other way so that you have fingers looking like pieces of chocolate layer cake.

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HALO Patent WAVER HELMET
Scientific

Susannah the Second

(*Continued from page* 33)

for Pamela to straighten her stockings, comb her curly hair and powder her nose. She felt dry by that time, and anyway there was no time to change.

For Pamela had a plan.

She lay in wait for Mr. Hamilton. As soon as he had left his room she would enter it and break those plates and scratch them and let the sun have a good look at them.

So, as he thumped downstairs, she hurried from the storey above, and as he was hesitating about starting on home-cured ham and salad she was rummaging round his room.

The camera was there. The plates were not. . . .

"Oh, why didn't you begin?" said Pamela most charmingly. "I'd no idea you had come down. Something happened, and I had to telephone."

"You don't seem very hungry," remarked Mr. Hamilton, with his mouth rather full. "If you've been chasing otters all the morning you ought to be famished."

"Oh, I cheated. I had some sandwiches. Won't you have some more ham? We cure it ourselves—or rather, Mrs. Evans does."

"A genius like Mrs. Evans deserves to be encouraged."

He encouraged her. There was a pause.

"Do you ever otter hunt?"

"Not very often."

"You prefer real hunting, I expect."

"I don't really, as a matter of fact. I'm feeling so beautifully contented that I'll confess I don't kill anything. Your brother knows I'm a crank; I'm not here on false pretences as far as he's concerned. But I don't want you to miss the fact that I'm a Philistine."

HE took a long draught of beer, glanced again at the ham, changed his mind and lit a cigarette.

Pamela got rather red. "I suppose you think I'm a savage," she said. "We're all savages, no doubt. Well, it's no worse to shoot the game one eats than just to eat it."

"Of course it isn't." He beamed very genially. "Or the beef and mutton either. But I can't see any difference between killing a hare and killing a sheep—except that the hare makes a more distressing noise and doesn't die so quickly. And of course, the hare has more brains."

Pamela began to lose her temper.

"You think it's more sporting," she began, "to sneak into woods and photograph——" She paused just in time.

"Don't tell me," said Mr. Hamilton, "that's it's *un*sporting to photograph a bird when it isn't looking. If it had been looking it might not have stopped long enough for me to photograph it."

Pamela felt this was so acutely true that for some time she was incapable of speech.

"Would you—er—like to come out into the garden?"

"I'd like to enormously," he said, "if you'll show me round."

"These roses," began Pamela as soon as they were out of the drawing-room window, "mother insisted on buying, because they're grown by an old protégée of hers. But I think they're beastly."

"I must admit," said Mr. Hamilton, sniffing one, "I prefer roses to smell, myself."

"Oh, Mr. Hamilton—I quite forgot to tell you. We haven't got any sort of dark-room here. Your plates. Do you want to have them developed?"

"Oh, my plates!" He laughed easily. "Don't you worry about those. I packed them up in their little box—it was all ready in the case—and gave them to your butler before I came down to lunch. He said they'd be just in time for the London post."

"You packed—you gave them to Davids—you——?"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I believe I was just thinking of something else. Wasn't it rude of me!"

There was a yell. Someone appeared at a window. The otter-hunters had returned.

"Hullo, Charles, how did you get here?

I hope Pamela's been behaving in a maidenly manner? She left us, you know. One of those Victorian misses, born out of time. Can't run."

"I wouldn't describe your sister as Victorian, exactly," said Mr. Hamilton. "I'm sure she's too modern to be that. We met in your aunt's bird sanctuary, and she brought me along and gave me an unauthorised lunch.

"I'm still not supposed to be here for an hour or two. You butchers at your play no doubt intended to tidy up and look intelligent before I arrived."

"Did he call you a butcher, Pamela?"

"He did," said Pamela.

"Then, Charles, I'm sorry for you. Hell holds no fury like a woman who's been caught out. Oh, we're a family of blood-lusters. We shoot rabbits. We eat all kinds of pretty little dickey-birds—pheasants and partridges and even chickens."

THERE were several people in the drawing-room and more in the hall. Lady Catesby, hot and muscular, was lamenting a series of stupidities that had enabled an otter to escape. Mrs. Garton (John's and Pamela's mother) was fanning herself in a chair. Several people of both sexes were drinking out of long glasses and telling each other how hungry they were.

John Garton, whose energy was inexhaustible, tried to rouse them. "Fellow butchers," he began. "Here is an enemy. He won't run and he can't ride and he doesn't know how to shoot. But he comes here to photograph whatever we've missed and to eat whatever we haven't."

"What do you do for exercise nowadays, Charles?"

"Box," said Charles briefly.

"Fellow butchers, I was wrong about our guest. He can box. So don't argue with him. We'll make him play bridge after dinner to-night. He's bad at it. Too many brains, I expect."

"As a matter of fact," said Charles Hamilton, "I'm rather useful at bridge. That's why I'm afraid my brains aren't as good as poor John believes. Everybody knows good bridge players and good golfers are mostly bone from the ears up."

Mrs. Garton rose briskly. "This conversation is getting rather silly," she remarked.

"Go and wash, all of you."

Pamela silently blessed her mother for those kind words. Not that she was anxious to wash; she had other plans. Escaped, she routed out Davids, the ancient butler. Pamela was an old favourite of his.

"Oh, Davids, did you post a parcel for Mr. Hamilton?"

"I did, Miss Pamela."

"Has it gone?"

Davids rose and struggled into his coat.

"Now, Miss Pamela, what is all this about?"

"There's been a mistake, Davids. Oh, Mr. Hamilton doesn't know, but that parcel ought not to have gone. Get it for me, Davids; there's an angel. Run down to the village. Do something."

"Indeed, Miss Pamela, what is it troubling you? As for running, alas I cannot run whatever, for I am sixty years old and my heart, Miss Pamela, the doctor says——"

"Did you give it to the postman?"

"Of course, Miss Pamela. Hasn't he been gone this two, three hours? Don't you worry your pretty head. I will tell Mr. Hamilton I could not get it back."

Pamela caught his arm.

"If you dare tell Mr. Hamilton I said a word about it, I—I'll kill you," she whispered. "You're a *fool*, Davids!"

She was not visible again till dinner time, and by then—since she was only twenty-one—anxiety, temper, frustration had made her even prettier than her natural advantages deserved.

NEXT day was Sunday. Pamela arrived so late for breakfast that Charles Hamilton alone was left to entertain her.

(*Continued on page* 108)

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"What do you want to do?" asked Pamela. "Do you want to go to church? You'll have to hurry. The church party has to leave at a quarter to eleven.

"The panic party," she added, "generally takes to the fields at half-past ten. But you needn't worry about that to-day. Father's not here."

"I thought I'd just loaf," said Mr. Hamilton simply, "if you could agree to help me."

"Just loaf and take photographs?"

"I don't think my poor camera is feeling quite itself."

"Can't you mend it? I can't really have done it in with one kick."

"Anyone who saw that camera," said Charles, with involuntary heat, "would think you were in the Chelsea team."

Pamela gulped. She dared not lose her temper. She *must* find out.

Her eyes were large and pleading. They did their work.

"I say—I'm extremely, frightfully sorry. Of course, I was only trying to be funny. I never ought to. I've got no sense of humour. I don't care two hoots about the camera, but if you'd really like to see how we maniacs take our pictures, I'd simply love to show you. Bring your camera."

"But I haven't got a camera."

"Not *got* a camera—not any sort of camera?" His was the tone of one who discovers that an apparently civilised person uses no soap. "But you seem so keen——"

"Oh, yes, I am keen. I'm always meaning to get one. But you know how it is——"

"Sure you won't have some more coffee? Then meet me in half an hour outside the drawing-room window. Bring your poor, broken, precious camera just to show me what you do. I promise I won't kick."

The church bells were stopping as Pamela climbed out of the drawing-room window and joined him.

"I wish this was a colour camera," said Charles suddenly. "You've no idea how marvellous your hair looks in the sun."

Pamela was pleased. "But we haven't come out to practise taking me," she said.

"I don't want any practice to photograph you," said Charles.

Pamela's face flamed. She stopped.

"You don't want any practice to take *me*?" she said slowly.

He merely looked mildly astonished.

"You can't imagine I want practice in photographing anything that isn't afraid of a camera. Even you wouldn't."

"What makes you say I'm not afraid of a camera?"

He roared.

"Even I can see that one," he shouted. "You—afraid of a camera! Well, I'm damned——"

He stopped. Pamela was rapidly walking back to the house.

When he caught her up he was plainly a little annoyed.

"Have I gone mad?" he demanded, catching her arm. "Or am I talking Welsh without knowing it? Or are we both daft?"

He looked supremely and genuinely innocent. She stopped, hesitated, and at last smiled.

"I was thinking of something else," she said. "Sorry."

Charles walked the rest of the field in wary silence. His only consolation lay in the remembrance that he had never been in Wales before. Perhaps Welsh people. . . .

"Now," said Pamela briskly, "here we are. This is only a tiny wood, and instead of a lake there's only a muddy pond. But you can show me what you'd do if there were grebes and—er—things you wanted to photograph."

CHARLES HAMILTON'S response to that invitation need not be recorded. It was so full of information and instruction that anybody would have been bored. Pamela, even, was getting fed up with the whole thing, when he mentioned trip wires.

"What?"

(Continued on page 109)

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"Of course."

"I suppose you could go to sleep and wake up and find you'd got—er—got quite a wonderful picture."

"Oh, yes."

"Mr. Hamilton, if we don't go back we shall be late for lunch."

"I believe," said Mr. Hamilton, "I've put my foot in it again. This is a most extraordinary country. I must have dropped some sort of brick, or why this Mr. Hamilton business? When I called you Pamela this morning you didn't send for the police."

No answer.

"Let me in on the joke."

"I thought you said you had no sense of humour."

"Oh, I was only joking."

It was no good. And they got back far too soon for lunch.

So soon, indeed, that Charles—in the absence of John, who was presumably still murdering rooks; in the absence of Pamela, who had vanished, and of everyone else (they had not come back from church)—was rescued by Davids the butler, who suggested a glass of beer.

On a hot Sunday morning the suggestion was apposite. As the cool drink—not a glass, but an old silver tankard—was brought, Davids whispered in his ear:

"Indeed, sir, I am sorry about your parcel. I——"

"Why, what happened?"

"Nothing, sir. Nothing. Only Miss Pamela told me not to tell you that I ought to run and fetch it back from the postman, whatever. But how could I, sir? To goodness, the post had gone."

"I see," said Charles. "No, don't bother about it. Doesn't matter now at all."

Charles finished his beer in silent thought.

Lunch was late, but large. Those who had gone to church were a trifle acid to those who had not. Those who had not, defiantly had a second glass of port.

Charles Hamilton, whether he ate or drank, regarded Pamela. She was not next to him; she was not directly opposite to him. But she was in view.

He liked her nose and her hair and her eyes. He liked her mouth. He liked the dimple in her right cheek that was a shade bigger than its fellow in her left. When she glanced at him, there was something in her eye that he could not interpret.

His third glass of port was effective.

Indeed, without that third glass Charles Hamilton might have spent the rest of that afternoon in meditative argument with himself. Which would have been a pity, since he was returning to London that night.

As it was, an interior quite unaccustomed to so much encouragement in the middle of the day forbade sleep altogether, and Charles, a trifle flushed but quite determined, was first into the drawing-room, where he separated Pamela from a couple of female friends with a deftness that was almost surgical.

She seemed to have recovered her temper as inexplicably (unless it was the effect of a most excellent meal) as she had lost it. She noted the urgent admiration in Charles's eye. She realised that it rather pleased her.

The drawing-room windows, in that house evidently reserved for all the more important exits and entrances, were invitingly open.

Charles and Pamela strolled slowly but steadily down the rose garden.

"I'm going back to London to-night, you know," said Charles abruptly.

"Oh, but why not stay till to-morrow? You'll have a hideous journey, even if we send you—"

"Don't tempt me. I must go. This week a big-game photographing expedition is going out to

(Continued on page 110)

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East Africa. I'm largely responsible for it, and though I'm not going myself I've promised to be on the job early on Monday morning."

There was silence. Pamela was thinking, searching desperately for some excuse to keep him within reach and control. She thought of that amateur photographic exhibition. She shuddered.

"Are you sorry I'm going—really?" inquired Mr. Hamilton rather fatuously. Fortunately for him he did not try to grab her hand. Indeed, his weakness was only momentary.

"BEFORE I go," he said—"and I've really enjoyed myself enormously, and you've been more than kind—before I go, do tell me why you so particularly want that parcel of plates I posted yesterday."

"Parcel of *plates?* What parcel of plates?"

"Do you particularly want some studies of wild life in Lady Catesby's sanctuary? Because if so I'd be delighted to take the whole place thoroughly when this job is finished."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Davids—his name is Davids, isn't it?—said you were asking something about——"

He broke off. Pamela lost her temper and found her courage.

"You know perfectly well why I want those plates," she cried furiously. "If you weren't a cad you'd never have posted them. I insist, I demand that you have them destroyed at once. Better still, I insist you tell your beastly developer to send them to me."

"Pamela! I don't know what you mean."

He looked so very innocent. Again she could hardly think he——

"Pamela. I don't know why you want those plates, but if you want them so much you can have them. Of course you can. But why didn't you ask for them nicely?"

"I *did* ask for them!"

"You did nothing of the kind. You tried to steal them. Davids——"

"I'll kill Davids."

"Davids is a charming old man. He's only a bit bewildered, like me."

Pamela looked at him. She thought what a pity it was that his tie did him less than justice. It occurred to her that if his hair was properly cut he'd be quite good-looking.

"I'm afraid I've been rather tiresome," she said mildly. "I'm sorry. But I should like to have them."

"Splendid. They're yours."

"Really and truly?"

"On one condition. On the one condition that you marry me." He took a deep breath. After all, if she got angry again he was no worse off.

She showed no sign of anger. She showed no sign of anything. She was just tired—utterly fed-up with all this stupidity and anxiety. This——

And then suddenly she began to cry.

"Darling!" he said. He kissed her. She clung to him. He kissed her several times. She did nothing about it.

"Will you *promise*," she sobbed, "that you'll give me those plates?"

"I'll give you," his voice was muffled in her neck, "every plate I've ever taken, and the camera, and the tripod, and the case and the carrier and every bit of photographic apparatus I possess.

"With all my photographic apparatus," he declaimed in a loud voice, "I thee endow!"

CHARLES HAMILTON did not go back to London that night. He sent several telegrams pleading infancy, the gaming act and civil disturbance. Instead, he went rather late on Monday morning and, since Pamela insisted on accompanying him, the first thing he did was to call on the chemist who was his developer.

Charles and Pamela together inquired as to the plates that had been despatched on Saturday.

"Sorry, Mr. Hamilton," said the chemist, "but we could make nothing of them. The light must have got at them somehow. They were hopelessly fogged."

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Tough Voyage

(Continued from page 39)

After four days at sea, we came to Georgetown. No one could leave the ship until after the visit of the port medical officer of health. This official was a competent, capable man. On hearing there had been a death on board he demanded that the passengers and crew should be paraded for inspection. He checked the parade by the ship's books and found that a cabin steward was missing. This cabin steward was the half-breed who had looked after the French mechanic. The port medical officer went down to the man's cabin. He returned on deck looking very grave. Passengers and crew were once again paraded.

"Gentlemen," said the Georgetown Medical Officer of Health, "I regret to inform you you have a case of yellow fever on board. This ship is in quarantine; no one may go ashore."

The fat flabby Belgian stepped forward. "What about a doctor?" he asked. "Are you going to send one out to us in case anybody gets ill?"

"You have got a doctor," the port medical authority replied.

I laughed. The expression on that Belgian's face was really funny.

Our common misfortune broke down barriers; everyone talked to everybody else. I learnt for the first time the names of the two Belgians. The fat flabby one was a Monsieur Voerens; his companion's name was Geyn. The French gold prospector, with whom I had become friendly, was called Latour. That same evening, when Latour and I were lying in our deck chairs outside the tiny smoking-room, we overheard Voerens and Geyn having an argument.

Voerens said: "You have made a proper mess of things; we may be here another month."

"Am I to blame because somebody gets yellow fever?" Geyn asked.

"The mechanic brought it on board. It was your idea to send him to work in the fever district, and it was you who insisted that he should be brought on board when he was ill."

"I did not know he had yellow fever."

"No; but you knew what the doctor was like and you brought the fellow on the boat meaning he should die," Voerens said.

"It makes one less to pay a share to," Geyn said.

"That is all you think of—your share! The death of that unfortunate man will make no difference to you; I'll see to that," Voerens said.

"You will, will you? You forget I know where the stuff is as well as you do."

"I paid for the dredger, and as long as my dredger is used the gold that is found belongs to me. If you are not satisfied, you can always try and raise some money among your friends in Brussels and come back with a dredger of your own."

"So you think you can double-cross me!" Geyn said.

"What about that poor devil of a mechanic? You double-crossed him, didn't you?"

"You had as much to do with bringing him on board as I had."

"You told me the ship carried a doctor who could look after him. You knew what the doctor was like; I did not."

"You will find out what he is like quickly enough if you get ill," Geyn said.

Latour said: "It is a dirtier business than I thought; they sent that unfortunate mechanic down to the fever district because he knew where the gold was; now they are quarrelling about the share-out. You would have thought being quarantined in a ship on account of yellow fever was enough to worry over!"

OUR situation was certainly not pleasant, but most of the passengers accepted it as philosophically as possible. Voerens was the only one who put up a bad show. He was afraid, and he showed it.

Latour said to Geyn next evening: "What's the matter (*Continued on page 112*)

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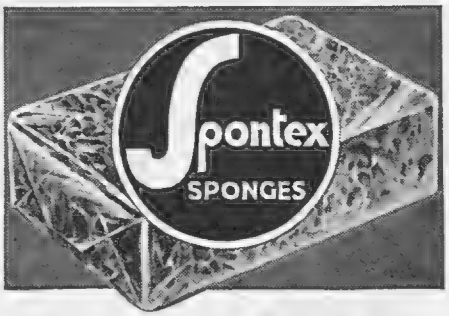

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with your friend ? Is he still worrying he may get yellow fever ? "

" No, it is not that ; it's his stomach," the Belgian answered. " He is afraid he will get appendicitis ; he had a threatening of it before."

The little doctor came into the smoking-room at this moment. He was dressed in spotless white as usual and appeared in high good humour.

"Doctor"—Voerens put his hand on the right side of his paunch—" I have a pain here ; I know the cause ; it is a threatening of appendicitis. I want you to send a report to the port medical officer explaining my case and ask that a launch shall be sent to take me to the hospital."

The little doctor looked blandly at the Belgian : " To-morrow you will be better."

" I shall not be better ; I shall very likely be dead if I don't receive proper attention. I have got appendicitis, man. Don't you know what that is ? " Voerens shouted.

" Calm yourself, monsieur ; it is not good to get excited in hot climates."

Voerens got up ; he was obviously in considerable pain, and I realised that my first supposition that his attack of appendicitis was pure imagination was wrong. If he really had got appendicitis, something would have to be done.

The little doctor looked at the clock over the door, compared the time with his watch, and got up and went outside. Latour and I followed him.

" I think that chap really is ill," Latour said to the doctor.

" *Fatigué*," said the doctor. I leave the word *fatigué* as the doctor said it ; I do not know the English equivalent.

" See you later, gentlemen," said the little doctor, walking off towards his cabin.

Ten minutes later we heard the sound of wireless music coming from the doctor's cabin.

" I don't think Monsieur Geyn will mind very much if his companion gets appendicitis," Latour said. " If he does get it, he is in for a bad time. The doctor will let him lie there till his appendix bursts."

Next morning Monsieur Voerens did not appear at breakfast. We went along to his cabin and found the fat Belgian lying in his bunk ; he was naked to the waist and sweating. A glance at his face showed that he was really ill. Geyn was sitting at the foot of his bunk ; he was smoking a cigarette and did not appear concerned.

"How goes it ? " Latour asked.

"Not well. I must be taken to the hospital at once."

Geyn laughed.

Voerens said angrily : "The predicament in which I find myself is due to you ; you should have left the mechanic in Cayenne."

"Why didn't you stay in Cayenne yourself if you were afraid of becoming ill ?"

"I did not mind travelling in a ship that only took seven days to get to Martinique and called at two ports on the way. But three weeks' quarantine ! That is another matter. . . . They will send me ashore this morning, I suppose, now that I am seriously ill ? "

"Not unless the waves wash you there," Geyn answered.

Latour and I went back on deck. The little doctor was standing outside his cabin, leaning over the starboard rail.

" Do you think you will have to operate on your patient, doctor ? " Latour asked.

The little doctor blinked. He evidently did not relish the direct question. " The captain is communicating with the authorities on shore. If an operation is necessary, it will be better that he is taken to a hospital."

" I suppose you have no proper facilities for attending to a case of appendicitis on board."

" I have my instruments."

Latour and I looked at one another ; the thought of that little doctor let loose with a scalpel on a human body was fantastic.

"You would need an anæsthetist," Latour suggested.

Geyn, who had joined the party, looked hard at the doctor. " You could give an anæsthetic and also operate ? " he asked.

" Certainly, monsieur. It is not a course of conduct I should choose, but if it became necessary there would be no alternative. There would be danger, of course. I would not operate on board this boat without the patient's consent."

" I don't believe Monsieur Voerens will consent to be operated upon on board this boat," Latour said.

" In a case where an operation is necessary to save a patient's life and the patient will not consent, what should a doctor do ? " I asked.

" Sometimes in cases of emergency a sleeping draught is given and then an anæsthetic, monsieur." The little doctor shrugged his shoulders and looked out over the sea.

THE captain of the ship, a wizened, hard-bitten little sailor from Bordeaux, had no intention of officiating at another sea funeral if he could help it. He started a brisk interchange of messages with the shore, reporting that one of his passengers was ill, and requesting permission to land the patient.

The reply to the Captain's message was that no one could be allowed to leave the ship. If an operation had to be performed, the ship's doctor must do it.

As the day passed it was obvious that something would have to be done about Voerens. After the siesta hour Latour and I were sitting outside the little doctor's cabin listening to his wireless when the Captain came along. The Captain stopped outside the cabin, glowered at the doctor, and ordered him to stop his wireless.

" You have a passenger at death's door ; this is no time for music," the Captain said.

" It will not disturb him, Captain."

" Don't argue with me. What are you going to do about this passenger ? Are you going to leave him to die ? "

The little doctor shrugged his shoulders. " I could remove his appendix."

" Then why don't you, instead of sitting there listening to that damned music all day long ? "

" He will not allow me to ; he said he would rather slit his throat than permit me to come near him."

The Captain looked helplessly at Latour and myself.

" Could you not give him a sleeping draught, doctor, and then administer an anæsthetic and operate ? You told me that in cases of emergency operations were sometimes performed without the consent of the patient," Latour said.

" It has happened," the doctor agreed.

" This is an emergency, doctor," the Captain said.

" One should have the consent of his nearest relative or a friend." The doctor looked at Latour.

" Monsieur Geyn ! " the Captain called to the younger Belgian, who was leaning over the rail. " We are discussing the question of your companion. It seems that an operation is imperative ; he refuses to be operated upon unless he can be sent ashore. The authorities at Georgetown will not allow anyone to land. Can you not persuade him to reconsider his decision ? "

" He won't listen to me," Geyn said.

" He may recover without an operation," the little doctor said. " In cases of appendicitis the inflammation sometimes dies down of its own accord."

" On the other hand, he may get worse," the Captain answered tersely. " It is my duty to do everything in my power for my passengers. Monsieur Geyn, you are the friend of Monsieur Voerens ; I call upon you to decide what is to be done. Shall an operation be performed on Monsieur Voerens ? "

" I approve of an operation," Geyn answered without an instant's hesitation.

Latour and I exchanged glances. We remembered Geyn telling Voerens he would kill him if he did not get his share of the gold.

Geyn went with the Captain to sign the necessary paper. The little doctor, looking very sheepish, retired to his cabin to prepare a sleeping draught for Monsieur Voerens.

Half an hour later (*Continued on page 114*)

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the doctor came into the smoking-room. We all lent a hand to fix up a table for the operation. At the doctor's request, Latour and I stood by to help with basins and bandages. The doctor also asked Geyn to remain within call.

When we had made what preparations we could, four of us went along to fetch Voerens. We had to carry him; he was not quite unconscious, and I think that when we carried him into the smoking-room and laid him on the table, he believed he was being put there preparatory to being lowered down to the launch that had been sent to take him ashore. If this was so, it was the most merciful thing that could have happened.

The little doctor opened the bottle of chloroform and poured some on a wad of cotton wool; he poured on enough to anæsthetise an elephant.

Latour said: "I say, steady with that stuff."

Maybe the sharp tone of his voice aroused Monsieur Voerens from his semi-consciousness. He opened his eyes, saw us standing round him, and said: "What is all this?"

"I am going to operate upon you, monsieur."

"*You are not!*" Monsieur Voerens tried to rise; he was too weak and sank back again. His eyes were bulging like a cod's. "I forbid you to touch me," he gasped.

"It is necessary for your health, monsieur," the little doctor said gently.

"I—I forbid you."

"Monsieur, your friend"—the doctor looked at Geyn—"has given his consent to the operation."

Voerens turned his head towards Geyn. "*Salop!*" he said venomously.

"Calm yourself, monsieur." The little doctor leant forward and pressed the chloroform wad over Voerens's face.

"Hey! Steady with that stuff!" Latour said, after a few moments, as Voerens's colour suddenly changed.

The little doctor looked aggrieved. Keeping the pad over the patient's face, he turned round. "It is necessary that he should be well asleep, monsieur."

Latour made him take the pad away. We looked at the ashen face of Voerens. There was no doubt that he was "well asleep." Monsieur Geyn was now the sole survivor of the expedition.

END

Summer Drinks

(*Continued from page 53*)

cloves. Pour over this a pint of Gaymer's cider, cover the jug and stand it on ice for one hour before serving, when you add another pint of cider and a bottle of dry ginger ale previously iced.

Cider Cup, II

Put the same ingredients into a jug—barley sugar, fruits, mint, etc., and pour in a port-glassful of brandy. Cover the jug and stand on ice for one hour. Just before serving add two pints of Gaymer's cider previously iced.

Moselle or Hock Cup

Take a large glass jug and put in enough crushed ice to come to one-quarter of its contents. Add a few slices of orange and lemon, a few pieces of pineapple, mint, cucumber rind and a bunch of borage.

Pour over a port-glassful of brandy and Curaçao (or Grand Marnier or Cointreau), mix also a quart bottle of the wine and a pint of soda-water, both of these previously iced. Stir well, beating with a fork or something, and pour through a strainer into glasses.

Rum Punch

This famous West Indian drink is easily described by a well-known formula:—

"One of sour (lime-juice),
Two of sweet (sugar),
Three of strong (rum),
Four of weak (water)."

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Rub a little in ... feel a lot better
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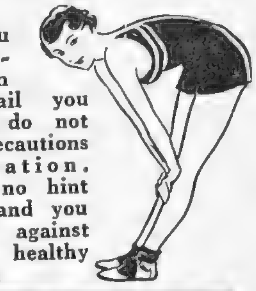
TAKES PAINS

THE FIRST STEP TO SLIMNESS

All the care you may take to preserve a lithe, slim figure will avail you nothing if you do not take special precautions against constipation. There must be no hint of irregularity, and you *must* safeguard against delays. Ensure healthy bowel action with



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FREDERICK PARKER

This Cock-eyed World

The world is round; but not always have people known that.

* * *

Folks used to picture it as being a flat sort of arrangement like a pancake, for how otherwise could you stand the right side up, they would argue? And then somebody or other took the trouble to find out properly.

It might now be a good idea if somebody else would take a bit more trouble and find out why, in one respect at least, the world is also cock-eyed.

* * *

Has it never struck you as being a rum state of affairs that for slugging another chap to sleep, an hour's job at the outside, a heavy weight boxing champion rakes in £20,000; whereas for devoting his life to the alleviation of suffering among his fellow-men, aye, maybe giving that life, a medical scientist might never earn such a sum in twenty years?

That whilst an inventive genius may die in poverty, a crooner is allowed to live—in luxury? And so on?

* * *

Well, there it is. Perhaps we who are outside such craziness, whose lot it is to do a decent job for a decent wage, who in our millions each depend one upon the other—perhaps we are the happiest, the most contented of all. The little we have has to go a long way. We enjoy the right feeling about the value of money. We are obliged to watch the pennies and spend our wages wisely. We prefer square, open dealing to any get-rich-quick methods.

* * *

And most likely this is why we place such faith in the things we see advertised over and over again in this newspaper. These goods which bear names as familiar to us as are our own names, it is to these we naturally cling, for commonsense tells us plainly that in them we find the finest value we can get.

* * *

We depend upon them, buying them regularly for our homes, for our families, for ourselves; and we are well satisfied.

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The Ladye Jayne CURL-CLIP

Index to Advertisers

AUGUST, 1935

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2

Page

A
Allenbury's Foods .. 106
Arden, Elizabeth .. 101
Austin Motor Co., Ltd. .. 76
Ava Shampoo .. 109

B
Basildon Bond .. 88
Beautipon .. 109
Bentley .. 80
Bird's Custard .. Cover iv
B.P. Ethyl .. 6
Bread .. 83
Buchanan's "Black & White" .. 107
Burberry .. Cover ii
Byard Mfg. Co. .. 106

C
Car Mart .. 80
Carr's Biscuits .. Cover ii
Cerebos Salt .. 105
Corot .. 1
Coty .. 102
Craven "A" Cigarettes .. 74
Cystex .. 111

D
Daggett and Ramsdell .. 108
Dixor, Ltd. .. 110
Duroy, Helene .. 111

E
Eau de Cologne "4711" .. 85
Eccles Motor Caravans, Ltd. .. 99
Eiffel Tower Lemonade .. 112
Esso .. 73
Euthymol .. 88

F
Flit .. 103
Ford Motor Co., Ltd. .. 78
Foster Clark's Custard .. 108

G
Genasprin .. 103
Grey, Adelaide .. 111
Gypsia .. 102

H
Hand and Nail Institute .. 104
Harbutt's Plasticine .. 111
Heinz Salad Cream .. 87
Hinde's Wavers .. 109
Hosezene .. 109

J
John Haig .. 92

K
Kellogg's Corn Flakes .. 104
K.L.G. Plugs .. 99

L
Ladye Jayne Curl-Clip .. 116
Larola .. 103
Lawrence, Helen .. 109
Lilla .. 110

M
Maclean's Stomach Powder .. 116
Medilax .. 114
Melita .. 109
Meltonian Cream .. 108
Minty Chairs .. 5

N
Nestol .. 104
News Chronicle .. 4

O
Orkney and Shetland Cruises .. 100

Page

P
Peek Frean's "Twiglets" .. 97
Phosferine .. 110
Phosferine Tonic Wine .. 108
Player's Cigarettes .. 91
Pond's Cream .. 89
Putnam .. 110

R
Rose's Lime Juice .. Cover iii
Rowland's Oil .. 116

S
Sands, Richard .. 114
Sashena .. 112
Schweppes .. 95
Shippam's Pastes .. 82
Slendene-Valetta .. 114
Slimcream .. 104
Spontex .. 111

T
Tangee .. 94

V
Vandré, Ltd. .. 106
Vapex .. 116
Vauxhall Motors, Ltd. .. 2
Volatol .. 114

W
Whitewings .. 111
Woodrow .. Cover ii
Wright's Coal Tar Soap .. 99

Y
Yardley Cosmetics .. 97
Yardley Powder .. 109

Z
Zaramac .. 100

HAD ACUTE GASTRITIS

"Can eat anything now"

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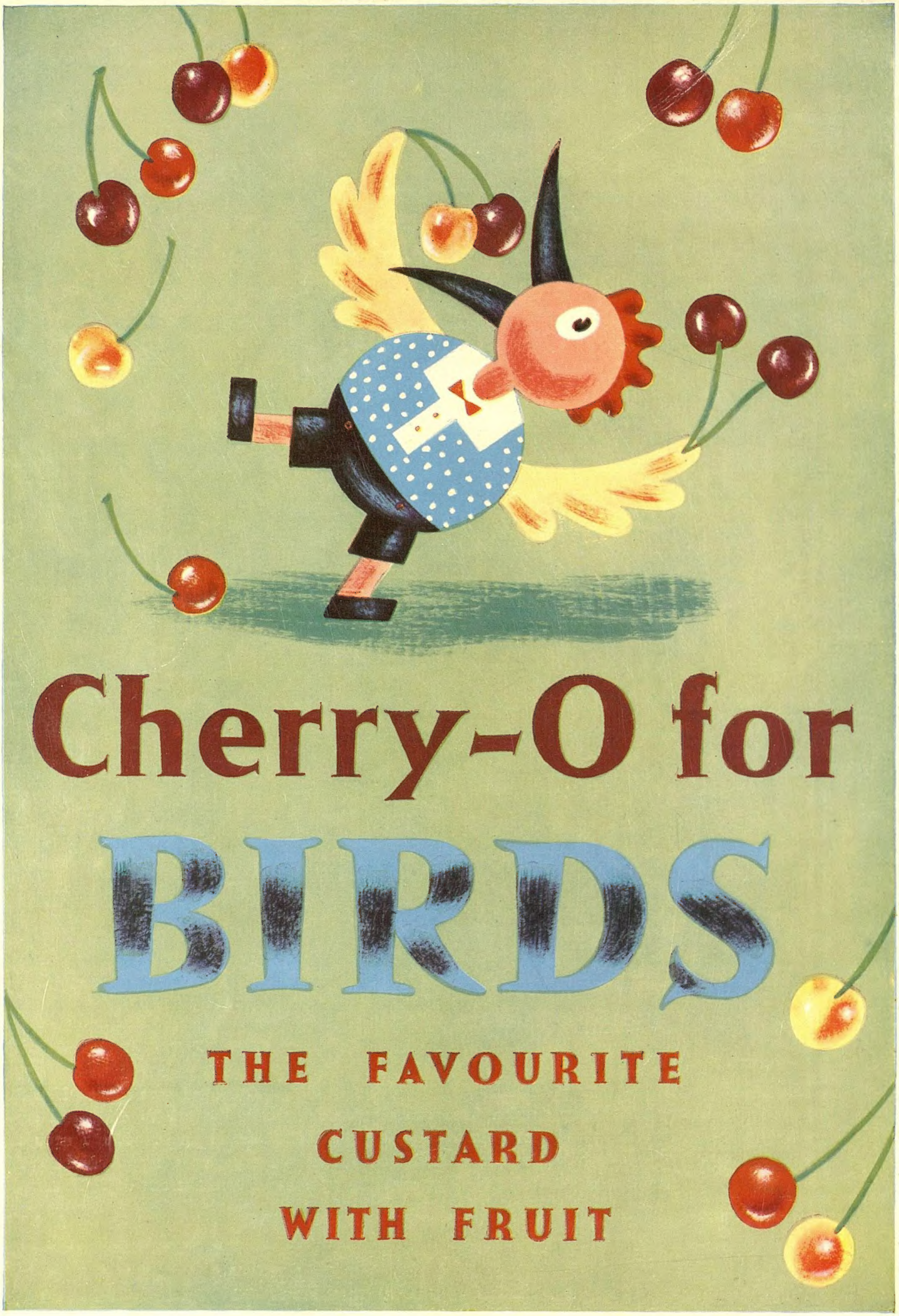
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